THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

AN UNDER-COVER LOBBY TO DEFEAT DISARMAMENT?

"LOBBYISTS FOR WAR," "paid foes of peace," and "propagandists of hate," acting secretly in behalf of armament and munition makers, must not obstruct the world's path toward permanent peace and relief from the heavy burden of armaments. This determination sounds through most of the editorial comment evoked by President Hoover's emphatic demand for light on the relation between the anti-disarmament activities of William B. Shearer and the pay-rolls of certain big corporations engaged in building battle-ships. "In his blast against secret war-makers," declares the Birmingham *News*, "Mr. Hoover rises to the full measure of his exalted office, does the world high service, and exemplifies his own country's best traditions." "There was a Rooseveltlike directness in the action of President Hoover in demanding of ship-building interests an explanation of their relations to William B. Shearer, who is now suing for $250,000, alleged by him to have been earned in representing these interests in the defeat of disarmament proposals," notes the Dallas *News*, which foresees that "the repercussion of the affair is likely to be highly advantageous to the thing that Premier MacDonald and President Hoover have been cautiously working toward." "Let the public once sniff the suspicion that it has been gulled with hand-picked facts and overreached by profit-minded meddlers, and its position for reduction of armament will be unquestioned and unequivocal," predicts this Texas daily. "The President may count on the unanimous approval of the American people in his avowed intention to uncover the facts," declares the Boston *Herald*. "If he can prevent it, he is not going to have the public mind poisoned beforehand against naval limitations by those who get big contracts when ships are built," approvingly notes the Milwaukee *Journal*, which calls the thing he denounces "a betrayal of America." And the Detroit *News* assures us that "he intends to see that plans for the greater security of world peace are not killed by financially interested snipers in the rear."

International Newsreel photograph

"THERE'S NOTHING I'M AFRAID TO TELL THEM"

Says William B. Shearer, referring to his appearance before the Senate Committee investigating his anti-disarmament activities.

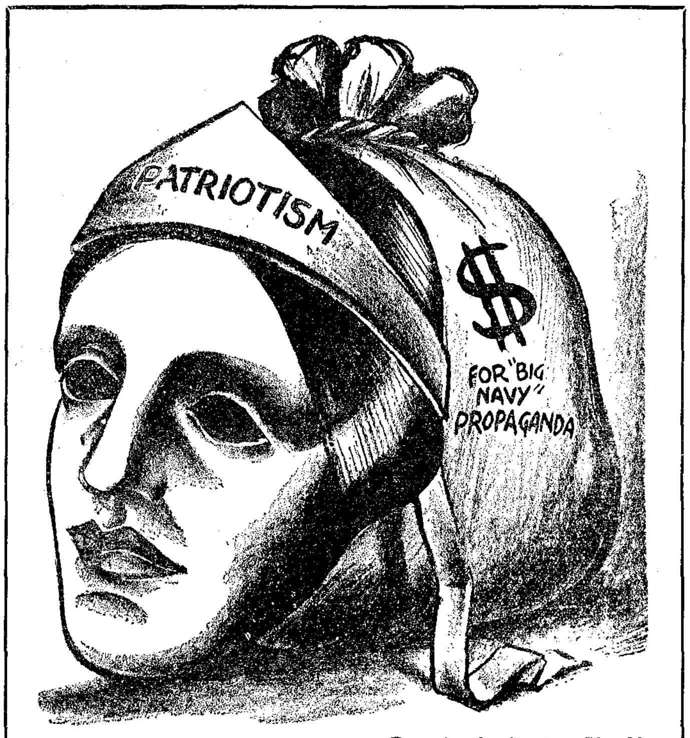
"The public will not take kindly to propaganda against peace from those who financially profit through international slaughter," comments the New York *Evening World*, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* remarks: "To do what Shearer says the ship-building interests did is damnable; in a less tolerant age it would have been called treason." "Treason is perhaps too strong a word, but the kind of meddling here under fire approaches national treachery," thinks the Washington *Evening Star*, and in the Chicago *Daily News* we read:

> "The country long has known other types of paid lobbyists — tariff boosters, public-utility handy men, eloquent accelerators of certain tendencies, and bitter opponents of opposite tendencies. But Mr. Hoover rightly feels that organized and commercialized propaganda of hate spread to promote perilous competition in naval construction is a development in lobbying that passes the bounds of tolerance.
>
> "If some unscrupulous ship-builders or munitions manufacturers employ undercover agents who, posing as superpatriots, try to sabotage wise plans devised in the interests of world peace, the facts in relation to such evil practises must be ascertained and spread before the public."

Nor is this kind of propaganda limited to the United States, the Brooklyn *Eagle* reminds us:

> "It is to be found in all countries. Premier Briand last week sounded a warning against the activities of those who were poisoning young minds against the idea of peace. In every nation there are selfish interests willing to pay lobbyists to defeat the peaceful aims of statesmen who are earnestly trying to further a new and better international order."

"The United States is not the only country to have its Shearers, its armament interests, and its professional patriots," says Lord Robert Cecil, speaking at a League of Nations luncheon in



—Rose in the Boston *Herald.*

Geneva: "There are like men and like interests working in many countries." "How much of the burden which taxpayers must carry is due to the secret propaganda of armament makers?" asks the Chicago *Evening Post.* And Frederic William Wile, writing in the Washington *Evening Star*, reminds us that there is nothing new about such sinister activities:

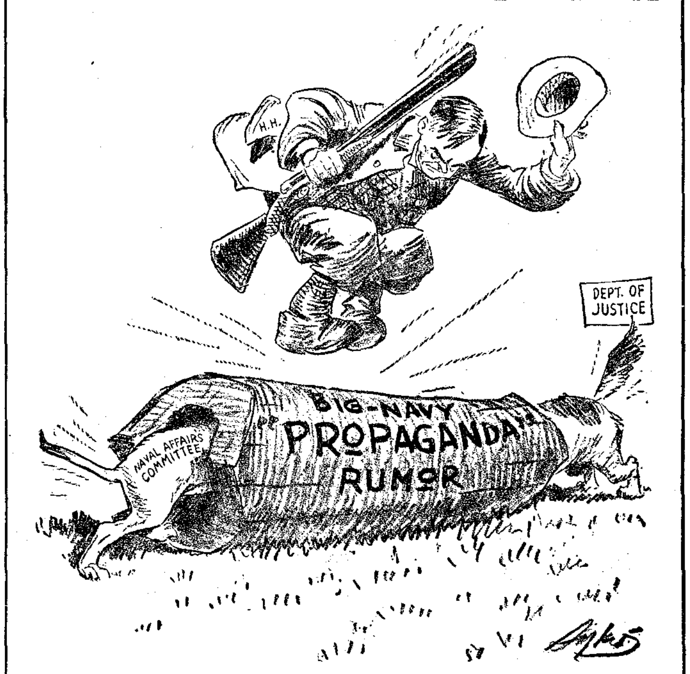
> "President Hoover's thrust at big Navy propaganda by ship-building interests will awaken prewar memories all over Europe, especially in Germany and France. Incitement of public opinion in the interest of what were called 'armor-plate patriots' used to be a recognized feature of international politics. Five or six years before the war the leading firm of German small-arms manufacturers was exposed by the Social Democrats as having entered into an arrangement with French newspapers to work up and keep up a Franco-German war scare. The Krupps and the other great Rhenish industrialists were constantly under fire from Socialist and Liberal quarters for maintaining armament propaganda designed to influence the Wilhelmstrasse and the Reichstag. For years the alliance between the Russian imperial government and the French press, for the purpose of enabling Russia to borrow money in Paris, was a notorious factor in European politics. Mr. Hoover lived abroad during those days. He is evidently determined that history shall not repeat itself in the United States."

Early in August, William B. Shearer, who has been before the public for some years as an ardent advocate, by pen and tongue, of increased naval armament for the United States, brought suit against three ship-building companies for more than a quarter of a million dollars, alleged to be due him for work done as their employee in opposing limitation or reduction of naval armament. On September 6, President Hoover gave to the press a statement, which resulted promptly in a Senate investigation of the situation apparently revealed by this suit. The investigation was sponsored by Senator Borah, and is being conducted by the Committee on Naval Affairs. The President said in part:

> "I can not believe that the responsible directors of these ship-building corporations have been a party to these transactions as represented in this lawsuit, but their statement of the case is needed. It is due to the public, it is due to the Government, and it is due to the corporations themselves.
>
> "I am making this statement public so that there can be no misapprehension of my determination that our present international negotiations shall not be interfered with from such sources and through such methods."

Before the investigation it was revealed to the public, by various statements in the press, that Mr. Shearer had been employed by the armament firms, and that he had concealed the fact. As the New York *World* says, "it remains for the Senate Committee to fill in the details of his activities and to interpret the purpose of his employers." *The World* gives the following summary of the chief facts known as the investigation began:

> "1. William B. Shearer, an active propagandist for larger naval armaments, has brought suit in the New York Supreme Court against three companies which build war-ships. These companies are the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, a subsidiary of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, of which Mr. Eugene Grace is President, and Mr. Charles Schwab is Chairman of the Board; the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company, of which Mr. H. L. Ferguson is President, and the American Brown Boveri Electric Corporation, of whose subsidiary, the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, Mr. Clinton L. Bardo is President.



WE'LL SOON KNOW IF THERE'S ANYTHING IN IT

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

> "In his suit Mr. Shearer alleges that he received $51,230 from these three corporations, and they still owe him $255,655.
>
> "2. Mr. Grace, in a letter to President Hoover dated September 9, states that in the spring of 1927 Mr. Shearer was employed, without his or Mr. Schwab's knowledge, by Mr. S. W. Wakeman, who was in charge of Bethlehem's Eastern shipbuilding operations; that Mr. Shearer was sent to Geneva as an 'observer' for the three armament firms, at a joint fee of $25,000; that when Mr. Grace and Mr. Schwab learned in December, 1927, that Mr. Shearer was not merely an observer but also a propagandist, they directed Mr. Wakeman to terminate his employment; that they subsequently learned that in 1926 Mr. Shearer had been employed by the three companies, at a fee of $7,500, to encourage 'the development of an American merchant marine.'
>
> "3. Mr. Clinton L. Bardo, President of the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, a subsidiary of American Brown Boveri, in a statement of September 10, confirms Mr. Grace's account of Mr. Shearer's employment.
>
> "4. Mr. Linley V. Gordon, Extension Secretary of the Church Peace Union, on Wednesday gave out a letter written to him by Mr. Shearer from Geneva on August 9, 1927. In this letter Mr. Shearer said: 'I do not represent any company.'"

In an editorial headed "The Machinery of Jingoism," the same New York daily says:

> "Now that a full investigation of the propaganda of the armament firms is under way in the United States, it might not be a bad idea if the British Prime Minister had a look into the activities of private interests in Great Britain which have a financial stake in jingoism. It may be, of course, that in Britain armament firms are entirely disinterested and above reproach. But

the Labor party has frequently in the past said rather sharp things on the subject, and this would seem to be an excellent occasion for inquiring into it, and by inquiry discouraging at the outset any privately financed commercial propaganda which may be organized to defeat a naval agreement."

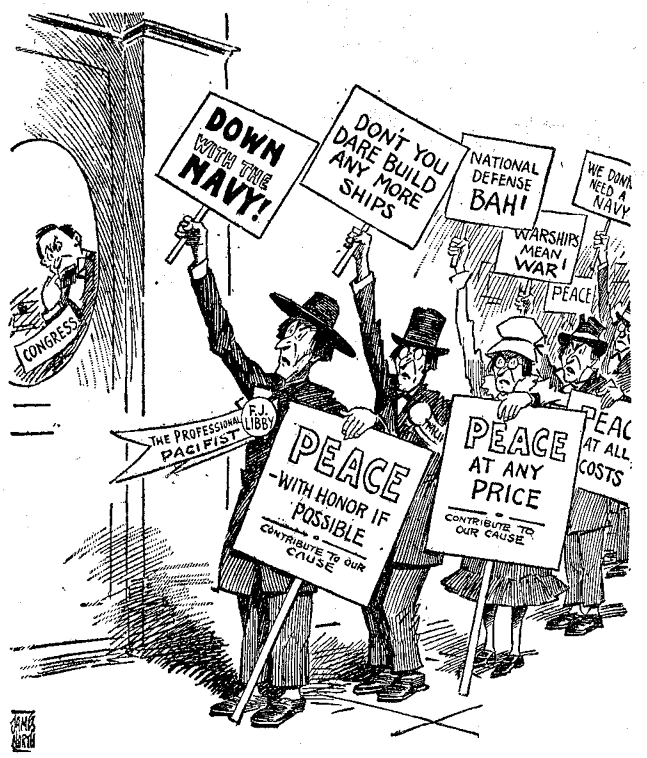
And in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* we read:

"The President's accusation adds weight to the already prevalent opinion that wars are brought about by commercial interests that are not unwilling to promote their welfare at the sacrifice of life and treasures.

"There are so many evidences that international hostility has its foundation in trade and competition that the world is beginning to regard as a tragic and pathetic figure the boy who leaves the plow, seizes the flag, rushes into the fire of the enemy, and lays down his life for his country, that speculators may be made rich and millionaires be made multimillionaires."

A possible consequence of the incident, remarks the Detroit *Free Press*, "may be the construction of all naval vessels in navy yards, where they will be beyond the reach of private avarice"; and the same idea is advanced by the Springfield *Republican*.

"Antimilitarists and pacifists of all stripes may be counted upon to use the Shearer incident, so far as they may, in support of their own varieties of propaganda," the Springfield *Union* remarks; and it reminds us that "there is absolutely no connection between the large body of public sentiment, which favors an adequate Navy and sensible measures of preparedness for public defense, and the hired lobbyists and propagandists of the Shearer type." To quote this Massachusetts daily further:


DOWN WITH THE NAVY!
DON'T YOU DARE BUILD ANY MORE SHIPS
NATIONAL DEFENSE BAH!
WE DON'T NEED A NAVY
WARSHIPS MEAN WAR!
PEACE
CONGRESS
THE PROFESSIONAL PACIFIST
F. J. LIBBY
PEACE -WITH HONOR IF POSSIBLE CONTRIBUTE TO OUR CAUSE
PEACE AT ANY PRICE CONTRIBUTE TO OUR CAUSE
PEACE AT ALL COSTS
JAMES NORTH

WHY NOT INVESTIGATE THIS LOBBY ALSO?
—North in the Washington *Post*.

"The healthy, patriotic sentiment of the country is with President Hoover in his efforts to obtain naval reductions without sacrificing the principle of parity, and without jeopardizing the country's defense, and it is distinctly against the fantastic schemes of the pacifist organizations for wholesale disarmament by the United States as an object lesson to a world which is not prepared for nor willing to embark upon universal disarmament."

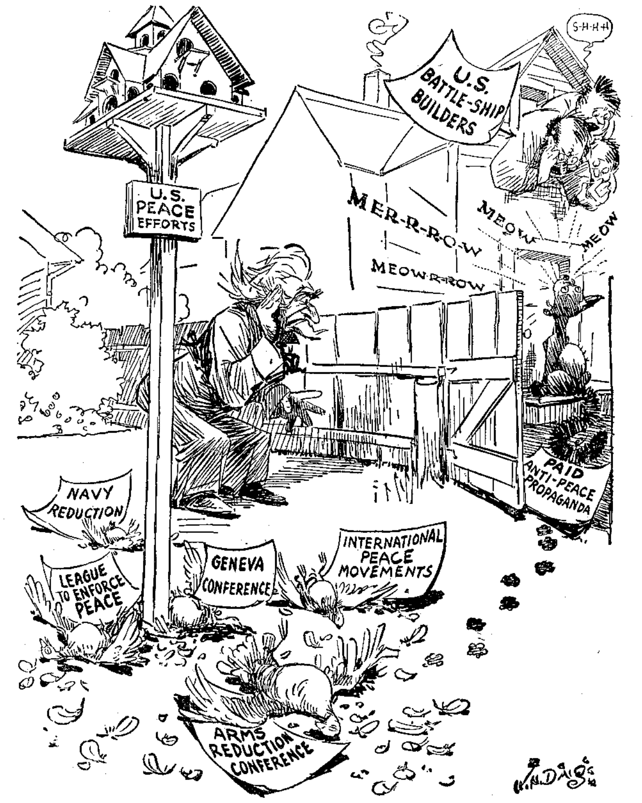
The Senate investigation, says Richard Washburn Child, former United States Ambassador to Italy, in a letter to Senator Borah, "should include not only the ship-building companies and their activities, which have shocked the President, but should extend to lobbies carried on by employees of church organizations, and of fanatic pacifists' machines which do not make plain the sources of their funds, or prove their freedom from relationship with radical alien internationals." For "sinister influences are bad enough when they are American, but even worse when alien propaganda, concealed in pious garb, caresses into a fool's slumber." This suggestion is endorsed by the New York *Evening Post* and *Herald Tribune*. Says the latter paper:

"Former Ambassador Richard Washburn Child is quite right when he says that there is no moral difference between a secret lobby in favor of ship-building companies and one carried on by some foreign Power against the upbuilding of our merchant marine. Both are to be condemned, and both should be investigated.

"It is, therefore, extremely regrettable that the Senate Naval Affairs Committee voted to confine its investigation to the ship-builders, and did not include all the lobbies carried on, as Mr. Child says, 'by employees of church organizations and of fanatic pacifist machines which do not make plain the sources of their funds or prove their freedom from relationship with radical alien propaganda intended to keep the United States in various states of coma, in its various relations and defenses.'

"The state of coma to which Mr. Child alludes is a very real thing indeed, and one which too much discussion of cruisers and tonnage intensifies. Sea power is not measured by cruisers or battle-ships, and is certainly not created by them. Three main factors go into sea power: bases, merchant marine, and the fleet of specially built fighting-vessels. Even if we were to get complete fleet equality with Britain, we should still be inferior in the other two fundamentals of sea power. This makes it our plain duty to build up a merchant marine, both as an auxiliary arm in the event of war with a foreign Power, and to carry on our trade if two foreign Powers were at war with each other.

"Fleet equality—also referred to as naval parity—is now being discust by the President and Mr. MacDonald. Naval bases are not under consideration at present, tho it seems inevitable that fueling stations must gradually be obtained to keep pace with our growing commerce. The merchant marine is something to which immediate and unremitting attention must be given."



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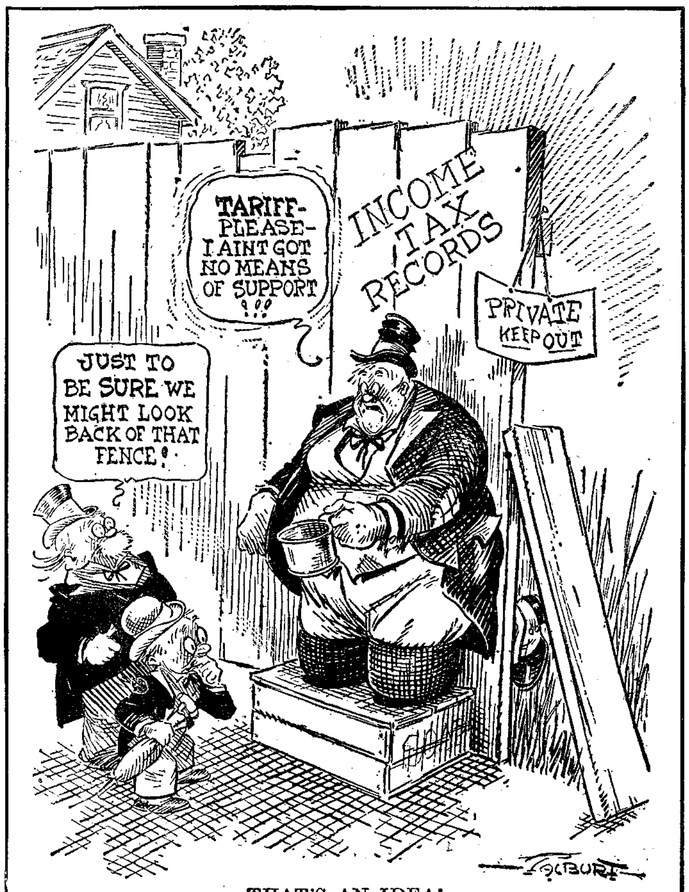
MAYBE THEY DIDN'T DIE SUCH A NATURAL DEATH
—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

TAX PUBLICITY AS AN ANTI-TARIFF CLUB

A BRAND-NEW BATTLE-FRONT, the Washington correspondents tell us, has developed out of the sudden flank attack engineered by a coalition of the Democratic and Progressive Republican enemies of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill in the Senate. It started with the passage, on September 10, of the Simmons resolution, which directs the Senate Finance Committee to demand of the Secretary of the Treasury the income-tax reports filed in recent years by corporations that are asking for a higher tariff on their products. Now a new war-cry, we are told, is ringing through the South and West. "Open up the income-tax returns of the tariff beneficiaries!" cries one Western paper in an editorial approving the resolution. "Let Congress see how many of the beggars need further alms—how many are 'worthy cases' and how many are impostors!" "What are their profits?" demands another. "Since these companies are asking that the whole country be taxed for their benefit, why not ask them to show whether they need it?" And still another, waxing ironical, remarks: "It is embarrassing, naturally, to have one's poverty exposed. But it is the custom, even among the most generous and enlightened people, to expect a showing of need to be made before relief is granted."

Thus one Mid-Western paper after another joins in the new crusade to "crack the secrecy surrounding the income-tax returns during the pendency of the tariff bill." Many remind the makers of the bill that President Hoover's intent was merely to revise the tariff in ways that would aid the farmer, not to boost industries already prosperous.


TARIFF- PLEASE- I AINT GOT NO MEANS OF SUPPORT ???
INCOME TAX RECORDS
PRIVATE KEEP OUT
JUST TO BE SURE WE MIGHT LOOK BACK OF THAT FENCE!
TALBURT

THAT'S AN IDEA!

—Talburt in the Washington *News*.

The author of the resolution that caused the commotion, Senator Simmons of North Carolina, is the ranking Democrat in the Finance Committee itself, of which Senator Smoot (Rep.) of Utah is the chairman. The idea of using income-tax publicity as a weapon was put forth first, we are told, by Senator Blaine (Rep.) of Wisconsin, but Mr. Simmons gave it a more practical twist, after which it was adopted by the surprizing majority of 51 to 27. It includes an amendment, offered by Senator Couzens (Rep.) of Michigan, which brings importers also within its scope. In a sharp speech Mr. Couzens informed the Senate that all the evidence he had heard as a member of the Senate Finance Committee "indicated that only in a few cases did American purchasers or consumers get any value through low-price imports." He cited figures of a former Senate investigation, a New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent tells us, continuing:

> "Senator Couzens, reading from the document, said that cabbage seed imported from Germany, where the price was 1.95 cents sold here for 35 cents at retail, indicating a mark-up of 1,567 per cent. A 400-day clock was bought from Germany for $4.70, and retailed here at $30, a mark-up of 1,221 per cent. A $4 German microscope also sold for $30, a mark-up of 1,358 per cent., and a seven-jewel Swiss watch that cost $1 in its native land brought $9.45 in the United States, showing a mark-up of 616 per cent."

So the Simmons resolution went through, and "the strength rallied behind this radical departure from income-tax secrecy," according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*, "threw fear into the hearts of the conservative Republican leaders." Its special significance, other Democratic papers point out, is not only that it was passed by a majority of nearly two to one, but that twenty-one Republicans voted for it, including all the Western insurgents and six regular Republicans. And the insurgent editors, even the more conservative of them, have been quick to approve. The Saint Paul *Pioneer-Press*, for instance, while admitting that general publicity of income-tax figures is undesirable and not likely to be attempted again, reasons thus:

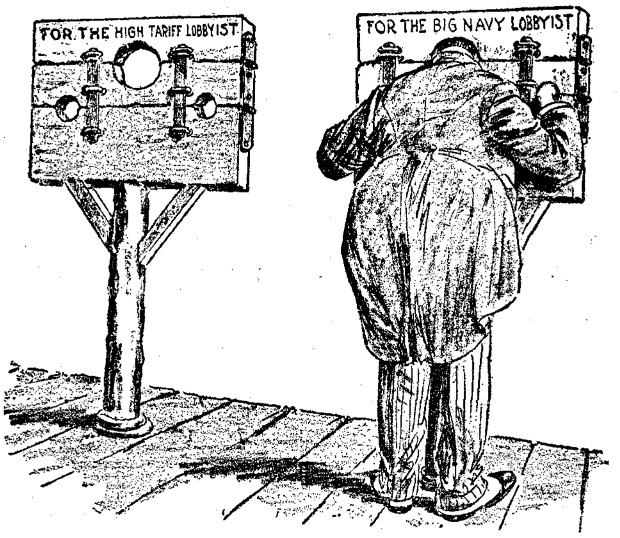
> "The Government has no right to broadcast the personal business affairs of individuals to their neighbors and business competitors. But what Senator Simmons suggests is something different, and has a serious public purpose.
>
> "Corporations which go before Congress pleading that they need high protective tariffs should not object to letting Congress know whether their affairs are really in such a sad state as they claim. This tariff revision is supposed to be limited to industries that are in depression as a result of foreign competition.
>
> "As Senator Wheeler has pointed out, some of the favors granted by the bill in its present form are given to corporations which by their own admission are flourishing. It is a sheer imposition on the consuming public to permit such businesses to gain even greater profits. As for the principle involved in this proposal of Senator Simmons it is already established in the rule giving certain Congressional committees, responsible for revenue legislation, access to the income-tax returns."

Perhaps it seems a bit impudent of the Democrats and their independent Republican allies to be demanding access to the income-tax records of corporations that are imploring still higher tariff protection, remarks the Omaha *World-Herald* (Ind.), but—

> "Here are corporations besieging the Government to levy additional taxes on the people for their benefit. They can do so only on the ground that present high tariff rates are still not high enough to enable them to earn an honest living. What better way to find out than to open the books and records which disclose what their earnings, if any, really amount to?
>
> 'If it should be disclosed that they are realizing 10 per cent., 20 per cent., 30 per cent., on their investments, then, really, there is no justification for taking up a collection for their benefit, and exacting it from other citizens, like the farmers, who are fighting desperately for as much as 5 or 6 per cent. returns. On the other hand, if the records show that our great protected industries are actually losing money, that the wolf is at their door, that the children are crying for bread, then the appeal to our compassion might be so great that from the little we have we might be disposed to give yet a little more to save them from destitution."

When manufacturers go to a bank for a loan, reasons the Milwaukee *Journal* (Ind.), "they are asked mighty quick to show a statement of their business; is it any less reasonable when they go to the public for a gift?" So, that paper concludes:

"Senator Blaine is right in demanding that the tax returns of corporations wanting more tariff favors be made available to the Senate, asked to supply the favors. Interests that seek favors ought to show whether they need them, and how much. They take a mass of stuff to the Senate to be presented by the most skilful lobbyists the tariff system has developed. The Senate has a right to ask for all the information. It is rather childish, when you stop to think about it, that the United States should send tariff-commission emissaries poking into the business of European concerns to learn their costs and such things, and yet not have all the information there is about American businesses who ask government permission to raise prices to the consumer for the sake of further profits."


FOR THE HIGH TARIFF LOBBYIST
FOR THE BIG NAVY LOBBYIST

WHY NOT FILL THE OTHER PILLORY?

—Macauley in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

Something more than mere curiosity about manufacturers' profits is behind this movement, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.) believes, for—

"The manufacturers who are now seeking tariff increases are asking the people of the United States to submit to increased tariff taxation in order to promote the prosperity of their respective business undertakings. To the extent that they seek tariff protection such business undertakings may be said to be affected with a public interest. They lose to this extent their strictly private character, and may properly be required to submit to such publicity as may be necessary for a proper weighing of the case which they have presented. If the case for tariff increases is as the manufacturers have stated it, they can not suffer from the publication of evidence to sustain their contentions. If they have exaggerated the need for protection, the nation's lawmakers and the American public have a right to know the actual facts."

In the Senate debate that preceded the passage of the resolution, the opposing leaders crossed swords, and Mr. Simmons said to the Republicans:

"You are penalizing the American people for the purpose of protecting inefficiently managed, bankrupt, lame-duck corporations. Your party has seldom made an attempt to measure tariff duties by production costs. My resolution is for the purpose of determining whether industries are entitled to protection. If they are prosperous and making large profits, they are not entitled to that benefit."

Senator Smoot retorted that the Senator from North Carolina and his supporters were "seeking to delay indefinitely, and in all probability prevent, the final enactment of the pending bill," adding that the resolution stood on a false basis, because:

"Any one familiar with the information contained in income-tax returns knows that they do not give really relevant information. True profits and losses are not shown, and can not be ascertained from data given on income-tax returns. An income-tax return does not reflect the true financial condition of the taxpayer."

This is the view, too, taken by many of the newspapers that denounce the Simmons resolution and its supporters. Thus the New York *Journal of Commerce* "submits in all candor that the incomes of industrial enterprises have nothing whatever to do with the tariff," and holds that "there is no necessary connection between the rates of duty and the profits of individual enterprises." The Washington *Post* (Ind.) calls the Simmons resolution "an outrage on fair play," on the ground that—

"Ostensibly the information called for is for the use of the Senate finance committee, but it is evident that this information will become public, as it will be the subject of debate on the floor. The way is paved for exposure of any corporation's business, under the pretext that the information is pertinent to tariff legislation.

"Under the Simmons resolution, some American concerns might be shielded from this exposure, while their domestic competitors would be subjected to it. Thus, one section or one corporation may be given an unfair advantage over another.

"The spirit of fair play is outraged when discrimination is practised by Congress against any group or section of the people, and when foreign traders are placed in possession of information concerning American competitors who submitted this information in confidence to their Government."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How fast does electricity travel? (p. 16).
2. What is the tragedy of Valentino's brother's nose? (p. 43).
3. What are "Kagawa Christians"? (p. 31).
4. What records has President Hoover already broken? (p. 14).
5. Who eliminated Bobby Jones in the National Amateur tournament? (p. 66).
6. What is the course of a tailspin in an airplane? (p. 24).
7. Where are the worst slums in the world? (p. 31).
8. What is the Wafd? (p. 19).
9. What is the accepted method of catching a sailfish? (p. 36).
10. What chain of American newspapers leads opposition to joining the World Court? (p. 15).
11. What was Lindbergh's narrowest escape from death? (p. 46).
12. At what age are a girl's chances for marrying said to decrease sharply? (p. 32).
13. What book has made Siegfried Sassoon famous? (p. 28.)
14. How does a French statesman propose to bring about a "United States of Europe"? (p 12).
15. What do the English mean by "tosh"? (p. 27).
16. How can stenographers be saved from that tired feeling? (p. 54).
17. Who officially mothers all of West Point's cadets? (p. 50).
18. What is the average yearly crop destruction caused by hail in the United States? (p. 21).
19. What five ball-players, never thus honored before, figure in Babe Ruth's 1929 All-America team nominations? (p. 65).
20. What is the safest way to nab a penguin? (p. 38).
21. How many methods of rejuvenation are now widely known? (p. 22).
22. How has noise made Ziegfeld a rich man? (p. 23).
23. Name the new National Amateur Golf Champion? (p. 66).
24. What new weapon are the opponents of the pending tariff bill using? (p. 10).
25. What town of 2,500 people has only one industry? (p. 23).

BRIAND'S UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

"BETWEEN A PEAR AND SOME CHEESE," says Premier Briand, "we laid the little corner-stone of a European federation; discreetly, between a pear and some cheese—which doesn't, you know, diminish at all the importance of the event." So does this diplomatic Frenchman sum up what happened at the luncheon he gave to representatives of 27 nations at Geneva, invited to consider his idea that some kind of "bond of unity" can be found to unite European nations for security, peace, and prosperity. Whether Mr. Briand has merely revived an old, old vision of a "United States of Europe," or has really begun to make that dream come true, broadly divides press opinion in our own United States, altho many editors in both camps unite in insisting that something of the sort is long overdue over there. In any event, editors observe, Briand staged a great "get-together" of three Premiers and 22 Foreign Ministers, and the German Stresemann's speech before the League Assembly in favor of certain common economic measures led all the rest of the favoring talk. The approving guests agreed that Briand should formulate his plans more definitely, with accompanying questionnaires, which they will submit to their respective governments, whose representatives shall meet within a year to officially consult again.

Correspondents hint that Premier Briand astutely seized the psychological moment, in view of the current readjustment of war obligations, evacuation of the Rhineland, projected International Bank, revisions of the League Covenant, etc., to suggest economic cooperation by European peoples as a means of security, since now among pledged statesmen armaments are to be kept at a discount under the Kellogg-Briand peace pact. They characterize it as a deliberate stroke of forward-looking French foreign policy. "When I launched the idea of a peace pact," Briand tells the press men, "I did not solicit any one, but it was left open to any one, and it grew of itself." Now he similarly launches the idea of setting up a European bond of association—economic, social or political, as may be deemed most feasible—for working together and not against anybody, and his gesture signifies, "Watch it grow!"

Advanced heralding of the United-States-of-Europe project led many American papers to insist that it might come to the surface as a European counter to higher tariff legislation by our present Congress, and, in fact, that motive continues to be emphasized in various journals. Others consider that American competition inevitably forces something of the kind. Briand declares that the plan is not directed against the United States, or Russia, or the British Empire, or anybody else, and says:

> "Where people are together, as in Europe, there should be some federal link between them. They must have the means of discussing any problems which are of mutual interest and of establishing general solidarity, in order to know where they stand if really serious differences arise. It is that connecting link which I wish to establish, and obviously, the most important component will be an economic agreement. I believe that in the economic sphere some agreement is achievable, but also there should be a social and political link which would not affect the sovereignty of the parties involved."

Stresemann's favoring speech strest the point that collaboration for the economic welfare of Europe is not directed against any other continent, and claimed that European nations working together for such common interest will tend toward the welfare of other economic communities. The German statesman cites many new States created as a result of the war, which have not been integrated in the European economic system, and continues:

> "It is grotesque that when men are reducing to twenty days the length of a voyage from Germany to Tokyo, on the other hand, when they cross Europe in a train, the locomotives must stop at each frontier because of customs formalities.
>
> "One gets the impression that Europe's commerce is on a retail basis. In order to increase their prestige, the new States have sought to create industries within their frontiers, which have been protected, and even then they are not always able to sell their products in the home market.
>
> "All this must be stopt. We must attain the point of creating uniform money and postage-stamps, which, after all, would only correspond to the point we have attained in other fields.
>
> "The diversity which exists now is not only prejudicial to European commerce, it is as incomprehensible to the continents overseas as it is sometimes to us. The rationalization of European production and the marketing of its merchandise will be equally profitable to other continents."

British approval of the Briand "idea" or principle was coupled, according to press reports, with emphasis on the need for study of definite provisions, the value of a general agreement not to increase tariff walls for a period of two years, and undelayed negotiation of treaties to reduce tariff walls. Mr. Marinkovitch, of Jugoslavia, gave to the press a statement averring that "real economic rapprochement is impossible without parallel political rapprochement."

Apparently our editors are inclined to throw more bouquets than brickbats at Briand. "He speaks like an idealist who keeps his feet on the ground" (Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*). "The dream of Briand has in it the stuff of which great tangibles can be made" (Indianapolis *News*). "Statesmanship is getting bigger and better" (Savannah *News*). The Springfield *Republican* says:

> "Since Napoleon conceived of war-swept Europe as finally reduced to one empire, based on bayonets and his own administrative genius as a military dictator, Mr. Briand may at least be hailed as the first French statesman of premier rank to champion a Europe united by the pacific forces of enlightened self-interest and the soothing methods of voluntary action."

Disposition to discuss the merits of Briand's proposal seriously prevails in the American press, altho some papers treat it as "just another European alliance" (Houston *Post-Dispatch*); "it does not look exactly imminent" (Boston *Globe*); "must be observed closely for its anti-American features—but an effective United States of Europe is an impossibility" (Cleveland *News*); "the fated collision between politics and economics" seen by Mr. Briand's guests is typical of what happens to projects like his" (New York *Times*). The substance of many favorable editorials is voiced by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* thus:

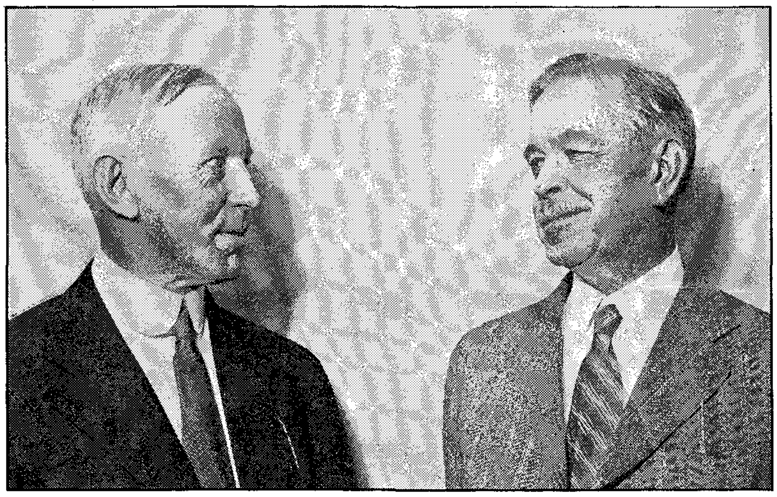
> "How far Mr. Briand's idea will get, it is impossible to say. The linguistic differences and traditional enmities of the European governments are formidable impediments, far more difficult to surmount than were any impediments to the union of the American States. But at any rate, the idea is worth trying. Manifestly if the League of Nations, the Kellogg Treaty, the disarmament conferences, the World Court, and other instrumentalities for the avoidance of war, succeed in preventing all war or in making war infrequent, there will be a powerful tendency toward various sorts of international federation, or even consolidation. It is easy to deny dogmatically that the nations of Europe or any other continent can permanently sink their differences in such a manner, but nobody can really tell. If the United States of Europe, in however loose a form, becomes an actuality, probably all Europe will benefit. It has been said that such a federation would become the enemy of the United States. Regarding that the United States can afford to take a chance."

Union in Europe can not hurt the United States, as the Baltimore *Sun* sees it, for—

> "Our own tariff magnates have complacently advised Europe to 'remove economic barriers'—in Europe. They realize that a free-trading area in Europe would revive prosperity there and increase the market for American goods just as our free-trade area has increased the market for European goods.
>
> "Moreover, our bankers, who have assisted at the various conferences which strengthen the habit of regarding European problems as a unit, realize that the best chance to collect (in any real sense) from Europe is to establish a firm basis for European ability to pay."

PSYCHOANALYZING THE NEW G. O. P. CHIEF

ITS "TEMPORARY FLIRTATION" WITH IDEALISM is ended, thinks a critic of the Administration, as he notes the election of Claudius Hart Huston to be chairman of the Republican National Committee. For, so we are told, "this choice of Mr. Huston, dictated by Mr. Hoover, should dispose of the last pretense that the President is above playing the political game in the traditional way." Mr. Huston, long a Southerner (letters reach him at Chattanooga, Tenn.), is an Indianian by birth and political training. Because of that, as the Providence (R. I.) *News* reminds us, "Republicans like Dave Mulvane of Kansas, the remnant of the real Old Guard of Boies Penrose's day, show themselves openly jubilant." As this Democratic commentator goes on to say, "Mr. Hoover has been playing politics all along; but he must have come to the conclusion that his methods were not getting him very far toward a renomination in 1932, so we now have Mr. Huston selected to be the guiding angel of the Administration, in the hope that the proper distribution of patronage may help to induce Republican job-seekers to take off their coats for the man over whom they now shake their heads so warily." In a dispatch accompanied by a portrait captioned, "He'll Cut G. O. P. Pie," a Washington correspondent tells the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.) that old party leaders are saying, "Now we have a man who speaks our own language." Moreover, much is made of the circumstance that Mr. Huston is not only a Southerner, but the first Southerner ever to become chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the New York *Times* (Dem.) tells us, "It is said that he will address himself at once to the situation in the South, where the patronage triumvirate of Burke, Brown, and Newton has made the 'hash' which most commissions make of patronage affairs, especially a Southern commission which hasn't a Southerner on it. Mr. Huston will understand exactly what the 'boys' down there are talking about, and his Who's Who of Southern Republicans is in his head, not on a card index." Meanwhile, the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) gives us what amounts to a Who's Who biography of Mr. Huston. As we read: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THE NEW LEADER AND THE OLD

Claudius H. Huston (on reader's left), recently elected chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Dr. Hubert Work, his predecessor.

"He was born in Boone Township, southern Indiana, the son of a Presbyterian minister. His mother was a native of North Carolina. Mr. Huston attended the district school, then known as 'Swamp College,' because the one-room schoolhouse was situated near a swamp.

"After attending rural schools, Mr. Huston became a country school-teacher. His pay was $30 a month; the school term was five months. He worked on the farm the balance of the year. With savings from his small salary as teacher and from earnings as farm-hand, Mr. Huston obtained enough money to pay the tuition fee at Valparaiso University, Indiana. He earned his board at the university by ringing the school bell, waiting on table, sweeping the dormitory floors, and also sweeping a doctor's office.

"His cousin, Dr. H. M. Evans, was then an instructor at Valparaiso. After attending school at Valparaiso, Mr. Huston went to Chattanooga, Tennessee, where Dr. Evans started the Chattanooga Normal University, now merged with the University of Chattanooga, of which Mr. Huston is a trustee. Mr. Huston was an employee of the Normal University before its merger.

"Mr. Huston later bought a small business college. In obtaining employment for his stenographic and bookkeeping pupils, Mr. Huston came in contact with the business men and manufacturers of Chattanooga. Contacts thus gained eventually took him into the manufacturing field, his specialty being the reorganization and refinancing of corporations seeking to enlarge their fields. The time came when Mr. Huston was a member of the board of directors of a score of large institutions at Chattanooga.

"Altho he had taken an interest in local politics for some time, national attention practically was attracted to Mr. Huston in 1920, when Tennessee, for the first time, cast its vote for a Republican President. He had been one of the active forces in the Tennessee campaign.

"When Herbert Hoover was appointed by President Harding as Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover asked Mr. Huston to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce. Mr. Huston consented to serve one year, and at the end of that time he agreed to continue for several additional months, when Secretary Hoover asked him to go abroad and survey the opportunities for expanding American trade. He resigned after completing this trip. When he entered the government service Mr. Huston discontinued his active business connections at Chattanooga.

"Upon leaving the Commerce Department in March, 1923, Mr. Huston reentered the business field with offices in New York and Chattanooga.

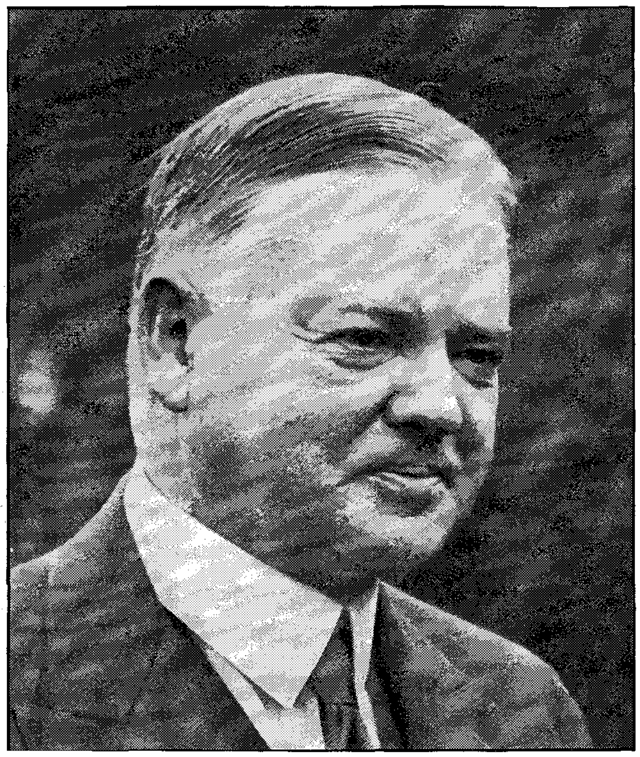
"For the last two years Mr. Huston also has had the general management of all the corporate properties, including banks in seven large cities, owned by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The labor organization had sought Mr. Huston's services because of his experience as a financier. Mr. Huston is still the president of the Brotherhood Management Corporation, which directs the labor-union's banks at Cleveland, Boston, Minneapolis, Portland, Oregon; San Francisco, and Seattle, and real-estate property which includes two large business blocks in Cleveland."

The New York *World* informs us that Mr. Huston will "step out of the picture for six months to dispose of his entire imposing array of business interests," and there are correspondents, the *Herald Tribune's* among them, who see in his elevation to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee little more than a deserved recompense for starting Hoover organization six years ago. But what appears most interesting to the press in general is the bearing of Mr. Huston's election upon political probabilities in the South, and the Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times* (Rep.) remarks:

"It has been true for many years that a Republican President, seeking renomination, could always manage, by the skilful use of patronage, to hold the South in line. Many of them have used this power without any effort to disguise it. It is to be doubted, however, whether Mr. Hoover, not being much of a practical politician, and having an antipathy to the methods which politicians sometimes employ in their own behalf, is thinking primarily of himself in what he is doing in the way of reorganizing the Republican party in the South. I prefer to believe that he is taking the long view, and is quite as desirous that a permanent two-party system be built up, for the economic benefit of the South itself, as for anything a reorganization may do to affect his own chances for renomination."

SIX MONTHS OF HOOVER'S PRESIDENTIAL ENGINEERING

WITHOUT A NICKNAME, President Hoover has broken records of the first six months of Presidential terms in at least two other respects, as he passes review by our newspaper "fourth estate." To the Scripps-Howard chain Lawrence Sullivan reports that with a passing smile the President remarks upon "the subtle yet distinctive achievement of evading the great American urge" to classify, symbolize, catalog, and tag the man in the White House with a sobriquet. Veteran attachés do not recall another such instance in recent years, and, according to this correspondent, Mr. Hoover "regards it as evidence that his policy against fantastic fanfare and showmanship in the transaction of government business has been successful." The other two kinds of record-breaking, the St. Louis *Star* (Ind.) specifies thus: "He has started more citizens digging for facts to advise him upon than any man who ever held the Presidential office, and he probably has acted upon fewer suggestions furnished him by others than any of his predecessors." Correspondents figure that at least thirteen fact-finding or reorganizing commissions have been set up in and outside official government service, comporting with the conceptions of an engineering rather than a political mind, which the press of all political affiliations generally emphasize as Mr. Hoover's chief standard of action in office. Before the six months ended on September 4, the New York *World*, acknowledged leader among Smith papers in the last campaign, paid the following notable tribute to "A President with Ideas":



P. & A. photograph

HE SEEMS CHEERFUL ABOUT IT

> "It is a little bewildering to look back at the decisions Mr. Hoover has made and the action he has taken in five short months in office. He was inaugurated on March 4. Within a week he had abolished the fiction of the Official Spokesman, announced his plan for a commission on law enforcement, and called Congress into special session to act for farm relief.
>
> "In his second and third weeks in office he withdrew the Government's oil lands from lease or sale in the interest of conservation, overturned the established policy of the Treasury Department in respect to publicity for income-tax refunds, and called on the Republican party in the South to reorganize itself from top to bottom and put an end to its scandals in patronage.
>
> "Since that time we have had a steady succession of sharp decisions and prompt action: support of the constitutional government in the Mexican rebellion; a shift of policy at Geneva to acceptance of the French plan for measuring navies in 'global' tonnage; intervention in a labor dispute to anticipate a strike on the Texas and Pacific Railroad; appointment without loss of time and with wide popular approval of a commission to administer the new law for farm relief; announcement of a plan to summon in 1930 the first national conference on child health which has been held in twenty years; an appeal to the chief Naval Powers of the world for action on arms limitation; a decision on the day of Mr. MacDonald's address in the House of Commons to postpone construction on three cruisers; a prompt defense of this policy, in a letter addrest to the National Commander of the American Legion; and an equally prompt decision, following the prison riot at Leavenworth, to place before Congress a program for the modernization of the antiquated prisons of the Federal Government.
>
> "Washington is a center of news these days, not because a corps of hard-working newspaper correspondents is doing its best to pick up titbits out of a great laissez-faire but because a quick-witted and aggressive Executive is plainly on the job."

On September 5, however, the New York *Evening World* (Ind. Dem.) mirrored the peaks of criticism by a minority of papers in a slightly longer double-leaded editorial survey, concluding that President Hoover "is still an experiment." The six months have demonstrated "the absurdity of the myth that the President is not a politician who plays the game of politics," according to this critic, and "the achievements of the Administration thus far have been meager enough, albeit the time has been short." "If he succeeds" in the most important thing undertaken, namely, negotiations with England on limitation of naval armament, "he will have something worth while to his credit," we read. And "it is too early to pass judgment" on the efficacy of his farm-relief measure. Starting many investigations "the most ardent friends of the Administration will hardly contend has been spectacularly successful up to this time." Further:

> "But something of historical importance has occurred in these six months—the party of the President has developed a greater amount of insurgency than has been seen since the first six months of Mr. Taft's Administration, which resulted in the loss of the House to the Administration within two years. The bitterness of the insurgent group is more intense, perhaps, than was that led by Dolliver and Beveridge twenty years ago. Six months have shown that the President is the leader not of his party but of the dominant faction of it. We must await conclusion of the tariff fight to learn whether he is to lead that faction to victory."

Few samples from Republican editorials are needed to sound their chorus of praise. "Hoover, Rapid-Firer," is the Boston *Herald's* characterization; "his pace has been faster than that of any other President of the generation, even the hyperthyroid Roosevelt being a laggard by comparison." The Springfield *Union* (Rep.) says: "If there is any outstanding weakness in the first six months of President Hoover's Administration, it has not been revealed. He enjoys and richly deserves almost universal respect and admiration at home and abroad."

Among the ever-watchful Washington correspondents, David Lawrence tells his papers that "inside of Washington the political view is that Mr. Hoover has not yet faced a real test like the tariff. Farm-relief legislation was a preliminary skirmish, because both parties were more or less committed to legislative action of some kind." Mark Sullivan couples with the New York *World's* editorial quoted at the beginning of this article, the lively editorial of the New York weekly *Judge*, beginning:

> "As one who voted for Al Smith we beg leave at this juncture to rise and doff our hat to Herbert Hoover and say loudly that he looks to us to be doing one swell job.
>
> "Hoover is making enemies right and left—especially right. High-tariff barons, jingoes, brass hats, big navyites, Prohibition fanatics, patronage hounds, and in general those who dread change—for each of these multifarious enemies he rises higher in the estimation of us small fry."

BACKFIRE ON THE WORLD COURT

THE HEARST PAPERS OPEN FIRE immediately against our entering the World Court under the so-called "Root formula," accepted by League of Nations delegates assembled at Geneva and approved by the Hoover-Stimson Administration. It was outlined in these pages last week. Headings clear across the editorial page of the New York *American* read, "Senate Is Our Only Hope Against Those Busybodies Who Want to Inveigle Us into League World Court," and "Senate, Not Stimson, Will Decide if United States Enters World Court." The gun-fire style of this campaign is that of questions and answers, conveying declarations that Sir Cecil Hurst, adviser to the British Foreign Office, was behind the Root plan. To quote from the *American's* broadside:

> "Q. Well, I see Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, told League members that the United States was ready to enter the World Court under the Hurst-Root plan.
>
> "A. Yes.
>
> "Q. And now Secretary of State Stimson says it is O. K. with him and the President, and we are ready to come in.
>
> "A. Yes, but Secretary Stimson hasn't the last word.
>
> "Q. Who has?
>
> "A. The Senate.
>
> "Q. Well, is the World Court part of the League of Nations?
>
> "A. Of course it is, and Elihu Root, emissary of the international bankers, ADMITS THAT IT IS.
>
> "Q. What do we know about Sir Cecil Hurst in these matters?
>
> "A. First, he wrote what is now called the Root or the Root-Hurst plan, which Root brought back to Stimson for approval.
>
> "Second, Sir Cecil, in his report to a League conference urging acceptance of his substitute for Reservation V, made a startling admission. He said:
>
> "'Advisory opinions are also of utility in enabling questions to be submitted to the Court WHICH PARTIES TO THE SUIT ARE FOR VARIED REASONS UNWILLING THEMSELVES TO SUBMIT TO IT in the form of international litigation.'
>
> "Q. Isn't that exactly what the Senate was afraid of when it passed Reservation V? Did not the Senate patriotically fear that questions like the Monroe Doctrine and restricted immigration would be submitted to the World Court which we, 'for various reasons, were unwilling to submit to it?'
>
> "A. Certainly.
>
> "Q. Isn't there going to be opposition in the country and discussion in the Senate before this deal to subordinate this country to foreign domination is finally put over on us?
>
> "A. Undoubtedly. The Senate has been the great bulwark of American independence heretofore. Let us hope it will be so again."

Secretary Stimson's official statement promising the League Secretariat submission to the Senate declares:

> "I have carefully examined the draft protocol recommended by the committee of jurists last spring for the purpose of meeting the objections represented by the reservations of the United States Senate in regard to the entry of the United States into the World Court, and I have satisfied myself that this draft protocol, if ratified by the other signatory Powers, would meet the objections raised by the Senate and fully protect the United States against the dangers anticipated by the Senate."

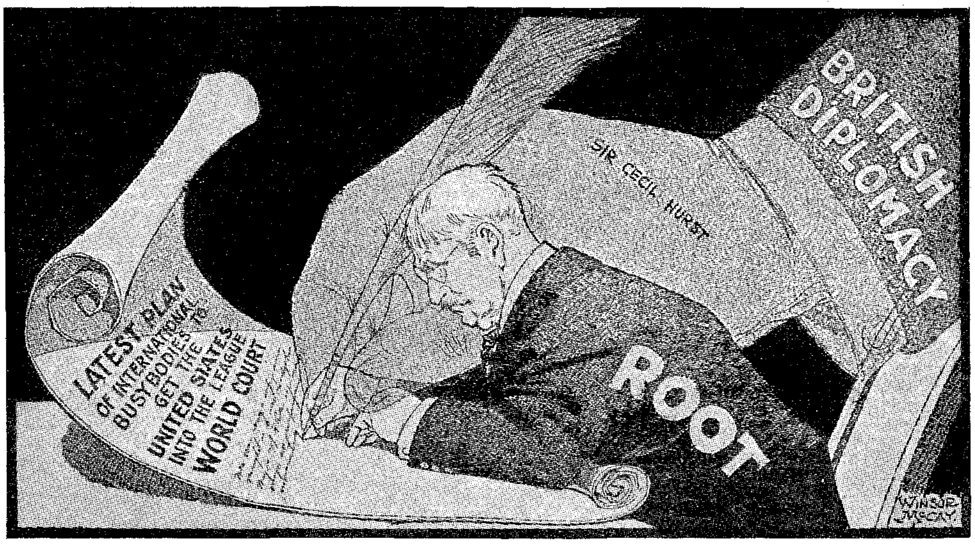
Washington correspondents point out that ratification by forty or fifty other Powers will take so much time before Senate consent is due, that it may not be asked until next year, after the elections. The correspondent of the New York *Times* reports that Senator Swanson, author of reservation five, and Senator Walsh favor the substitute, while Senator Borah continues in opposition and Senator Moses declares that "the Root formula is by no means clear and definite." Other correspondents report opinion that Secretary Stimson's interpretation that the protocol meets the Senate's reservation, might give President Hoover opportunity for the bold stroke of signing for the United States and putting the Senate where it must reverse itself if it should fail to approve its own reservations.

Meantime comparatively very few of our papers seem ready to oppose our joining the World Court under the conditions proposed. The Cleveland *News* (Ind.) reproduces the New York *American's* cartoon, and declares that sentiment in this country is "cold on World Court." The Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) thinks "it is important to keep out of the half-way house to the League." The Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Ind.) says:

> "There has been voted unanimous approval of Mr. Root's World Court plan by forty foreign nations. Anything that other nations so heartily agree to in this or in any other respect, where the vital interests of the United States may be affected, should be subject for at least mild suspicion and questioning, even tho the matter may have been presented by so able an international lawyer and presumably good American as Elihu Root."

At present, however, our papers range themselves overwhelmingly in favor of the Administration program of eventual World Court entry. It is pointed out that Mr. Root's formula provides United States representation on the Court without membership in the League of Nations but on a parity with League members. Reasserting the Senate reservations, the formula provides at length a detailed procedure by which "it shall be made known whether the United States claims an interest and gives or withholds its consent" to an "advisory opinion." To the layman, says the Providence *News* (Dem.):

> "There may appear little difference between the Senate reservation and the Root-Hurst formula, but we may expect some of the lawyers in the Senate to note a considerable difference. Roughly speaking, the Senate reservation puts the responsibility of not dragging this country into a discussion of an advisory opinion on the other members of the Court; they must not even entertain a request for such an opinion. The Root-Hurst formula would allow them to entertain the request, but would free us from all responsibility for accepting any opinion the Court might give."


BRITISH DIPLOMACY
SIR CECIL HURST
ROOT
LATEST PLAN OF INTERNATIONAL BUSYBODIES TO GET THE UNITED STATES INTO THE LEAGUE WORLD COURT
WINSOR McCAY

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"THE GUIDING HAND"—A HEARST VIEW OF IT
—McCay in the New York *American*.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

And, ladies, listen: Eve took to wearing clothes in the fall.—*Dallas News.*

No one is quicker than a girl to see and correct the error of her weigh.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Men are like postage-stamps. They have to stick to get anywhere.—*Dayton Journal.*

The woman doesn't always pay and pay. Sometimes she charges and charges.—*Arizona Producer.*

Some people get an education late in life, and some have no children to bring them home work.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Electricity travels at the rate of 11,600,000 miles a minute. You would never guess it ran the street-cars.—*Kay Features.*

A news item tells of a Boston man who slapped his wife as she slept. Men are getting bolder and bolder.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

Dr. Eckener is the man who put the zip in the Zep.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The national affection for the hot dog has proceeded far beyond the puppy-love stage. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

What this country needs is some method of increasing the price of everything without adding to the cost of living.—*Jackson News.*

Chicago judge sentenced a man to sing to his wife twice a day. Thus do the innocent suffer with the guilty.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Parenthood has reached first base when it recognizes from the sound whether its progeny is crying for cause or effect.—*Dallas News.*

Something ought to be done about this bare-legged fad. Every day you see men crossing the street nearly killed by automobiles.—*Jackson News.*

Fate loves his little ironies; which is why a British pacifist government is going to be saddled with the cost of something nearly approaching a war in Palestine.—*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

Mrs. Coolidge is authoring, too. Young John is the only strong silent member left in the family.—*Dallas News.*

It seems to be quite generally agreed that the Arab wasn't the guy that put the pal in Palestine.—*Springfield Union.*

Miniature cars won't help much. Picking one out of a pedestrian will be as tedious as pulling one off.—*Hartford Times.*

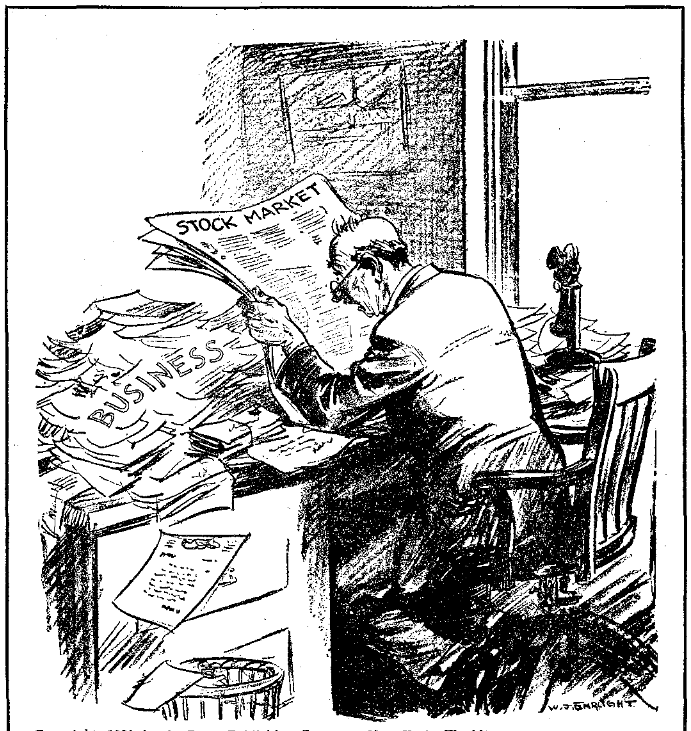
Doubtless our grandchildren will prize heirlooms all the more if they must finish paying for them.—*Cedar Falls (Ia.) Record.*

The latest motor-cars have two horns attached. The first sounds a gruff warning and the second a parting sneer.—*Punch.*

Southern Florida is shipping papayas north, but probably they will not sell much until Northern mammayas get used to them.—*Boston Transcript.*

It's too bad Dr. Eckener didn't get to meet Wilbur Glenn Voliva while he was in this country, and learn what the shape of the earth really is.—*Kansas City Star.*

If prisons were fitted up with libraries, center tables, rag carpets, and canary birds, maybe they would look so much like home that people would try to keep out of them.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*



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THE CLOCK-WATCHER'S SUCCESSOR

—Enright in the New York *Evening World.*

The visible backbone of the nation seems to be entirely feminine.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Nothing else so humanizes a great man as the publication of his golf score.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The saloons will never, never return. The filling stations have all the prominent corners.—*Florida Times-Union.*

The horse took longer to get you there, but you didn't have to drive half-way back to hitch.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Tanning the hide promotes health, and in the old days it also served to develop moral fiber.—*Key West (Fla.) Citizen.*

As the dress reformers see it, the trouble with the human form divine nowadays is that it is too divinable.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Maybe the fruit and vegetable men are merging because that is the only way to decide who should handle the cantaloup.—*Nelson (B. C.) News.*

Trotzky says he will not visit America. That makes it unanimous.—*Atlânta Constitution.*

Beauty used to be only skin deep until the cosmeticians added a couple of layers.—*Dallas News.*

Russia and China are beginning to understand each other now. That's what makes 'em mad.—*Arizona Producer.*

Fight Over Tariff to Open Thursday.—Head-line. It will end about the middle of the millennium.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Few women are color blind, except in the matter of distinguishing red and green traffic lights.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Grover Whalen, New York's police boss, has been very successful in combating crime, according to the annual report of Grover Whalen.—*Jackson News.*

Motor tourists in Washington, D.C., it is complained, often mistake capital guides for policemen. Undoubtedly there is a lower mortality rate among the guides than there would be if they were mistaken for pedestrians.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Future archeologists can trace our development of styles by the migration of the vaccination mark.—*Brooklyn Times.*

Heaven knows best, but it would be nice if some of these imported insect pests liked dandelions. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

The boxing kangaroo has reappeared in New York. He represents the manager's rosy dream of a pugilist who will not demand a share of the gate receipts.—*The New Yorker.*

It is not known whether the Anti-Boy Scouts, recruited among young Communists, who are to hold their own Jamboree in Moscow, are required to do their daily bad turn.—*Punch.*

We wonder how many, if any, of the girls realize how much harder they are making it for the tariff framers to determine whether stockings are luxuries or necessities.—*Springfield Union.*

A New York physicist claims no two objects in the universe can be separated by more than 54,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles. That fellow never has traveled a detour.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

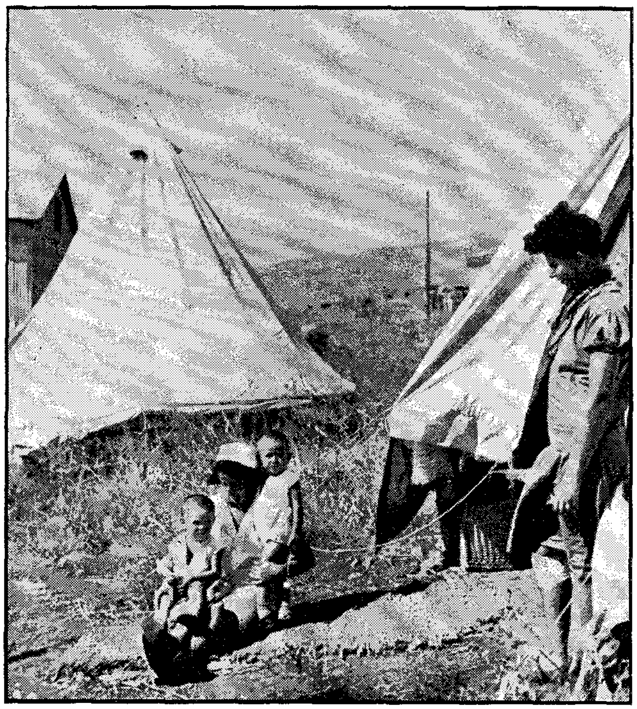
Those Americans who predict that in the forthcoming Anglo-American Naval conference Great Britain will get the big end of the deal, evidently fear that at the last minute MacDonald will find it impossible to come and send Snowden.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

BRITAIN'S PALESTINE PLAGUE

THE OUTBURST OF RACIAL and religious fury in Palestine startled all sections of the British press and inspired some of them to question whether the British Government is administering the Palestine mandate competently or, indeed, whether England ought ever to have accepted the mandate. It is not surprizing that Jews in all parts of the world should bitterly reproach Great Britain, remarks the London *Daily Chronicle*, for having failed to take adequate steps in advance to protect the lives and property of the inhabitants in the event of disorders. The authorities on the spot were either ill-informed, this newspaper adds, or they neglected their information. The conclusion the ordinary person will draw from this tragic affair, it is further stated, is that the Palestine Government has been living recently in a fool's paradise. The Palestine gendarmerie was brought to an end in 1926, it is recalled, and replaced by the mixed police force recruited from Arabs and Jews. In recent years the country west of the Jordan has been completely denuded of military forces, and we read:

"The ostensible reason for this sanguine policy was the alleged improved relations between the Moslems and the Jews. But the fanatical fury and the wide-spread character of the recent onslaughts on the Jews are sufficient to prove that the hostility of the Arabs, if masked, had not abated a jot. Throughout the last year intelligent observers have been prophesying trouble arising out of the disputes about the Wailing Wall."



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JEWISH BOY SCOUTS IN PALESTINE

One powerful factor in rebuilding Palestine as the Jewish national homeland is said to be the development of a strong Jewish youth.

The situation in Palestine has passed beyond the question of assessing the rights and privileges of Jews and Arabs in this debatable peace of holy ground, declares the London *Daily News*, which believes that for some time to come British authority will be employed on the thankless task of keeping the peace in a very much wider sense and over a very much wider stretch of Palestine territory. This journal also notes that:

"In all parts of the world Jews are complaining bitterly of the British failure to protect their brethren in Palestine. Wherever there are Arabs and Moslems, Arabs and Moslems are arraigning indignantly the alleged 'pro-Jewish' administration. Obviously there is a certain danger of the spread of a general anti-British movement in the Islamic world; and this anxiety will not be removed until we have learned the attitude and intentions of Ibn Saud, the powerful King of the Hejaz, whose profest friendship for Great Britain depends upon many doubtful factors. In the meantime our plain duty is to do justice, without fear or favor, in Palestine, and to impose peace with the means at our command.

"The suggestion that we should renounce our Palestine mandate is not merely nonsense; it is dangerous nonsense. We are committed by an explicit and solemn pledge. However much we may dislike the job, we must go on with it, or submit to the derisive condemnation of the civilized world."

It is within the power of Ibn Saud, King of the Hejaz, to keep the peace or to break it, *The Daily News* asserts, for he exercises an immense influence over a wide expanse of Arab territory. He is described as a religious enthusiast with a magnetic personality, who is commonly said to be well-disposed toward Great Britain. But, we are told:

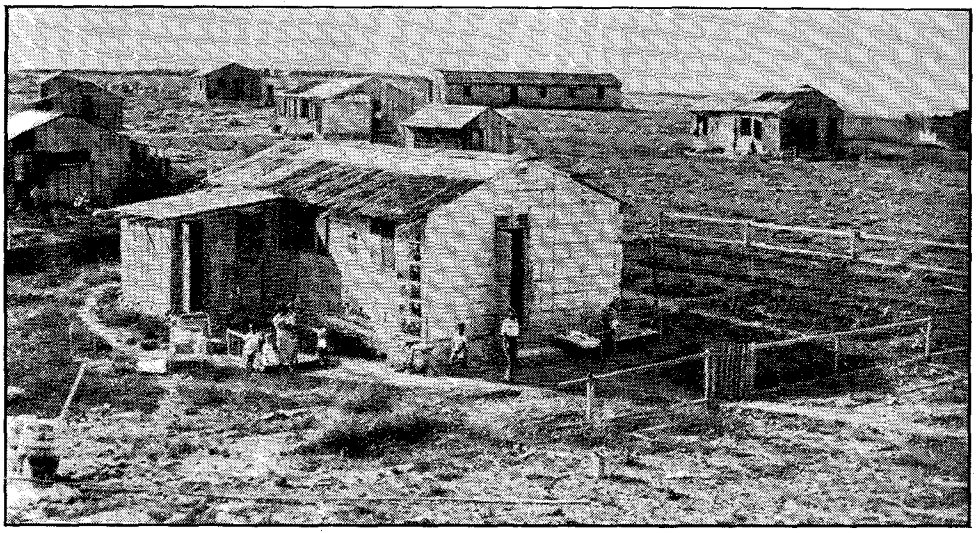
"There are a number of acute problems still outstanding between him and the British Government—not least the British methods of defending the Irak frontier—and the complete failure of Sir Gilbert Clayton's mission last year to liquidate these questions has never been satisfactorily explained. Ibn Saud was both aggrieved and alarmed at the breakdown of the negotiations. Until a settlement has been reached we shall not regain his good-will. Yet it is true, that Ibn Saud remains the only indigenous element of genuine stability in modern Arabia. To come to a proper understanding with Ibn Saud would be to reduce our task in Palestine and to remove a far-reaching menace."

Few countries have voluntarily accepted as much trouble as England, thinks the London *Star*, and few of her problems have been as complicated as the one facing her in Palestine. For 2,000 years, we are reminded, Jerusalem has been a scene of struggles between various religions and various churches for the holy places there. The Wailing Wall of the Jews is to them a sacred place, but unfortunately, this daily goes on to say:

"It is some one else's property. For thousands of years, however, the Jews have held their ceremony of mourning there, twice a week with official ceremonial. To that it would be more than unreasonable for the Arabs to object after such a passage of time. There must be thoughtless Jews to whom this awkward position seems unbearable, and these people on both sides, careless of the real interests of religion, to the point of using it to make their quarrels, are responsible for the fact that martial law has had to be declared. This is no religious quarrel. If it were merely a matter of religion it could have been cleared up months ago by the impartiality of our British representatives. It is a quarrel in which political and economic rivalries and jealousies have been so mixed up with a religious question as to confuse the situation. We are in charge of Palestine, and we shall remain true to our tradition of securing religious freedom. But we shall not put up with permanent disturbance of the peace merely because the issue is declared to be religious. The first task is to stop the rioting. After that the way in which a delicate task was carried out by our officials must be investigated. Our action is being watched by jealous eyes throughout the world, but we shall let the daylight play upon it and have no fear of the results."

But the root of the whole trouble was planted, thinks the

London *Daily Mail*, when the Coalition Government embarked on the "futile and perilous" policy of attempting to make Palestine "a national home" for the Jews. Against this "stupid and mischievous enterprise" *The Daily Mail* claims that it has protested for years, and also that it has shown from the outset that the undertaking was "unjust, dangerous, and dishonorable," besides imposing a superfluous and intolerable burden upon the British taxpayer. This newspaper also declares that the "foolish mandate" runs counter to Britain's pledge at the close of the war to give Palestine a government based "on the free choice of the native population." We read then:



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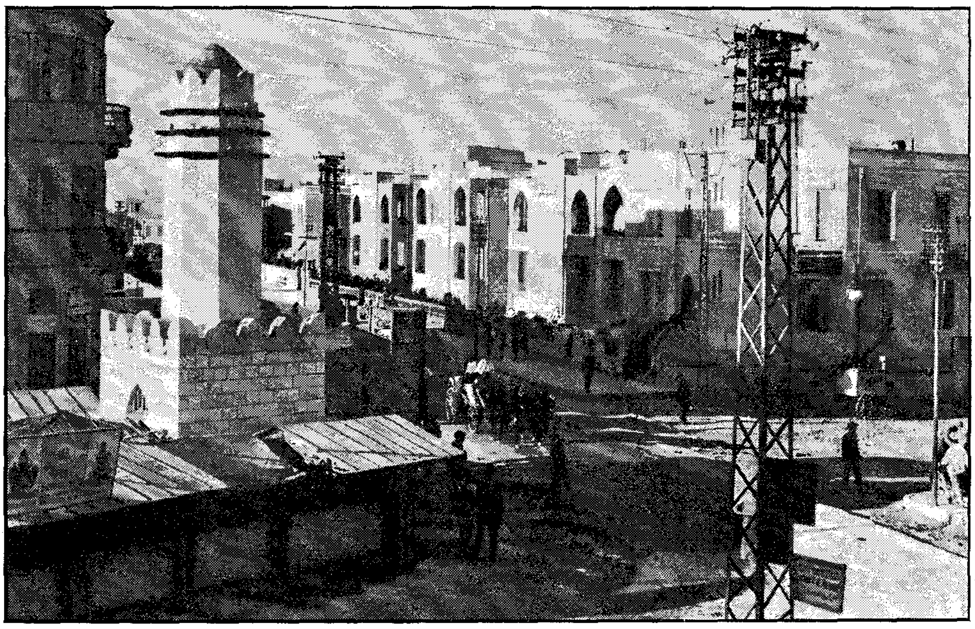
PALESTINE IN TRANSFORMATION

Jewish colonists are said to have changed Palestine from a backward to one of the most progressive countries of the Near East. This is a temporary barracks in Gdud Avodah, one of the colonies in Jerusalem where the settlers are concentrating on developing the fields in the neighborhood before they erect permanent houses.

"There are 750,000 Moslems in the country and only about 75,000 or 80,000 Jews. To maintain the privileged position of this small body, mostly recent immigrants from abroad, over the Arabs, who have been settled in the territory for centuries, British bayonets have to be constantly in evidence or readily available. As far back as March, 1922, Lord Northcliffe, after examining the conditions on the spot, warned the British nation of the gulf that yawned before it in Southwestern Asia. 'Look at Palestine,' he exclaimed. 'Do you know that we are on the verge of starting a war in Palestine?' With his unerring instinct for realities, Lord Northcliffe saw that there could be no permanent peace from the Jordan to the sea under the artificial system we have set up.

"The Government seems to be dealing energetically with the present outburst, which must, of course, be firmly represt. But when order is restored the matter, in its larger aspect, must not be allowed to rest. The Ministry is not bound by a casual declaration made to a very unrepresentative Jewish group by Lord Balfour. We hope that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues will waste no time in reopening the question, and that they will go closely into the whole outrageous folly of endeavoring—with British backing—to convert an old Arab State into a sham Jewish 'nation' at the expense of the British taxpayer."



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THE ALL-JEWISH CITY OF PALESTINE—TEL-AVIV

What was twenty years ago a sand dune is the most modern city in the Near East with a population of 40,000. The entire administration, from the police force to street cleaners, is made up of Jews.

BITTER FIGHT OF POUND VS. DOLLAR

BRITAIN'S LABOR GOVERNMENT will throw both France and Fascist Italy overboard and start a violent flirtation with America, according to some German editors, who declare that Britain can no longer bear "the load of French imperialism," and believe that the key to world politics in the immediate future lies in harmony between Britain and the United States. Rival naval strength, however, is not the critical factor in this matter, says the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, but business rivalry, and it adds:

"The bitter fight of the pound against the dollar rages in all the world markets. Everywhere the influence of the pound declines while that of the dollar rises. Even in the British Dominions London shrinks before the financial power of New York.

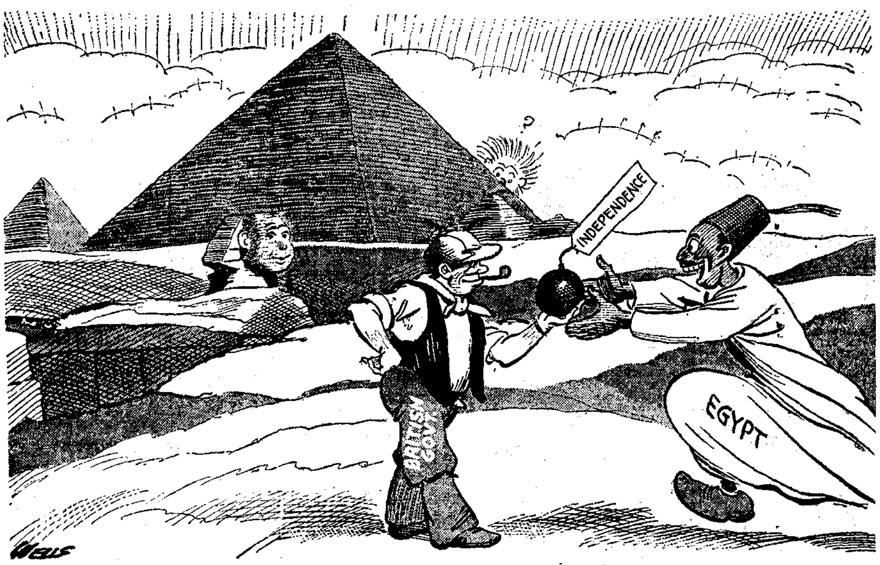
"Is an accord possible here, or is this antithesis leading to open warfare? At the burning center of this battle any accord seems most difficult if not impossible. This center is made up of South America and the Far East.

"The Anglo-American harmony sentiment may be left out of consideration. Far more intense in effect is the interlocking of capital between New York and London. In England it is now so close that the electrical, the chemical, and a portion of the metal industry work with American capital. On the other hand, English loans to America, which before the World War stood at 754 million pounds, are now some 470 millions only.

"Moreover, both countries for a hundred years and more have had the same economic structure. Both are conscious of facing an impending world-market crisis due to the declining loan capacity of Europe and the closely knit resources of America. So there has long been an eagerness on both sides to forestall and obviate any open conflict between London and New York financially. Neither land can afford to keep up the costly struggle for supremacy."

AS EGYPT SEES BRITAIN'S OFFER

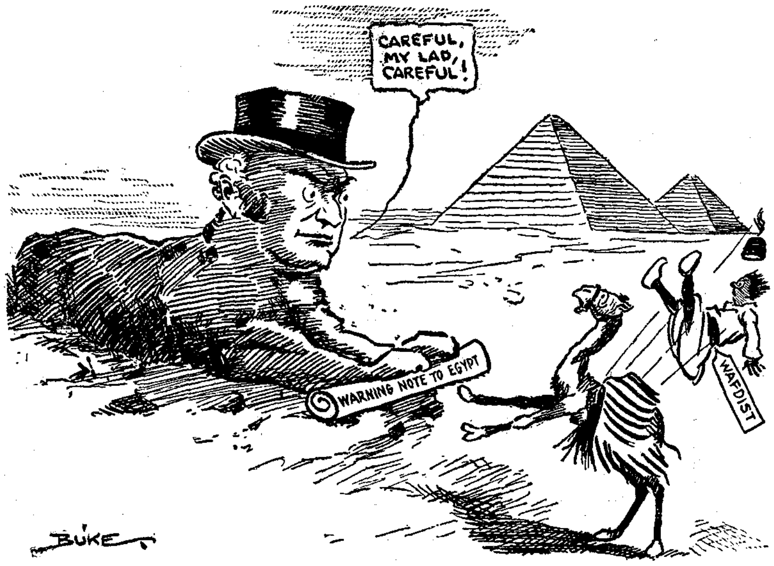
THE "TRANQUILLITY" that was to descend like manna on troublous Egypt as the result of the proposed Anglo-Egyptian agreement has not materialized, it seems, but instead, a sharp controversy has arisen between the forces of the Cairo Government and the hostile Nationalist party, better known as the Wafd. In fact, the Nationalists tartly describe the proposals, involving the evacuation of Egypt by the British Army, with the exception of the Suez Canal zone, and other points, as "only a bait, and a revolutionary act," held up before the Egyptian people by the "present dictatorship," which has "abolished the liberties of the people." No sooner was the Anglo-Egyptian agreement reached, we learn from the press, than Premier Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha, who negotiated it, addrest an appeal to the people of Egypt advising them to forget for the moment party divisions, consider only the interests of the country, and ratify his agreement. In the regular course of a general election reported to be held at the end of September or the beginning of October, a parliament will be chosen to ratify or to reject it. In answer to the Premier's appeal a counter proclamation was issued in a Wafd organ, *Balag* (Cairo), full of fire and indignation against the tentative arrangement Mahmoud Pasha has made with the British Government. According to this newspaper, Great Britain has made a proposal to the Egyptian people which the Egyptian people alone must answer. There are no political parties to-day, it asserts, but only a united and strong Egyptian people. So that the Egyptian people's voice may be heard on an issue of the utmost importance for the present and future generations, it contends that the present régime with all its evils must be swept away as soon as possible. Once "freed from the present dictatorship," *Balag* maintains that the people will be able to reassert their authority "under a Government that will respect the Constitution and will truly express the will and the decision of the people." The proclamation published by the *Balag* bears the signature of the President of the Wafd, Mustafa Nahas Pasha, and reads in part as follows:



AN AUSTRALIAN SLAM

THE BRITISH LABOR GOVERNMENT: "'Ere yer are, Egypt, tike yer independence."
—*The Herald* (Melbourne).

"Egyptians! Be not like those who have been corrupted by a foolish propaganda and who are being pushed by our Government to accept a set of proposals of which they know nothing and understand nothing. You should not compromise the future, and should not despair, as regards our salvation. Accept the present event soberly, and see to it that you are not divided, before the nation has again been united under the Constitution. Know well that the discussion of these proposals, under the shadow of the present dictatorship, is only a bait, and a revolutionary act. Only under the protection of the Constitution it will become a blessing and a source of light."



THE SPHINX THAT SPOKE!
—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

In contrast to the above, we read in the *Siassa*, another Cairo daily, the following statement by the Premier Mohammed Mahmoud Pasha:

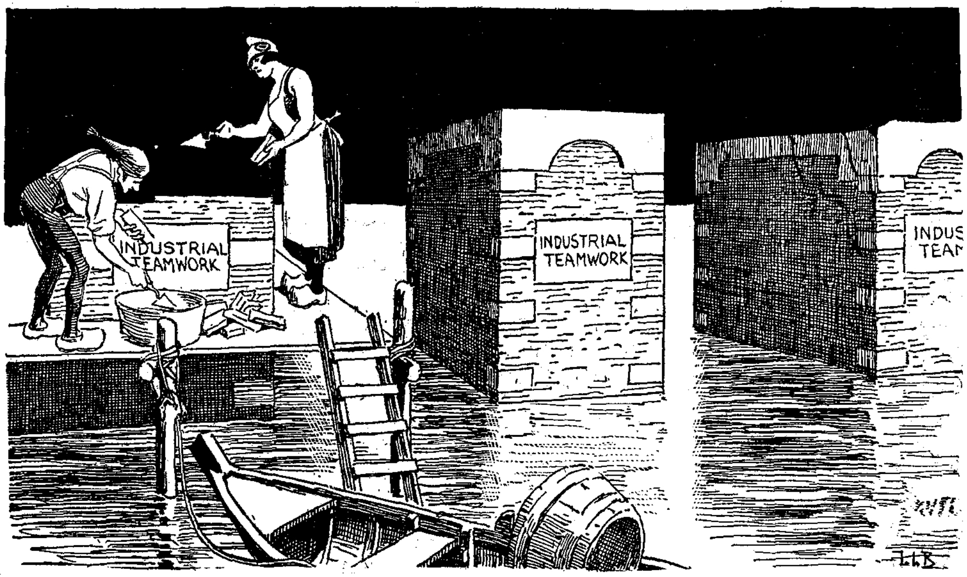
"The negotiations between the Egyptian and British governments have been carried out on a footing of absolute equality. One has only to read the correspondence exchanged between the two parties in order to see what was the real character of the discussions between the British Foreign Secretary Hon. Arthur Henderson and myself. Had the British Government assumed another attitude it would have been impossible for me as a diplomat, faithful to his own country, to continue the negotiations. I have always exprest my firm conviction that parliamentary government must be restored, as soon as the people had recovered from the disorder into which it has been led by the Wafd. A favorable occasion was presented for the solution of the Anglo-Egyptian problem on reasonable and honest terms. I am submitting those terms to Egypt, as I have always promised that I would do."

A more impartial view of the situation is taken by one of the foremost Egyptian leaders, Prince Omar Tushun, who gave an interview to the *Aharm*, wherein he is reported as follows:

"Altho we think that the present moment is not very favorable for the carrying out of negotiations, so long as the Constitution remains in suspense, and parliamentary life is non-existent, nevertheless we have thanked Mahmoud Pasha for his efforts on behalf of the Egyptian question. His plan is by far the best of anything that was submitted to us in the past. It is most likely that it will be accepted by Egypt, after a few dark places have been clarified, and after certain points have been explained, and this should be done by our National Assembly."

TALK OF A FRANCO-GERMAN "ALLIANCE"

IF BUSYBODIES AND TROUBLE MAKERS do not interfere, the prediction is made by some European editors that one of the many diplomatic possibilities of the "very distant future" is a Franco-German alliance. The word "alliance" is too strong, according to others, who nevertheless are willing to admit that the political settlement between France and Germany is made easier by the existence of a healthy understanding on business lines, as is proved through the powerful steel cartel and other international syndicates, such as that of the potash industry. The community of material interests so created is said to have done much to lessen French distrust of Germany, which has always militated against an international agreement in Europe. The final settlement of Europe, it is further noted, is impossible without French participation, for France, because of her geographical location, her military predominance, and her economic power, has attained a position that makes her presence necessary in any practical measure for the regulation of affairs on the continent. Holding this view, a political expert who writes under the name of "Augur" in the *Fortnightly Review* (London), goes on to say:



A DUTCH VIEW OF THE COMING BRIDGE OF FRANCO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP

—*De Groene Amsterdammer.*

"It would be, therefore, futile, as some short-sighted people in this country suggest, to have an Anglo-German agreement without the French being a party to it. In consequence, as before, the Anglo-French *entente* remains the cornerstone of constructive politics on this side of the Atlantic. For, apart from other arguments, let us always remember the wise words of one of Britain's most experienced diplomats, about the power of French diplomacy to sabotage any agreement made against its will or without its participation in the negotiations. Mr. MacDonald was right when, as one of the first steps in diplomatic relations after he had taken power, he sent a message of good-will to M. Briand expressing the hope of being able to cooperate with him in a common cause.

"In view of the need for an *entente* with France, a need so pressing that no British Government, whatever its coloring, can escape from it, it is all the more regrettable that the new régime at the Foreign Office seems to have brought back a return to the policy of endless pin pricking to which we were accustomed during the term in office of Lord Curzon, who seemed to take particular delight in provoking Mr. Poincaré to fury by well-thought notes full of splendid arguing, but which carried us not a step nearer to a peaceful solution, as some of us still remember. Mr. MacDonald, when he took power in 1924, wrote to Paris that famous letter in which he offered more human relations. The result was the great success of the London Conference which gave birth to the Dawes plan for German reparations."

Before the year is out, this contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* adds, we shall witness a new agreement which, by sweeping away the last vestiges of the Allied control over Germany, will serve finally to reinstate that country as a member of the family of nations of Europe. Thus will come to an end one phase in Franco-German relations, and it is remarked that the settlement of all questions concerning the Rhine will leave Western Europe singularly free from serious political problems. France and Germany, we are told, will be able to move forward in peaceful collaboration, much to the satisfaction of all other nations. But, it is noted:

"This pleasing prospect may be delayed or obscured and the brilliant possibilities thus offered may be thrown away if the Germans, freed of anxiety in the West, think the moment suitable in earnest to start an aggressive policy against Poland and the Central European States. The French, who to-day are tired of politics and especially of all international complications in which they may have to intervene as a Great Power, will again be full of anxiety and, as usually happens with peaceable people, will reenter the fray with all the greater display of temperament. It is therefore in the interest of Europe that the Germans should be given to understand in time that privileges in the West do not include an encouragement to begin trouble anew in the East."

Less optimism about Franco-German relations is displayed in the London *New Statesman* by Sisley Huddleston, a well-known writer about European affairs, who declares flatly that in spite of superficial appearances France and Germany "can no more unite than can oil and water," and he tells us:

"There is a German industrialist named Arnold Rechberg, the promoter of the Franco-German potash cartel, who for some years has expounded his views in French as well as German newspapers. Some time ago he went so far in the *Avenir*—a journal of the Right, which has afforded him the hospitality of its columns—as to adumbrate a Franco-German military alliance. Such an alliance, according to him, is the logical consequence of the industrial accords in respect of chemical and metallurgical products as well as of potash. Mr. Léon Daudet, who, in the *Action Française*, reprints the Rechberg letter to the *Avenir* with characteristically strong disapproval, asks for the names of the French and German military men who have had conversations on this subject. Certainly one would like to be informed in more detail of the talks which Arnold Rechberg states have taken place. He refers to a precise proposition which was formulated. By whom?

"France and Germany would, if the proposition were adopted, guarantee their frontiers against attacks of a third Power. The French and the German armies would be in the proportion of five to three—that is to say, if the French Army numbers five hundred thousand men, the German Army, recruited, equipped, and armed in the same fashion as the French Army, would count three hundred thousand men. On the face of it, of course, the proposal is absurd. The German Army was reduced to a hundred thousand men by the Treaty of Versailles, and, whatever we may think of these unilateral reductions, there is no good reason why the French should gratuitously permit an increase which makes nonsense of the deliberations at Geneva on disarmament. Still more absurd is the demand for the constitution of a Franco-German High Command, composed of French and German generals, which would have the right to inspect the French and German armies, and which would elaborate plans for common defense."

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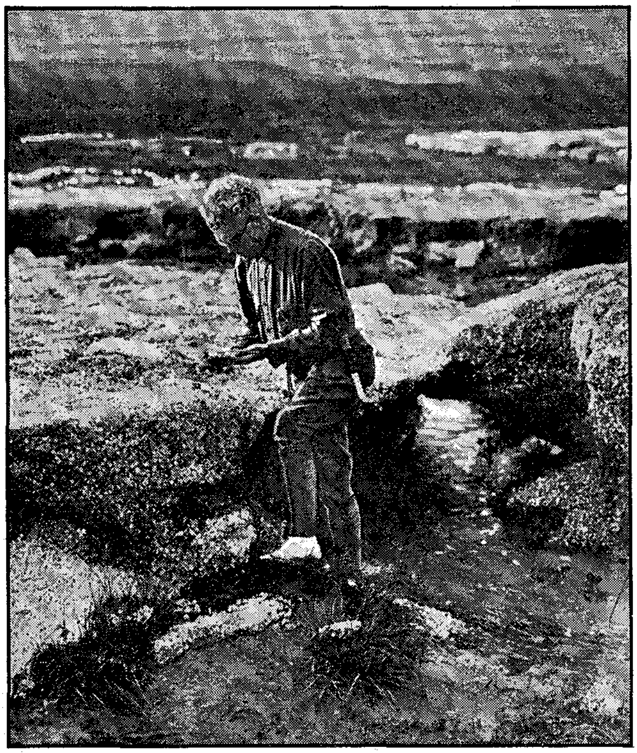
SCIENCE ▾ AND ▾ INVENTION

HAIL-STORMS MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN TORNADOES

HAIL IS FAMILIAR TO EVERYBODY, but the majority of us go through life without witnessing a really destructive hail-storm, says Calvin Frazer, writing in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). Many such storms occur every year, but each is limited to a relatively small portion of the earth's surface. The severe hail-storm, like the tornado, is always small, but it represents such a concentration of fury that hail-storms levy a heavy toll on property. The average annual damage in the United States is three or four times that done by tornadoes. Hail losses on ten agricultural crops of the country amount to $47,500,000 in the average year. Last year there were two hail-storms in the State of Kansas, each of which cost the farmers $3,000,000. Says Mr. Frazer:



Illustrations by courtesy of *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago)

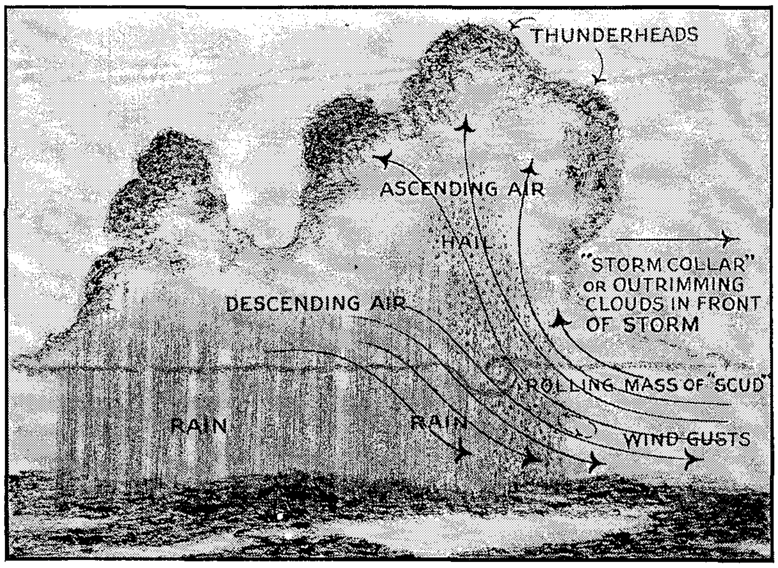
HAIL THREE FEET DEEP ON THE LEVEL

Fell during this remarkable storm in New Mexico. Note the "natural bridge" formed by the stream under the hailstones.

"The loss sustained by agriculture is only part of the annual hail bill. In the old world some of the heaviest losses occur in vineyards, and on both sides of the ocean, greenhouse glass comes in for an immense share of damage. Ordinary windows are sometimes broken on a large scale. In Vienna, Austria, an early-morning hail-storm smashed more than a million window-panes in the course of a few minutes. At Dallas, Texas, in 1926, big hailstones riddled the tops of thousands of automobiles, shattered windshields, and wrought damage totaling about $100,000 to these vehicles. Tons of ice fell on streets and buildings during fifteen minutes, and in the business center the stones attained the size of baseballs. The losses in the city and its vicinity were estimated at $2,000,000.

"An unusually severe hail-storm swept a path five miles wide across part of Kansas, on June 4, 1927. Fields were left as bare as a highway. Trees were stript of branches and leaves, and horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, rabbits, chickens, and wild birds were killed. Hailstones piled into drifts eight to fifteen feet deep, and many of these drifts remained for three days.

"One hail-storm caused such wide-spread distress that it helped bring about a great social upheaval. Beginning in the center of France, July 13, 1788, this storm crossed Belgium, and finally died out in Holland in the afternoon. No less than 1,309 communes in France suffered, and the total losses were estimated at $5,000,000—an immense sum at that period. This disaster undoubtedly hastened the coming of the revolution.



HOW HAIL IS FORMED IN A TYPICAL THUNDER-STORM

According to Dr. W. J. Humphreys of the Weather Bureau.

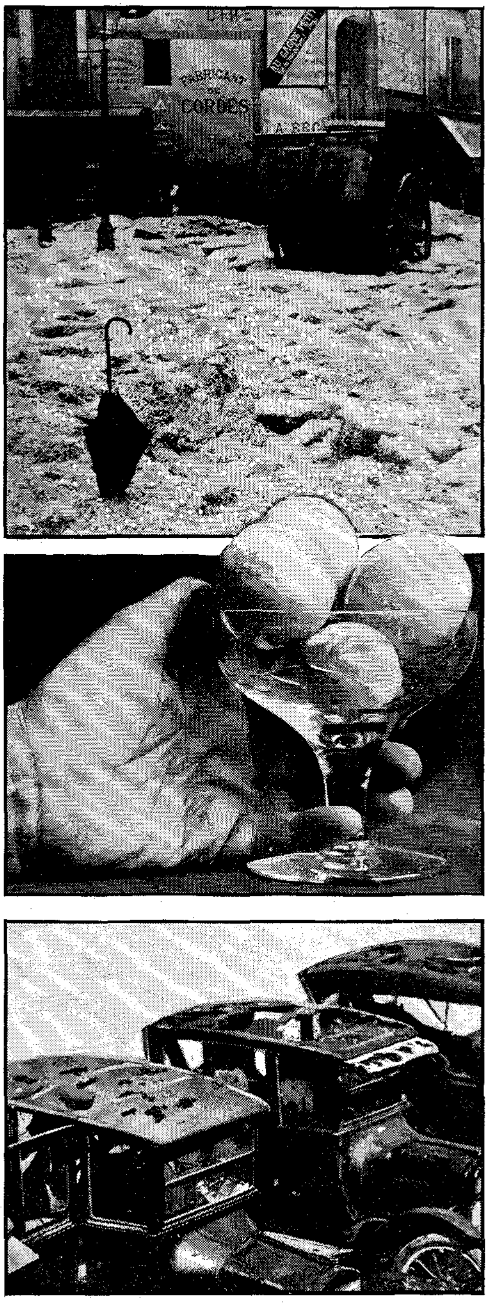
"The number of human beings killed or seriously injured by hail is insignificant. Why this should be so is a mystery. It is not at all uncommon for hailstones weighing from one to several ounces to fall by the thousands or tens of thousands on inhabited areas. They smash skylights of heavy wire glass, pierce window-panes with a clean round hole, like a bullet, and bury themselves a foot deep or more in soft earth. Why do not these missiles slay scores or hundreds of people every year? No satisfactory answer has yet been offered.

"The most fatal hail-storm of which we have an authentic record was one that occurred at Moradabad, India, May 1, 1888, which cost about 250 lives. Many of the victims were actually pounded to death by hailstones, but most of them were knocked down by hail and wind, buried under the drifts, and died of cold and exposure. Big hail seems to be more prevalent in India than in any other country.

"At the village of Klausenburg, Roumania, on May 1, 1928, six children were killed and ten adults were badly injured by hail during the celebration of the May-day festival. On July 4 of the present year two men and one woman were killed and several persons were injured by hail in the suburbs of Nuremberg, Bavaria. These events were quite exceptional, however, for in most years there are no deaths from hail in Europe, and apparently not more than two or three have been recorded in the whole history of the United States.

"The maximum size attained by hailstones is a matter of great uncertainty. A new record of size for the United States is said to have been established at Potter, Nebraska, on July 6, 1928, when among numerous hailstones 'as large as grapefruit' one was found to be seventeen inches in circumference and to weigh one and a half pounds. At Cazorla, Spain, on June 15, 1829, houses were crusht under blocks of ice, some of which are said to have weighed four and a half pounds. In the summer of 1902, hailstones weighing ten pounds were reported by an English missionary to have fallen at Yuwu, Shansi Province, China. The missionary undoubtedly found such stones, but did they fall? The fact that hailstones lying packed closely on the ground readily freeze together to form huge masses of ice is at the bottom of all the most remarkable hailstone stories not made out of 'whole cloth.'

"Not all particles of ice that fall from the sky are hail. True, hail occurs almost exclusively in connection with thunder-storms. A distinguishing feature is that it consists partly of ice and partly of snow. Large hailstones frequently show several alternate layers. The peculiar structure is explained by the fact that hail is formed in the turbulent region at the front of a thunder-storm, where it makes several journeys up and down between relatively cold and warm regions of the atmosphere before finally falling to earth. At high levels the incipient hailstone is coated with snow, and at lower levels with rain, which changes to ice as the stone is again carried aloft."



PRANKS OF THE PELTING ICE PELLETS

A hail-storm in France.
Plaster models of large stones.
Auto tops riddled by hail.

CURES FOR OLD AGE

"AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is worth a pound of cure," says the adage; so to prevent old age, or to postpone its onset, is better than to try to alleviate it after it has arrived. So says Dr. H. Jaworski, in an article contributed to *L'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris). Still, there are now methods for achieving the latter result, some of which have been widely advertised, as well as one for which the author himself is responsible. They have sometimes succeeded, and often failed. Dr. Jaworski believes that what has already been accomplished is only a step toward what is ultimately possible. He reminds us that old age is really a sort of fatigue, and that to relieve it is quite a different thing from the actual prolongation of life. He writes as follows:

"To grow young again is not necessarily to prolong life. It is to struggle against the infirmities of age and in a certain degree to prolong the vital activity. Old age is fatigue; it is falling, little by little, into decrepitude, to feel inconveniences and discomforts accumulating; in a word, it is disintegration. And no one can help wanting to be young again.

"The automobile, the telephone, the radio, the cinema, and many other modern inventions, bring on additional fatigues, which affect our nervous systems in a notable degree. We live in a very different rhythm, and a day in 1929 is perhaps equivalent to ten of the thirteenth century.

"In the morning, the daily paper stimulates one by making him a participant in the doings of the whole world, and in the evening the radio echoes through his home after a day of business and consultation interrupted frequently by the telephone.

"We condense the past in our minds, and it agitates them just as the present does, but a deeper study quickly shows us that the past extends behind us in a never-ending series of events.

"Our feverishness, our trepidation, necessarily do us harm. And then, too, the being that has dominated the depths of the sea and the heights of the air; that has daily increased its possibilities, can no longer submit to inevitable old age. If we can not really become young again, if the miracle of Faust can not be realized, at least we want to stay youthful and to die normally. And this can be done.

"The classic image of the old man sitting in the corner of the fireplace tends to give place to another less lamentable.

"Many romances about rejuvenation have appeared in recent years. The authors with enviable imagination have seen the problem as solved, and they have woven their engaging tales about the inconveniences and the disagreeable features of old age made young again.

"This is going a little too fast. In reality we are very far from these dreams and the problems that they raise. Besides, the fundamental object of rejuvenation is not to restore youth to the aged but to prevent people from becoming old.

"In what degree can man accomplish this? The future—and a rather near future—alone can show. Even to-day much can be done. Maurice de Waleffe, in a recent study of the subject, has proved that there are already many young old men.

"Growing old is getting tired, as we have said, and fatigue uses up the organs. This action varies much with individuals, and especially with age. There are old men of forty and young ones of sixty. People seventy years old may have excellent eyesight, while their teeth have failed. Others begin to grow old in their hearing, while with others still, the sexual appetite diminishes, or sleep is difficult.

"In fine, fatigue causes exhaustion, but we must recognize that this fatigue is accentuated here or there by bad local conditions, due probably to toxic influences.

"However this may be, and without being able to get to the root of the matter, the number of serious methods proposed for rejuvenation is at present five.

"Steinach's method has given good results, especially with himself and his pupils, while other operators have failed. Voronoff transplants portions of the glands of monkeys. His results are often brilliant and durable, but the operation has certain inconvenient features and is not easy to repeat in case of failure.

"Dopler, a Viennese physician, has observed that the spermatic artery, as it ages, is invaded by small filaments which tend to contract it. By treatment with strong carbolic acid, the operator destroys these and restores the artery.

"The result appears to last only about a year, and the operation should be performed as an accessory in cases of hernia.

"Busquet's new method consists in the ingestion of active serum from the bull; and women as well as men can undergo the treatment. The effects last about three weeks, and the method should be continually repeated.

"My own method by ingestion of young human blood has the advantage that it is absolutely inoffensive, especially as only the plasma, or sterilized serum, is now used, the action being not of biologic type, but rather chemical. We do not know exactly what is the active principle in young blood, but it has been shown that it has a valuable rejuvenating property.

"The blood acts, not as a stimulant, but as a real regenerator, so that the normal action of all the subject's functions is reestablished. This is evidently all to the good. Later, others will go farther still, for what has been accomplished is still very little, compared with the possibilities."

SHELL-SHOCKED NEW YORKERS

"PEACE SHELL-SHOCK" is the ailment from which New Yorkers suffer, according to Dr. Arthur P. Payne, psychoanalyst, and consulting psychologist of the City College of New York. In an address at the School of Opinion in Siasconset, Massachusetts, he recently psychoanalyzed New York. Peace shell-shock, said Dr. Payne, renders people restless, ambitious, and different. Under its influence, they build up fortunes, win world renown, commit murders, and enrich the producers of musical comedy. They catch the malady largely from rivets, and they don't know they've got it. As quoted by Jessie Henderson, in an article prepared for the Consolidated Press Association, Dr. Payne said:

"The New Yorker is a product of noise, the incessant noise of rushing traffic, whistles, and riveting-machines. Soldiers get war shell-shock; New Yorkers get peace shell-shock, a condition of nerves less obvious, but more insidious. It makes the New Yorker smoke more cigarets than any one else in the world, it eggs him on to splendid achievement, or shatters his morale, it keeps the speak-easies open, it builds sky-scrapers, and it makes a quiet evening at home with a book as rare on Manhattan as a buttercup on Broadway.

"Perhaps something will be done to muffle the rivets before long, but New York will always be noisy. By the same token, it will always be wet. You can't dry up New York, because the tired business man demands at the end of the day some release from reality; after eight hours packed with raucous hurry, he feels the necessity of being taken out of himself. So he drinks, he swallows a bromid, he goes to a musical comedy, he drops in at the movies or he breaks the conventions. He doesn't grow deaf, for the adaptability of the human physiology is amazing, but he changes psychologically; sometimes for better, sometimes not.

"You hear much about the evils of liquor in New York. But you don't hear about the evils of drugs with which New Yorkers try to induce sleep. The habit of taking sleep-inducing drugs is a bigger danger to New Yorkers at present even than bootleg liquor. It is a danger both serious and wide-spread.

"Thousands find their release at the theater. Movies and plays of the lighter sort are invariably crowded in New York by people who are trying to forget that they live in New York, tho they wouldn't live anywhere else. The tired business man doesn't want Ibsen; the tired business man has had too much of real life during office hours. He wants to project himself into a Wild West movie, or be plunged into impossible romance by a musical revue. If it were not for the noise of Manhattan, Ziegfeld wouldn't be a rich man now.

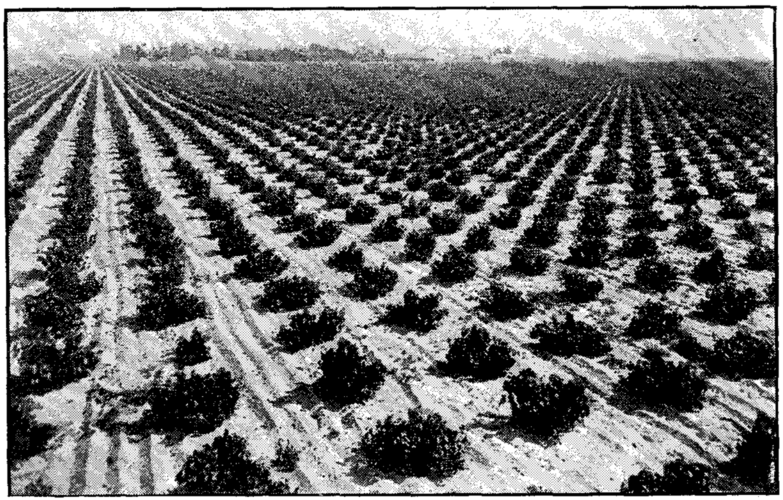
"New York is a tonic to ambition, but it is hard on ideals. To the idealistic writer or artist it is often very cruel, gradually wearing down the courage and moral fiber of all but the strongest. For the ordinary man, it can do one of two things. It can satisfy his ego so that he will climb high; or it can give him a fatal inferiority complex. At one end of the curve stands the capitalist; at the other, the ruthless gangster.

"The gangster is not the least remarkable product of New York. In a country town, he might be a loafer, but he'd never be a professional killer. I am not afraid of an insane man, but I am afraid of the gangster. He suffers so acutely from a feeling of inferiority that he wants to kill some one in order to experience a thrill of power. A gangster is a weakling with an inferiority complex.

"The typical gangster is that anomaly which New Yorkers sometimes say doesn't exist; a native son of New York City. For New York is owned, run, built, and inhabited by people from the country towns. State-wide tests have proved that the average of intelligence in country districts is invariably lower than that in cities. It isn't because no intelligent people are born in country districts, but because the more intelligent people usually leave the country districts for the city where their ambitions have a better chance to be satisfied. Look over a list of one hundred New Yorkers who have made a definite impression, financially or otherwise, upon national affairs. Almost the only outstanding New Yorker born within the city precincts is Al Smith.

"Peace shell-shock, you see, is not altogether harmful. The omnipresent noise reminds a New Yorker subconsciously that other men are rushing onward to success. It makes him rush too. And that's what makes New York."

THE WORLD'S LARGEST VINEYARD—A town of 2,500 inhabitants, all engaged in caring for what *The Scientific American* (New York) declares to be the largest vineyard in the world, is that of Guasti, California, perhaps one of the most unusual communities of the State. Says *The American:*



Courtesy of *The Scientific American* and All Year Club of Southern California

A DESERT VINEYARD

A sweeping view of a desert vineyard at the foot of the Cucamonga Mountains, in Southern California, where over five hundred varieties of grapes are grown. The soil is of sandy decomposed granite, giving the fruit a very fine bouquet. Irrigation is from wells.

"Here is a town devoted to a single industry, its 2,500 inhabitants all working for the company that owns and operates the industry. This tract of land was originally a desert, but is now a mammoth vineyard, in which over 500 different varieties of grapes are grown, seventeen of which are produced in commercial quantities.

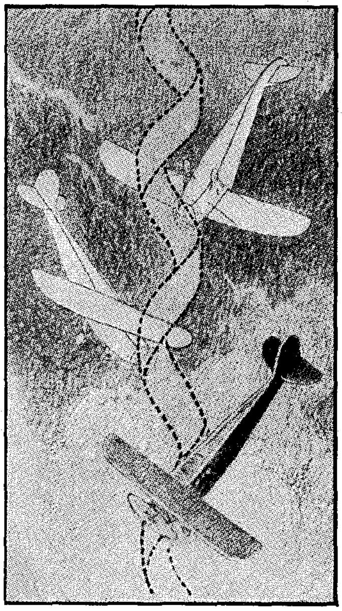
"Twenty thousand tons of the juicy fruit are ripened here each season. Half the product is shipped out as fresh fruit for the markets from coast to coast; the other half is made into grape by-products in an enormous plant with the most modern equipment. These by-products consist of such wines as are legal, medicinal tonics, and cooking sauces."

MECHANICAL EYE SEES THROUGH FOG—An invisible eye that can see in the dark and detect the light of a ship two miles away on a black, foggy night is described in *The Marine Journal* (New York), from information in an Associated Press dispatch. The device, we are told, was introduced to newspaper men on the evening of August 9, by its inventor, John Baird, who calls the invention the "noctovisor." We read:

"It looks something like a large camera, and can be mounted on a ship or airplane. It was announced that it would soon be tried on transatlantic liners. For the demonstration it was mounted in the garden of Mr. Baird's cottage, overlooking Dorking. In the dark beyond those lights, an automobile headlight three miles away pointed out the cottage. At a signal from the inventor, a sheet of ebonite, as a substitute for a supposed fog two miles thick, was placed in front of the headlight. Not a glimmer was then visible to the human eye, but it appeared on the noctovisor screen as a bright red disk. It is said to be of particular value in permitting a navigator in a fog to tell the exact direction of a beacon, and to estimate roughly its distance. The device, briefly, is a combination of camera lens, television transmitter, and television receiver. The lens throws a distant image on the exploring disk of the transmitter, through which it acts on a photoelectric cell sensitive to invisible infra-red rays. The receiver amplifies it for the observer."

CUTTING OUT THE TAILSPIN

MEANS FOR PREVENTING THE TAILSPIN, so often fatal to flyers, have now been devised, says the writer of an article in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago). In 1927 40 per cent. of all the fatal accidents to army planes were due to spins. In the last five years 45 per cent. of navy airplane accidents have been due to the same cause. These figures were compiled by Lieut. Carl Brown Harper, U. S. N., who has been making a study of spins, their causes, and means of preventing them. We read further:



Courtesy of *Popular Mechanics*

A TAILSPIN

"Why a spin is so dangerous is easily told. The inner ear is affected, the waterlike liquid which it contains is set in motion, nerve impulses are transmitted to the brain, and from there down to the eyes, and the eyes begin to oscillate from side to side. The pilot, realizing he is in a spin when the stick tries to force its way back into his chest, shoves it forward and applies opposite rudder to bring his ship out, but having done so his eyes continue to oscillate, until they make him believe he is still in the spin, with the result that he keeps on holding the stick forward and the rudder over until the plane goes into a second and opposite spin. But, more dangerous still, the pilot, even when provided with a parachute, can not leave his ship during the spin, because centrifugal forces during the gyratory movement have multiplied his weight by four. The only way he could escape from his craft would be through a trapdoor in the floor, and the Navy is now studying that problem.

"An airplane in a tailspin describes an unusual course. Imagine a giant screw, with threads of enormously long pitch and small radius. Hold the airplane with nose down, the propeller against the screw, and the tail sticking upward at an angle of sixty or seventy degrees. Now revolve it around the screw. It describes small circles, because of the small radius, but descends rapidly, because of the great pitch of the threads. That is exactly the course of an airplane in a spin.

"Spins usually result from trying to climb too fast, with the result that the engine is unable to pull the weight up the steep aerial hill; the speed falls to the stalling point, and, lacking sufficient forward speed to give control, the craft falls off on one wing. Wing slots, small movable flaps curved to fit the leading edge of the wing, can prevent a spin by flapping open and increasing the lift on the lower wing. The American rights to the slots have been purchased by the Government, and experiments are being carried on by the Navy to improve their design. One problem has been the necessity of providing some means of locking the slots so the military pilot can render them ineffective when he wants to deliberately spin his ship in fighting maneuvers."

RULES FOR SAFETY IN THUNDER-STORMS—The number of persons killed by lightning is very small in comparison with the total number of fatalities due to accidents, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service Feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington). In the United States, for example, the census reports show an annual average of about 500 lightning fatalities, while in a recent year there were more than 90,000 fatal accidents of all kinds. He goes on:

"The actual danger from lightning is, in general, very small, except under certain circumstances of exposure out-of-doors, which, as a rule, can be avoided. Within buildings of considerable size, and dwelling-houses of modern construction, cases of death or injury by lightning are relatively rare. They are more frequent within small unprotected buildings of older type. Isolated schoolhouses and churches, where numbers may congregate during thunder-storms, present a considerable hazard, if unprotected by lightning-rods. The United States Bureau of Standards has published the following rules for avoiding danger from this cause: 'Do not go out-of-doors or remain out during a thunder-storm, unless it is necessary. Stay inside of a building where it is dry, preferably away from fireplaces, stoves, and other metal objects. If there is any choice of shelter, choose in the following order: 1. Large metal or metal-frame buildings. 2. Dwellings or other buildings protected against lightning. 3. Large unprotected buildings. 4. Small unprotected buildings. If remaining out-of-doors is unavoidable, keep away from small sheds and shelters, if in an exposed location, isolated trees, wire fences, hilltops, and wide-open spaces. Seek shelter in dense woods, a grove of trees, a cave, a depression in the ground, a deep valley or canyon or the foot of a steep or overhanging cliff."

RECENT ALCOHOLIC MENTAL DISEASE

STATISTICS ON THIS SUBJECT, gathered especially in view of the wide-spread interest in the enforcement of the Prohibition laws, and in the liquor problem in general, have been gathered by Horatio M. Pollock, of the New York State Department of Mental Hygiene, and Frederick W. Brown, of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, and published in *Mental Hygiene* (New York). We have room here only for their summary. The authors draw no conclusions, and every reader, wet or dry, is at liberty to deduce them for himself. The facts would appear to be as follows:

"The number of new admissions to State hospitals for mental disease increased from 1922 to 1925, but decreased slightly from 1925 to 1926. In spite of this latter decrease, however, the number in 1926 exceeds that in 1922.

"The rate of new admissions per 100,000 of general population shows a slight decrease from 1922 to 1925, and again from 1925 to 1926.

"The nine States that were 'wet' before Prohibition contributed more than 90 per cent. of all cases of alcoholic insanity in 1922, 1925, and 1926.

"The percentage of alcoholic cases among all new admissions to these hospitals for the years 1922, 1925, and 1926 shows a steady increase.

"The percentage of alcoholic cases among all new admissions and readmissions to these hospitals in 1926 was less than one-half that of 1910, but slightly greater than that of 1922 or of 1925.

"The rate of alcoholic insanity in twelve States in 1926 was slightly less than in 1919 or 1925.

"Both the number and the per cent. of intemperate users of alcohol among new admissions to the hospitals of fifteen States show a small, but steady increase from 1921 to 1926.

"Intemperate use of alcohol is present, at least as an accompanying factor, in many cases of mental disease comprising clinical groups other than the alcoholic psychoses.

"The rate per 100,000 of general population in fifteen States remained practically constant for new admissions and for intemperate users of alcohol, but increased slightly for alcoholic psychoses, during the years 1921, 1922, 1925, and 1926.

"The following characteristics are noted among the cases of alcoholic insanity in the hospitals of nineteen States:

"Alcoholic insanity is primarily a disorder of advanced middle age, approximately 75 per cent. of the cases entering between the ages of thirty and fifty-five years.

"The degree of illiteracy among alcoholic patients is somewhat higher than among the general population of the entire United States.

"More than 80 per cent. of alcoholic cases come from an urban, in contrast to a rural, environment.

"Over 60 per cent. of alcoholic cases have been in marginal circumstances, previous to commitment, and approximately 25 per cent. have been in dependent circumstances.

"With respect to marital condition, more than one-half of the patients suffering from alcoholic mental disease are married, and more than one-third single. The number of single males greatly exceeds the single females, while the number of married and widowed females exceeds the number of males so classified."

LITTLE DANGER OF REFRIGERATOR GAS-POISONING

OWING TO REPORTED CASES of poisoning from toxic gases generated in domestic refrigerating apparatus, Dr. Arnold H. Kegel, Health Commissioner of Chicago, has drafted an ordinance regulating the construction and installation of refrigerating plants. This ordinance, if passed, says *Chicago's Health,* weekly bulletin of the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction, will aid materially in protecting the public from the risks of haphazard installations with inferior material. Says the paper above named:

"Recent development of mechanical methods of refrigeration has brought into current usage in refrigerating devices, several gaseous substances of more or less toxic nature. Of these, sulfur, dioxid, ethyl chlorid, and methyl chlorid are the ones most commonly used up to the present time.

"The growth of the industry concerned in the manufacture and sale of these devices has been so rapid that there has been insufficient opportunity to accumulate knowledge of the possible health hazards involved, and of the safeguards which may be needed for general protection. The scientific staff of the Chicago School of Sanitary Instruction has been investigating refrigerant gases for the past eleven months, and intensive laboratory studies have been in progress for about four months.

"Within the past year there have been reported in Chicago twenty-five cases of poisoning by commercial methyl-chlorid gas, with seven deaths. All of these cases, except three which occurred in a plant where methyl-chlorid refrigerators are manufactured, developed in kitchenette apartments where leaks were discovered in the electric refrigerating system.

"In the majority of instances there was drowsiness, mental confusion, stupor, weakness, nausea, pains in the abdomen, and vomiting. In the more severe cases there were convulsions and cyanosis, alternating with coma. Later, delirium and restlessness developed. In some instances the patients were aroused from their stupor by attacks of vomiting. On account of their mental disturbance, several were referred to psychiatrists for diagnosis. Four of the patients complained of vertigo, which persisted after they had otherwise recovered.

"The peculiar musty, sweetish odor of the breath when the patient is first seen, and the odor of acetone about the patient, are further aids in the diagnosis. A gradual onset of two days or more, with drowsiness and mental confusion is outstanding. In all cases showing these suggestive symptoms, possible recent exposure of methyl chlorid should be investigated.

"The success of treatment depends upon early recognition of the cause of illness, prompt removal of the patient from further exposure, and rapid elimination of the gas from the system. From the tests on the blood and tissues it seems that methyl chlorid is quickly eliminated when the patient is removed from exposure, and that the progressive symptoms noted in the more severe cases are due to injury of the glandular and nerve cells."

Commenting on Dr. Kegel's proposed ordinance and the reports on which it is based, *The Electrical World* (New York) says editorially:

"It is not difficult to imagine the reaction of the general public to these accounts. Laymen can not be expected to know that all refrigerators do not use the same gas. They hastily conclude that all electric refrigerators constitute a dangerous hazard. Electric refrigeration, which has already done so much to prevent spoilage of food and to protect health, which has won such ready acceptance as a household convenience, and which offers one of the best opportunities for taking domestic electric service out of the unprofitable class, may be facing a setback that years of selling effort will not counteract, unless convincing precautions are immediately taken to prevent repetitions of these fatal accidents from gas.

"Since gases suitable for efficient refrigeration are limited in number, however, putting a ban on methyl chlorid is not the solution except as a last resort. First should be ascertained what more can be done in design, installation, or inspection to remove the possibilities of leakage. Since multiple installations, which contain the most gas under the highest pressure, are the most hazardous, they need the most study. Possibly methyl chlorid could be impregnated with something that would give it a distinctive odor or produce sneezing to serve as a warning of leaks. For this gas is less toxic than others, and is dangerous largely because it lacks odor. But if the hazards of methyl chlorid can not be guarded against in any other way, it would be better to abandon its use entirely than to handicap the expansion of electric refrigeration."

A bulletin issued by the U. S. Public Health Service, entitled, "Problems of Mechanical Refrigeration," and authorized jointly by this Service, the Bureau of Standards, and the Bureau of Mines, declares its purpose to be to state the essential facts regarding this danger, and to relieve any undue anxiety in the minds of those possessing household refrigerating systems. It says:

"All refrigerating systems in practical use depend for their operation upon the repeated gasification and condensation (sometimes by dissolving or 'absorbing' in another substance) of a material which is technically called a 'refrigerant.' In most cases the refrigerant is confined under pressure, and if it escapes becomes a gas which mixes with the surrounding air.

"For many years gaseous ammonia was almost the only refrigerant used. Others have recently been introduced, and are now extensively employed. Sulfur dioxid and methyl chlorid are the most important of these. None of the three can be breathed with impunity, but none are violent poisons in low concentrations. Methyl chlorid is the least poisonous of the three. Sulfur dioxid and ammonia both have strong odors, and are so irritating that no one is likely to breathe much of them. Methyl chlorid has a slight and rather pleasant odor, which probably would not awaken a sleeping person, and might not be recognized by one who was awake.

"Most of the trouble has occurred in connection with multiple refrigerating systems installed in apartment-houses. A large majority of the individual household refrigerators employ sulfur dioxid, and nearly all of the domestic refrigerators, the operation of which depends upon supplying heat instead of mechanical compression, use ammonia. This class includes a few electric refrigerators of unusual type and all of the gas-fired refrigerators. The escape of the refrigerant from the more commonly used household refrigerating systems would, therefore, be at once made evident by its odor.

"Newspaper head-lines and statements to the effect that the fatalities in Chicago were caused by 'gas refrigeration' without doubt had reference only to the fact that refrigerants are gases. 'Illuminating' or fuel gas was in no way involved.

"The high volatility of all practicable refrigerants makes it quite improbable that enough of these substances could be retained in food stored in the refrigerator to be harmful.

"Methods for eliminating the danger from methyl-chlorid systems are being studied. It would be premature to say whether the end will be accomplished by replacing methyl chlorid entirely by other refrigerants, by adding something which will give the refrigerant a sufficiently powerful odor, or by so improving the mechanical construction of the equipment that leakage will not occur where the gas might enter rooms in which people live.

"The number of serious accidents from household refrigerating systems has been small in comparison with the number of such systems in use, and improvements may be expected which will much reduce the small hazard that does exist."

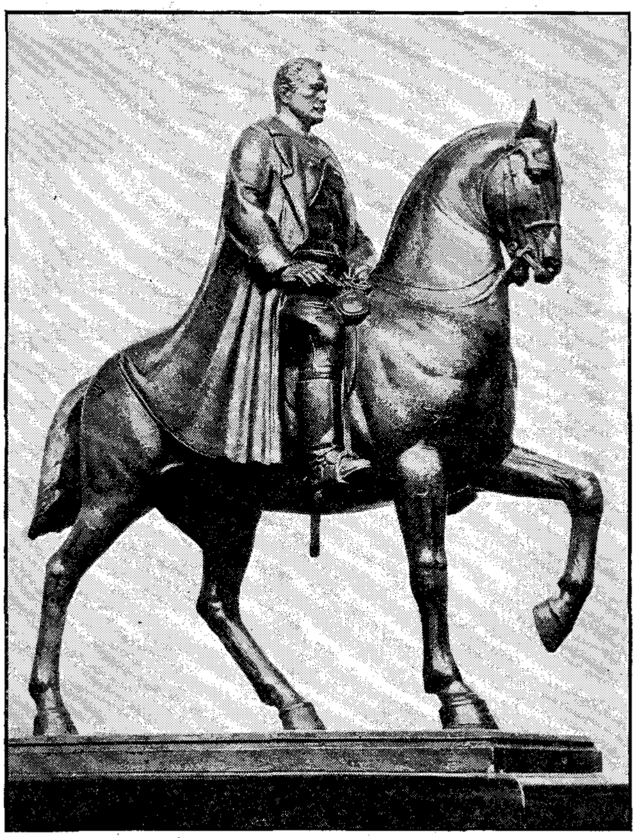
BLACK FENCE-POST TURNS PALE AT NIGHT—A man's puzzlement over a fence-post which he had painted black, but which turned white every night, was the starting-point of a program of research which has culminated in the discovery of a number of chemicals having this remarkable chameleon-like property, scientifically termed phototropy. Information regarding these chemicals has now been made public by the American Chemical Society. The famous fence-post was painted with a "pigment having a zinc basis." It would turn black soon after sunrise each morning, only to turn white again when darkness came. Many explanations have been given for the phenomenon, but scientists are not yet agreed as to the cause of it. They have, however, found several other substances besides the zinc sulfide, which was in the paint on the post, that will also change color with the light. Most of the known phototropic liquids are solutions of colorless derivatives of certain dyes. The solutions are practically colorless in the dark, but turn the color of the parent dye when exposed to light.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

LONDON STIRRED AGAIN BY SCULPTURE

"IT'S NO EVERY MAN CAN LOOK LIKE HIS BUST." The testy Scotsman who thus defended himself against criticism lives again in his speech if not in his art. He is quoted to-day by D. S. MacColl of *The Saturday Review* (London) in the controversy raging over there over the new equestrian statue, to be erected as a memorial to Earl Haig, in Whitehall, London. It is no Epstein cause of offense this time, no outcry against modernism; it is rather a complaint that the sculptor, Mr. A. F. Hardiman, is too retrograde, that he has gone back to antiquity for his models and made something like the Colleoni statue, in Venice. Earl Haig, it is objected, thus becomes "a *Condottierre*, and his horse a Great, otherwise a Cart Horse, such as carried knights in armor." Lady Haig writes: "My husband's friends think that the design is terrible. . . . I have written suggesting that the model of the horse should be taken from the horse which my husband rode in France and through the streets of London, and which was at my husband's funeral." The sculptor's defense is the common one of artists, and it shows where the world of art breaks with the world of ordinary life:



"TERRIBLE," SAYS LADY HAIG

London derides this accepted statue, done by Mr. A. F. Hardiman, because it represents not the real Haig, but is a symbol.

> "Some people . . . assert that my horse is not like a real horse. Well, I do not mean it to be like a real horse. I mean it to be what it is—a symbolic horse, not a realistic one. . . . It never once occurred to me to go and look at a real army horse. It did not enter into my purpose—which is sculpture, not photography."

Mr. MacColl, however, runs part with the sculptor and part with the public, while he reminds Mr. Hardiman that "no peace and freedom are the sculptor's who obtains the commission for a public monument."

> "A cloud of witnesses, with photographs in their hands, deny any likeness of form or character to the Man, and when he has been through the mill, veterinary surgeons and riding-masters take up the song against the Horse; that, too, must be a likeness; and the Army tailor follows in the matter of straps and buttons. Nor is the revolt this time (for there is regularly a revolt against sculpture) against anything 'advanced,' as they call it, in Mr. Hardiman's model; it is denounced as retrograde."

The Army critic, says Mr. MacColl, is "so often in the wrong over monuments that it is difficult for an artist and his friends to allow that for once he may be in the right." And London has recent examples to prove it:

> "There is a terrible Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner, where the Army insisted on having a howitzer carved in stone: there is the Guards Memorial in St. James's Park, where they insisted on a guardsman for each regiment; and some of us can remember the nightmare projects that were sent in by fond commanders before a blessed and decent uniformity was insinuated for the tombstones of the Graves Commission. But if Mr. Hardiman is a sensible man he will recognize that this time the critics are sound in principle; that those who commission a portrait are not unreasonable in expecting a likeness; and if he is an original artist, in the proper sense of that abused word, he will also find that closely defined conditions make for inspiration. The massive is ruled out, whether in its completest shape, the voidless stone-carved Assyrian Bull convention, or the still bulky barrel-shapes of the War Horse and his rider: but the designer for bronze can make his account even with the nervous spidery legs of the Arab charger and the slim khaki-covered horseman. History is an art, and that is the art he is called upon to practise.
>
> "It may be some consolation for Mr. Hardiman to reflect that even the Masters with whom he has been to school had their tribulations; that the story of equestrian statue-making is strewn with conflict and frustration; that hardly one of the great enterprises has come through. Donatello, it is true, at the first attempt in modern times, was triumphantly successful with a greater creation than anything before or after: but he was Donatello, with so high a curb of measure upon the passion and variety of his genius that whatever he set his hand to was perfectly done. Yet, even he was hindered; only one of his equestrian projects was carried out. Verrocchio came through, but risked his head in doing it; his Venetian employers were dismayed by his braggart bandit, and wanted a 'safe' local man, Donatello's imitator, Vellano, to model their general. Leonardo's sketches survive, but the plaster model of his Sforza, the work of years, was shot to pieces by the French archers. Of Raffael's project not a drawing even remains. Nor of Michelangelo's."

The mischievous George Moore has a contribution to the subject in the London *Morning Post*, recalling an episode involving Frémiet's statue of Jeanne d'Arc that stands in the Place des Pyramides, Paris.

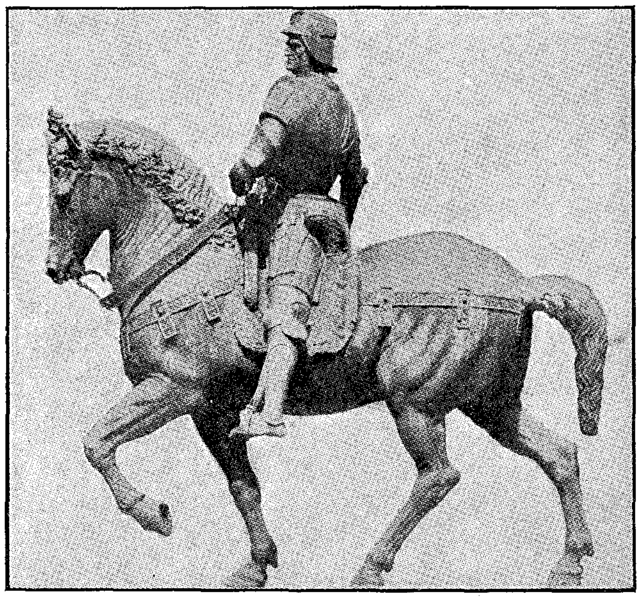
> "Many years ago Frémiet was asked if he would be good enough to remove his statue from the Place des Pyramides till certain needed excavations were completed. He agreed to the removal of his statue with unexpected willingness, never complaining of the embarrassment it caused him in his studio, even replying with excuses to the demand for the return of the statue to the Place des Pyramides. He may have carried his

duplicity to the extent of pointing out that the statue needed a new patina, counting on the fact that a new patina would distract the attention of the public from the alterations. Be this as it may, nobody noticed that the sculptor had cut Jeanne free from her charger and mounted her upon a small pony. The sixteen-hands horse held his tail on a level with his spine; the pony's tail was tucked between his legs; but nobody had a memory for these trifling changes.

"Sculpture is an expensive art, and the reconstruction of his statue of Jeanne d'Arc must have cost Frémiet many hundreds of pounds. The corporation was not asked to pay for the alterations; had it been asked, it would have refused. Frémiet kept his secret. Had he published it, many would have preferred the big horse to the pony, and veterinary surgeons would have been called upon to give their opinion that Jeanne, with all her armor on, could not have gone into battle on a horse less than sixteen hands high, and all the hundred-odd nonsensical objections that have been raised against Mr. Hardiman's statue would have been raised against Frémiet's, for art does not occupy to-day the position it did in the sixteenth century. All and sundry gives its opinion of pictures and statues, and writes letters to the newspapers, striving as well as it can to disguise its preference for photography. But every day it gets bolder, and now I hear that a great number of photographs of the real horse that Earl Haig rode are to be submitted to Mr. Hardiman. The argument runs: 'There is no more beautiful thing in the world than a real horse. Why have a symbolic horse?' And if Mr. Hardiman refuses to substitute the photographic horse for the horse that he designed, Lady Haig will have to employ an inferior sculptor, who will answer: 'Of course, your ladyship, I can add a few inches to the horse's height, and you have only to tell me whether you would like the tail sticking out, or between the horse's legs, or—whichever you please, your ladyship. The last photographs you sent me will be a great help, and so will the stirrups and the bridle; these can be molded, and after all, the real thing is the right thing."

Mr. MacColl is sure that the Haig monument will be the last equestrian statue put up in England of a war Commander-in-Chief. Sculpture, he says, "survives with difficulty—among us, and there is no reason why it should, if it can not swallow the photograph and outrage it." Adding:

"Our leaders in the late war were cavalry men; what the leader in the future will be it is hard to say; perhaps a man in the conning-tower of a tank, or the cabin of a plane, or a chemist at his desk. All the more reason for making this end of a history as veridic as may be, tho we may be sure that Haig himself, if he could watch the storm about his image, inured as he was to the rubs of committees and cabinets, would modestly and magnanimously and unflinchingly do his best 'to be like his bust.'"

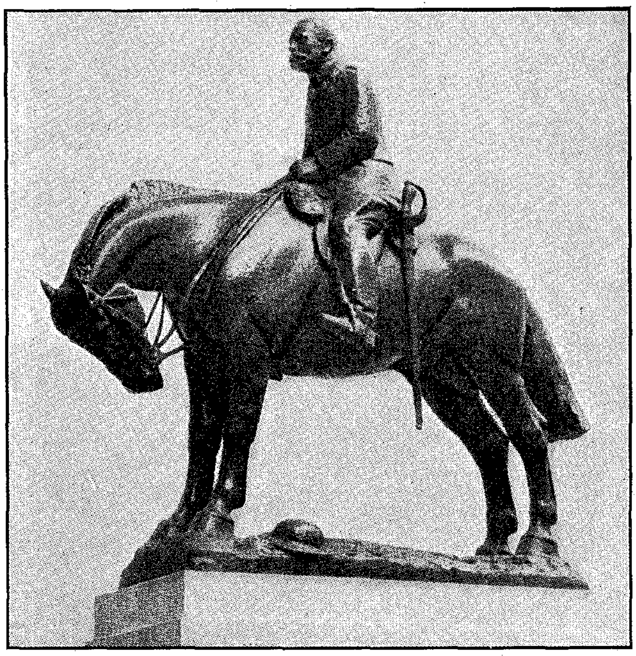


THE COLLEONI STATUE IN VENICE

To which the Haig statue is compared with disfavor. Hardiman, they say, "retrogrades" to something like this.

SHAW HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD

BERNARD SHAW HAS DISCOVERED the dangers dormant in his off-hand wit. He had a fling at the dramatic critic of the London *Daily Express*, who didn't like his new play "The Apple Cart," produced, not in London, but at Malvern, an English spa. Mr. Hannen Swaffer of *The Daily Express* said the play exposed Mr. Shaw as years behind the times, and Shaw said that Mr. Swaffer wrote "tosh." Tosh is an English slang word for "nonsense," or in our modernistic vocabulary, "hooey." "Fancy sending poor Swaffer down," he is reported to have said to a *Daily Express* interviewer later. "*The Daily Express* ought to have sent its parliamentary correspondent." Now it happens that the parliamentary man so desired was indeed there, and he furnishes his paper with this criticism:



NOT CHOSEN

Haig was "refined, elegant and beautifully turned out," says the London *Times*. Mr. Gilbert Edward's tense and vivid design which entered the competition was rejected perhaps too Rooseveltian.

"I enjoyed the first act of the play rather less than a first-class debate in Parliament. There was some brilliant talk mixed up with childlike farce.

"To see Cabinet Ministers guyed is certainly an amusing spectacle to a parliamentary correspondent, but the curtain of the first act was like the three knocks of Black Rod summoning the House of Commons to hear a message from the King in the House of Lords.

"They were different people when they came back. Feeling was damped and the thread of the argument lost, so that the talk led nowhere.

"After the final curtain the company's producer told the audience: 'We shall know more about this play when we have been playing it for two years.' The audience applauded heartily, as if they agreed it would take two years to know what it all meant—if anything."

Much the same mystification invaded the audience in Warsaw, where the play was presented for its first showing on June 14, and reported in our issue of July 20. A writer quoted in our article said that Shaw loaded his "Apple Cart" with his political message and took it to Poland, because he thought they needed it most there. But they understood it only vaguely. The British are in much the same boat. Witness the London *Daily Mail:*

"It is extraordinarily difficult to see what Mr. Shaw does want in this 'ultra-modern' political drama. Is he out to boost the Strong Man idea? Is the Cromwell-Mussolini bee buzzing more excitedly than ever in his old bonnet? The long first act encouraged my suspicions that it was.

"But when, after a quite irrelevant second act devoted to super-Shavian sex appeal, we returned to the 'plot,' it was to find in the end a *King* whose cunning had given place to woolliness of thought and vagueness of action. What was going to happen after the curtain fell? Was the *King* going to cultivate his garden? Or was he going to begin all over again as a lecturer on 'The Dangers of Democracy?' Or was he— The author, like the echo, seems to answer 'What? . . .'

"Well, there you are! 'The Apple Cart" carries a very mixed, if very characteristic, load. It is the latest, and, doubtless, not the last, of those conversational Marathons in which Mr. Shaw still leads the world. It is often exciting and often stimulating (the man couldn't write an uninteresting play), but to what end? Where are you running to, my merry master . . . ?"

TURNING FROM FICTION

IS FICTION UNDER A CLOUD? It seems so to a writer in *The Nation and the Athenæum* (London), and she points effectively to the records of real experiences, the recent vogue of war books that "tell the truth," as an evidence that the reading world is turning from the "made-up" records of life to read things that the writers thereof have felt and experienced. And the anomaly of the situation is that "never has the novel reached so high a level of technical perfection, never has it displayed more subtlety and acuteness of perception, more grace of manner, and never has it been so little regarded in the best company—except by novelists and the reviewers of novels." Storm Jameson, the English novelist, author of "Farewell to Youth," is the one here writing, who sees her art disregarded, and looks with dismay on the possible fate of its practitioners:

"Even so solid and imaginative a piece of work as 'The Old Wives' Tale' would, if it were offered to-day, be less regarded than a good specimen of that biographical art which probes with ever more and more delicate instruments the intellectual and emotional motives of some man who has actually lived, or a record of actual experience set down with as much honesty and charm as the narrator can command, and invested with the enchanting melancholy of remembered things. It is as if we needed first to be assured that what we are reading was actually felt or thought or lived in action by a real person, the narrator or another, before we can accord it the deepest attention and respect of which our minds are capable. What we care for in a book is no longer that it should be, as our fathers said, true to life, but that it should be the truth of life, or of a life.

"This compulsion laid on the mind of the reader is laid also on the writer. No conscientious novelist to-day but reflects, a hundred times during the writing of a book into which he is 'putting all he knows,' that it is after all hardly worth while. A distrust of himself—which is ultimately a distrust of the material in which he is working—comes over him. He feels that what he is making is not even an approximation to truth—that approximation made, with as much honesty and closeness as he can contrive, by the writer who writes down only what has actually happened to him. He feels an impulse to discard the falsifying medium of fiction, in order to write 'directly'—that is, of himself, the only living creature about whom he knows even part of the truth. What restrains him from the attempt is probably not only that apathy which keeps us all doing what we have done before, but a profounder skepticism still, which murmurs that the 'truth' of the diarist, the biographer, and the writer of a war book, is itself only an approximation. Skepticism, once let loose, is a dry-rot that nothing arrests.

"The compulsion to 'tell the truth' remains. The more sensitive and, if the phrase be allowed, more truly creative a mind, the more fastidiously it turns from the distorting medium of fiction. It shrinks instinctively from a method that, it is persuaded, will diffuse its energy and blunt its delicacy of apprehension. Two of the finest and most creative modern minds—Mr. Edmund Blunden and Mr. Siegfried Sassoon—do not write 'fiction.' They write, with an exquisite delicacy and assurance, of what actually was. 'The Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man' is not 'fiction': it is an attempt to portray truthfully one aspect of a young man's life, as 'Undertones of War' is an attempt to tell the truth of one man's war."

The writer who is dealing with a real experience, says Miss Jameson, has a "clear advantage over the novelist dealing in pretended experiences, in so far as he is accorded in advance the belief which the other has to evoke." But—

"That does not explain why we are now more ready to accord respect and admiration to Mr. Blunden than—say—to Mr. Galsworthy. Nor why we feel that we would rather have written 'Undertones of War' than 'The Man of Property.' An obvious answer is that we are still suffering from the shock of the war. We are like children who have been undeceived about certain legends in which we firmly believed. We cry: 'Away with fairy-tales, away with semblances. Give us the truth. It is possible. But that can at best be only half the answer. Since it is at least as obvious that we do not now begin to despise, because they are not records of actual experience, 'Hamlet' or the 'Agamemnon.'

"If we reject 'semblances' and demand reality, we are compelled to remind ourselves of Schiller's defense of it. 'The greatest stupidity and the highest understanding have herein a certain affinity with each other, that they both seek the real and are both quite insensitive to mere semblance . . . in a word, foolishness can not soar above reality and intelligence can not remain below truth.' A fair statement of our preference for the 'truth of life'? Wait. 'Inasmuch, then, as need for reality and devotion to the real are merely products of a human defect, indifference to reality and interest in semblance represent a true progress for humanity and a decisive step toward culture.' Now where are you?—unless at the juncture of two 'semblances,' the one which we are given in modern fiction and of which we now doubt the value and respectability, and another, which we are not being given in it, and which it would be more useful to speak of as symbol rather than as semblance.

"We feel—and with what just passion—that 'Undertones of War' is more worth while than any modern novel. But do we feel that it is more worth while than 'Agamemnon'? We prefer actuality to let's pretend, but can we prefer it to a work in which the characters are symbols of an otherwise ineluctable reality?—images of a reality which can not get itself exprest in any other form?

"It is possible that fiction, the novel as we know it, can never become the vehicle for this higher reality, which sleeps in all our minds and can be evoked for us only in the form of symbols. It can perhaps concern itself only with being and never with becoming. If this is true, then the modern temper (which fulfils itself more fully and with more assurance in modern physics than in the modern novel) will force us to leave the novel behind. More and more the finest minds will reject fiction, and will write directly of what they have felt and known. Until one of them, by virtue of who knows what talisman, will stumble upon the hidden door and, opening it, let out the future."

THE COVER—Next Monday you may count one hundred and fifty years from the time John Paul Jones fought the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis*. What our cover represents is the gift to him by Louis XVI of a sword to commemorate the event. Falling into line with the historical pictures that have adorned our covers from time to time is this one whose original, under the title of "The Sailor and the King," hangs in Philadelphia. The artist's note here follows:

"From July, 1780, until October, Paul Jones spent most of his time at the French Court, endeavoring to arrange for command of his prize the *Serapis*, trying to conclude the settlements of prize-money accounts, and incidentally, enjoying the social attentions that the entire *haut-ton* of the French capital delighted to shower upon him.

"The éclat of his name and fame was at this time prodigiously reenforced by the conferment upon him of the Royal Order of Merit accompanied by the gift of a gold-mounted sword of honor from the King in person, the decoration carrying with it letters patent to the rank and title of Chevalier, corresponding in France to knighthood in England. This was the first instance in the history of France of its bestowal upon a citizen of a foreign State; and it entitled him to all the rights, privileges, and protection of a titled subject of the King of France. The chamber known as the *Oeil de Bœuf* in the Palace of Versailles is the setting for the picture, with Marie Antoinette, the King, and Franklin, present. Paul Jones is the artist's favorite hero. Men of the type of Jefferson, and even Franklin sometimes, those who philosophize, and play with ideas and words, leave us, in the last analysis, cold; but Jones inflames the blood."

A GREEK OUT OF HIS PROPER TIME

Both comedy and tragedy entered into his work, but only tragedy attended his last days. Hugo von Hofmannsthal died recently at the age of fifty-five, with tragic suddenness, only a few hours after hearing of the suicide of his eldest son. A great lyric poet is thus lost to Austria, and the collaborator of Reinhardt and Richard Strauss is lost to the stage of two continents. But notable as his achievement was, he "missed his destiny," in the view of the Frenchman, Raymond Henry, writing in *Figaro* (Paris). "He should have been born in Greece at the time of Pericles." Those who have delighted in the comedy of the "Rose-Cavalier" will read with interest Mr. Henry's estimate:

AUSTRIA'S HELLENIST

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, of whom it is said that "he should have been born in Greece at the time of Pericles."

"Southern in spirit and in temperament, attracted by all that which was the South, above all that which reminded him of the South, less decorative in his style than d'Annunzio, yet like him, a passionate lover of form, he was, at the very depth of his nature, an esthete. And in this quality, he was a brilliant essayist, a magician of words, and a lyric poet more than he was a dramatist. Beauty, for him, was an ideal, and his task was to express it and reproduce it in words. He could only find beauty on the shores of the Mediterranean. Rome with its Sallust or Greece with its tragedians, Spain with its Calderon—these were the masters, the inspirations of him whom Austria mourns to-day as one of its greatest writers.

"Hofmannsthal had not yet left school when he published his first poems under the name of 'Theophil Morren.' Scarcely older, his dramatic sketches entitled 'The Death of Titian' and 'The Fool and Death' appeared under the pseudonym of 'Loris.' They remain as two of the most representative works of his talent. Later these were followed by 'Alceste,' after Euripides. Immediately he became famous. The beauty of the form, joined with the exquisite music of his verses, assured him the praise of the élite.

"He relinquished his borrowed names and, by means of a series of great dramas, revealed to the world that he was Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the beneficiary of the praise which Vienna had showered upon Theophile Morren and upon Loris. But his dramatic works, properly speaking, always remained inferior to his lyrical work. 'Christine's Return,' 'Venice Delivered,' 'The Incorruptible One,' written for the actor Max Pallenberg, 'The Tower,' his last work, all met with but passing success. Hofmannsthal was more fit to serve the great dramatists in adapting them, than in creating himself either plot or action. That is not to say that he was merely a translator in the ordinary sense of the word, he was an adapter (that which had always been the great wish and desire of Ludwig Fulda); he was the liaison between the great classic minds and our era. He knew, for example, how to give more power to his 'Electra,' which he adapted from Sophocles, than was in the original—or at least to transpose the power of the original in such a manner that the modern public could feel and understand it."

His association with Max Reinhardt lifted him into the commanding position he henceforth held in the German-speaking world. We read:

"The two men, the great director and the poet, were so imbued with dramatic literature that they were bound to understand one another. Their friendship gave birth to a series of works: 'Madame Kobold' after Calderon, 'Le Mariage Forcé' and 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' after Molière; 'Oedipus Rex' after Sophocles, all of which Max Reinhardt directed with his profound sense and innate taste for the theater. The gift for scene which was lacking to Hofmannsthal, Reinhardt possest to a greater degree; the poetic gifts which Reinhardt did not possess, belonged to Hofmannsthal. Salzburg, that southern city, half Italian, with its celebrated theater directed by Reinhardt, was the first to profit by this perfect union, and it was here that Hofmannsthal's works were crowned with success; then triumph followed upon triumph, and the tours abroad, especially in America, rapidly multiplied.

"A musician of language, Hofmannsthal was well-suited to collaborate with musicians of sound. For Richard Strauss he wrote the librettos of 'Rosenkavalier' and 'The Lady without a Shadow,' both impregnated with classical humanity. Still other librettos came from his pen: 'Electra' and 'The Egyptian Helen'; those who are so often amused at the customary inanity of the words which are used in conjunction with the music of composers may appreciate, thanks to Hofmannsthal, that a libretto can be a work of high literary merit, beautiful in its form and great in its thought.

"Hugo von Hofmannsthal, dying at the height of his career, at the summit of his maturity, took with him to the grave all of the projects which he did not have time to realize. It appears as if he had the presentiment that he would not live to an old age. Death, the great problem, had always occupied his mind, and we find it recurring constantly in the titles of his works and in the contents of his poems. He had thought of Death so much, that Death had thought of him before his turn had come.

"It is quite possible that he had suffered in seeing art follow trends other than those which he had wished to impose upon it. Contemporary art places the idea below the form, force below delicacy. Hugo von Hofmannsthal had been passed by his own epoch. His premature end undoubtedly saved him the sadness of realizing this. But no matter what he was, no matter what his work has given us, he will always remain, together with Stefan George and Rainer Maria Rilke, one of the greatest lyric poets and one of the greatest masters of the German language."

STAGE FORGETS CHILDREN—English children are quite forgotten in the dramatic fare furnished by the London theaters, complains Sydney W. Carroll, in the London *Daily Telegraph*. In view of the following it might be asked how nearly this hits us:

"So far as I can see, not a solitary theater is offering fare at the present time which would wholly commend itself to the father of a young family or to the mother who wants to treat her children to the theater. This is regrettable from many points of view. The true lover of the stage must regret it because the child who is taken to the theater becomes, when grown up, the really ardent playgoer. The real enthusiast for the stage has to be caught young. The future race of playgoers is, I believe, being gradually destroyed by a system which renders it impossible for children safely to enter the theater. The provinces, I am told, have long been in revolt against this wave of impurity and decadence.

"How far the deplorable situation is brought about by a natural degradation among London audiences; how far it is due to a moral deterioration among our dramatic authors; how far it is due to the high prices of the London theater seats, must be settled by those most interested in the problem. The fact remains that, except for Christmas time, children in London would seem utterly to be banished from our theaters. They are evidently not wanted there. There is no attempt to cater for their interests; no apparent desire on the part of managers to study the healthy English family or to cater for pure and simple-minded English folk. Heaven knows I am not a Puritan, but I protest with all my soul against surrendering so completely our stages to these unhealthy and rotten impulses. I do not believe that it is impossible to be dramatic without breaking every one of the Ten Commandments in the same evening.

"It is not necessary to fill our theaters with rattles and marbles and humming-tops. But it is necessary to have at least three or four playhouses which can be depended upon for other things than drab, dirty, disgusting realism. I make a plea, a fervent one, for the restoration of romance to the stage. I pray on my knees for the resuscitation of homely melodrama, of clean comedy, unassociated with such smelly subjects as prostitution, illegitimacy, seduction, and crime. One can have too much of a bad thing. No one has so much imagination as the child. No one is so responsive to imagination's blessings."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

ONE CHURCH'S BATTLE FOR BETTER MOVIES

THIS IS THE STORY OF A CHURCH whose Sunday-evening services were well-nigh wiped out by the neighboring motion-picture theaters, and whose minister and official board, we are told, used good movies to fight bad ones, and beat the theaters at their own game. The man who led the campaign is Dr. William S. Mitchell, of Wesley Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, an institution that goes in for social service on a large scale, as related by Dr. Mitchell himself in his book, "A Seven-Day Church at Work," just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. Among the many social and educational activities that keep the staff of Wesley Church busy every day and evening in the week—all described in detail by the author—are the popular motion-picture shows in the parish house. Why should the church invade a rival interest, especially one already so crowded? Because, says Dr. Mitchell, many of the pictures in the commercial theaters are so vulgar and demoralizing that something must be done to raise the ideals both of the public and of the producers. In his own words:

"THE CHEAP, THE NASTY"

Says Dr. W. S. Mitchell, minister of Wesley Church, Worcester, "is the bane" of the movies. He is using good ones in his own church work to combat the bad ones.

"The prevalence of the cheap, the nasty, and the suggestive in our commercial showings is the bane of this popular amusement. The person with high ideals and a moral repugnance for the vulgarities and obscenities with which the modern producer of motion-pictures feels it necessary to fill even his greatest films is continually offended by these features. The danger for the mass of folks is that this lower standard be accepted—at first uneasily, then from habit, and finally with dulled and consenting conscience—and the whole picture business be permitted to continue without protest its present trend.

"The fact is well known by those familiar with motion-pictures that the productions of the last few years are distinctly lower in standards and more offending to the decencies than those of a few years ago. All the restraint of our modern censorships and the much-boasted control of Mr. Hays have been unable, apparently, to stem this tide. If we are to save this most popular and influential amusement from becoming our most serious moral foe, then new standards must be set and the pressure of an enlightened public opinion applied where the producer and the exhibitor will feel it most—at the box-office. This is the chief reason why the church has concerned itself with the pictures."

The great popularity of the movies among the children and young people, we are told, "makes it imperative that the natural demand for this enjoyment be met in a way to help rather than corrupt the coming generations." It was with this thought that Wesley Church went for a time into the Sunday movie business, as related by Dr. Mitchell:

"For a year the old building of Wesley Church was standing on one of the most strategic corners in Worcester, with streams of life passing it continually. It seemed a shame that this opportunity should be passed by unused. One of the motion-picture machines of the new church, a big motiograph with a 3,000-foot magazine, was installed in the rear balcony of the abandoned building; a temporary screen was erected, and with this meager and somewhat makeshift equipment there was organized what was known as the Wesley Sunday Club, under the direction of Mr. Callender, the associate minister of the church. From the first it was planned to use big feature pictures which had preaching possibilities, instead of the weak, so-called religious pictures. This gave us the public attention from the very first."

Even the most casual motion-picture fan is suspicious of a church picture, remarks Dr. Mitchell with a smile; but as soon as up-to-date advertising methods spread the news that these were real films, the crowds began to come, until three showings were necessary—"an early Sunday-afternoon hour for children, with one thousand present, another at four-thirty, and still another at eight." There were Sundays when more than 2,100 persons crowded the seats in that old abandoned sanctuary, most of them persons who never attended church. We read further:

"The Sunday Club was something more than a picture-show. Its director brought his fine talents and discriminating taste to this new enterprise with the purpose of making it a real religious contribution. Use was made of the illustrated hymn, and of hymns from the screen; also of the finest in religious art. During the prayer one such slide threw upon the screen a face of Christ, or an incident from the Great Life, in harmony with the earnest petition of the preacher. For the children a story-sermon retold the story of the film for the day, while for the older congregations the film was skilfully made the text from which the message was drawn so convincingly, so searchingly, that no question could be raised as to the genuine helpfulness of this type of preaching."

Soon the local movie men, especially the smaller ones who depended upon the second or third or even fourth runs of a film, we read, began taking notice of the throngs that were crowding into the old church. In not a few instances the Sunday Club beat them to the showing of certain films, and then the opposition got busy. Says the author of "A Seven-Day Church at Work":

"It was a new thing for the theater to be beaten at its own game by the church, after it had disrupted and well-nigh wiped out the Sunday-night service. Here was competition unexpected and shrewdly playing the game for all it was worth. Opposition and interference with the various exchanges from which the films were secured immediately began to develop. The exhibitors as a group notified the exchanges of their refusal to continue patronage if the church was still furnished films. But even in the present limited development of the church use of motion-pictures there were enough films owned outright and available from exchanges over whom these exhibitors had no control.

"However, this points out the imperative need for a strong and well-financed Church Exchange, able to produce and to control an increasing collection of films acceptable for church use. The average exchange is about as ignorant of what the church wishes as a saloon-keeper would be of what the church wished in the matter of Prohibition. One such list recently submitted was so absolutely impossible, even in its titles, as to be utterly ludicrous; and yet it was solemnly circulated by one of the greatest producing companies as a selected list of pictures for educational use by churches and schools!

"The day is coming when such companies, realizing the growing demand, will add to their organization men with church training and proper appreciation and knowledge of what the church wishes. There are numberless films which, with proper censorship to meet the prejudices and principles of church exhibitors, could extend their commercial lifetime by at least two years, with only the additional expense of the printing of fresh films especially prepared for this particular use."

Dr. Mitchell is a firm believer in the use of Sunday pictures by the Church, but this effective feature was not continued in the new amusement hall of the Wesley Parish House when it came into use, owing to opposition in his own organization. On Saturday and other days, however, we are told, Wesley Church is making successful use of its fine motion-picture equipment, which consists of two projectors of standard make, a large hall, and a screen that "gives the approximate of what is seen in the theater." Anything less than this will not succeed, says Dr. Mitchell, adding out of his own experience:

> "Any church seeking to enter the picture field will find itself continually harassed by the attitude of the projection companies, exchanges, even the so-called church film companies, toward so-called 'religious pictures.' In the mind of the professional in the business, this phrase means inferior and amateurish projection, poor lighting, temporary screens, and pictures of such unctuous goodness and so lacking in the punch of the commercial film as to belong in the class of the long-departed moralizings of the old-time Sunday-school books.
>
> "The church entering this field needs to face squarely the fact that it is distinctly in competition with the commercial exhibitors, whatever its purpose or manner of handling its showings. If the thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing right."

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

THOSE WHO WORK FOR CHRIST in foreign lands have little time for anything else, opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Preaching the Gospel is by no means the only task, as a grateful acknowledgment we quote will show. In Peru the Methodist missionaries get out a little paper they have named *Inca-Land*. Occasionally the paper misses an issue because the work is great and the workers few. Recently it printed a letter from a widow in the town of Huancayo which gives a vivid picture of the busy day of one of the workers, Mrs. Irving Whitehead. Here it is:

> "My Inglish you will escuse for I study it very little but you will know what I write. I wish to tell about a friend, Mistress Virginia Whitehead and to salute she for the most occupied woman I know. She is allways kind and cheerful also. I know her for three years but I never see her too occupied to hear a sad story of a poor Indian nor to salute a friend when they come. I saw her rise up at six of the morning and look at the dining-room and see the breakfast get ready for many boys and girls boarding in the school. Then she prepare the postre and the plates for dinner—allways put flowers on the table, for she say, 'There is much sad in the world and she want happy when she eat.'
>
> "At the eight and a half she run at school to not come tardy. She assist the school to twelve by the clock then she serves the dinner for the boarders and half boarders and by one and a half she goes another time to school and stays there to four and a half. Then I saw her run very fast to see some sicks neighbors and take some goods foods and dresses. I saw her very tired but when some necessitad person come she is ready to help. She have four orphans girls that she puts dress early and gives them feed at five to sleep at six. Then she sew for them by night. When the boys and girls are sicks she treat them as nurse. She love the girls very much and want them to be allways good.
>
> "I would desire you to print this in your newspaper for I would like she to know that the people in Huancayo loves her and wishes to thank her for all she makes for us.
>
> "Your attentive servant,
>
> "MARIA VDA. DE BLANCAS."

A LESSON IN CHRISTIAN LIVING

A JAPANESE BOY TOOK HIS CONVERSION to Christianity so seriously that he thought to be a Christian one must try to be like Christ, and he actually does that. He has paid for it, of course. His own people cast him out, but in time of stress they called him back. They found him stronger than an army. His story is told briefly by Galen Fisher in *The Christian Herald* (New York), who starts off with this vivid picture:

By courtesy of the *Christian Herald* (New York)

HE PRACTISES WHAT HE PREACHES

Toyohiko Kagawa, Japanese Christian, "who, like his Master, works with the lowliest and lowest—'I love them, that is all.' . . . He does as Jesus did."

> "A dingy hall in Osaka, packed with laborers and peasants; a small man speaking, the crowd rapt with attention. The speaker looks as little like a great leader as great leaders are apt to look—undersized, half-blind, drest in the cheap suit—'Kagawa Fuku'—which he always wears. He talks for two hours, not on religion, but on economic problems—and at the close there are fifty-nine converts to Christianity!
>
> "Kagawa Christians, they will be called; for that was Toyohiko Kagawa speaking. Kagawa, the modern prophet of the Christian religion in Japan, whose personality impresses itself on all he touches—Kagawa cloth, Kagawa suits, Kagawa Christians. . . . The man whose Christ is a living Christ, who lives as Jesus lived, who, like his Master, works with the lowliest and lowest—'I love them—that is all.' Small wonder that his influence is so great that even the Government, which once imprisoned him, now calls upon him when they need some one who can sway the masses."

Kagawa, whose name has been mentioned before in these pages, was well born, and had all the advantages common to his station. He became a Christian through the influence of a missionary, and his first Christian work was that of a teacher in the Sunday-school, where, says Mr. Fisher, he served with "almost embarrassing enthusiasm." When he was twenty-two he went to live in the worst slums in Kobe, "which is to say the worst slums in the world—a district where 11,000 people were living in eleven blocks, and as many as nine persons in a room six by nine," and where, Mr. Fisher quotes, he "so identified himself with the problems of poverty and moral lapse that he has become, for the whole world, a symbol of Christ-living in the twentieth century." He was disinherited by his uncle, but the mission made it possible for him to attend Princeton University. Finishing there, he returned to Japan, and on the very first night went back to the slums. Mr. Fisher goes on:

"In 1910 he married, and he and his wife lived in two rooms in the fetid slums. They spent themselves for the people without reserve. Kagawa never kept more than one suit of clothing—if some one gave him a suit, he said 'Thank you'—and at once handed it to some desperate case, more needy than he. His wife joined him in the work, sharing in all his hardships. She became president of a society known as 'Awakened Women,' writing, working in factories, and doing for the women of that wretched district what her husband was doing for the men.

"Kagawa's first plunge into active social reconstruction was when the leaderless and infuriated strikers of the Kobe dockyards went 'on the rampage,' burning, threatening, and destroying. Kagawa faced them when it seemed that one opposing them would be torn to pieces. 'That is not the way,' he told them. 'This is what Christ would do.' And he spoke to them strange words—'To forgive those who come against us, to die for those who harm us—that is the ideal; and Christ did just that.' No violence, he counseled—and that enraged mob heard him and believed.

"For his part in espousing the cause of the Kobe strikers, Kagawa was sent to jail. After his release, for several years he was hounded by detectives, treated as the Japanese Government knows how to treat anarchists and radical suspects. But when the earthquake of 1923 confronted the police and other officials with stupendous problems of employment and housing, Kagawa was one of the first advisers they summoned. And, later, when that same government was confronted with an atheistic and revolutionary Bolshevism running through the swarming proletariat like creeping fire in moss, it was Kagawa, the nonviolent exponent of the Golden Rule, who became one of the stoutest allies of order and peaceful reconstruction."

Kagawa's power, writes Mr. Fisher, lies in this—that—

"He does not merely talk about what Jesus would do—he does as Jesus did. He says: 'Without realizing the love of Christ in society, the message of Christ is so small. When Christ took the form of human flesh, He identified himself with real humanity. The trouble with the Church is that it has been absorbed in adoring the Cross, and has not realized the meaning of the Cross in daily life, in the factory, the mine, and the slum.' So Kagawa does not stop at preaching the Gospel to the low and lost—he takes that Gospel to them, and lives it with them. As he himself tells: 'In connection with preaching in the slums I had to do these things: first, to help the needy, the physically weak and wounded. To this end I opened a free clinic. Second, to educate slum boys. I began, therefore, to teach at five o'clock in the morning, two hours of arithmetic and algebra; then from seven to eight in the evening. Then, with the students, I would go out for street preaching at eight o'clock.'

"His converts are his friends. 'While preaching in the slums I made many friends. I do not like to call them converts, but friends. Some have been murderers. I have been beaten by some of them, before they came to understand my words.' Yet, in the end, they do understand. For they see Kagawa living, as Christ, too, lived among the poor and lowly; they see him practising that Christianity which he preaches; they believe, and follow his example, and so become 'Kagawa Christians.'"

CHILDREN ASLEEP

By John Bunker

The night is still, the tides of sleep are flowing
 Fluently, tenderly, over, beneath, above
Their delicate limbs and quenching their eyes' bright glowing;
 Remote from my care they seem and my brooding love.

I pause beside each bed, bend o'er the little sleepers
 With awed, quiescent heart and reverent will,
Raising a prayer that their great angelic keepers
 Will watch and guard them, lying so meek and still.

Solemn night's stillness, solemn the starry wreathing
 Wherewith the arching heavens are glistening fair;
Naught do I hear but the sound of their gentle breathing
 And my gaze is lost in a tangle of innocent hair.

To what far strands or magic isles are you faring,
 O little sleepers of mine, o'er what dim seas?
Not only this is the voyage we'll not be sharing,
 And you will know more perilous waters than these. . .

Softly I leave them, alone in the dark night sleeping,
 Profound in their trust, lying so meek and mild,
Softly I leave them content, in the perfect keeping
 Of a love more mighty than mine, I too a child.

—*The Commonweal, New York.*

THE RIGHT MARRYING AGE

A GIRL'S CHANCES OF MARRIAGE fall off sharply after she reaches the age of twenty-five, while the young man's chances increase for a time after that age, according to some provocative statistics gathered by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company on the probability of marriage at various ages, from fifteen up. As the Minneapolis *Star* puts it, "the older a young man gets, the more likely he is to marry, whereas the older a young woman gets, the less chance she has of avoiding spinsterhood." That paper proceeds:

"The twenty-year-old girl has a better chance of marrying within ten years than the young man of the same age. By the time each reaches the age of twenty-five, however, the tables are turned, for the young woman has less chance as years go by and the young man more chance to take the marital vows.

"We don't quite know what the moral of this should be other than the obvious advice for girls to marry when they get a chance, and young men to take their time and be cautious."

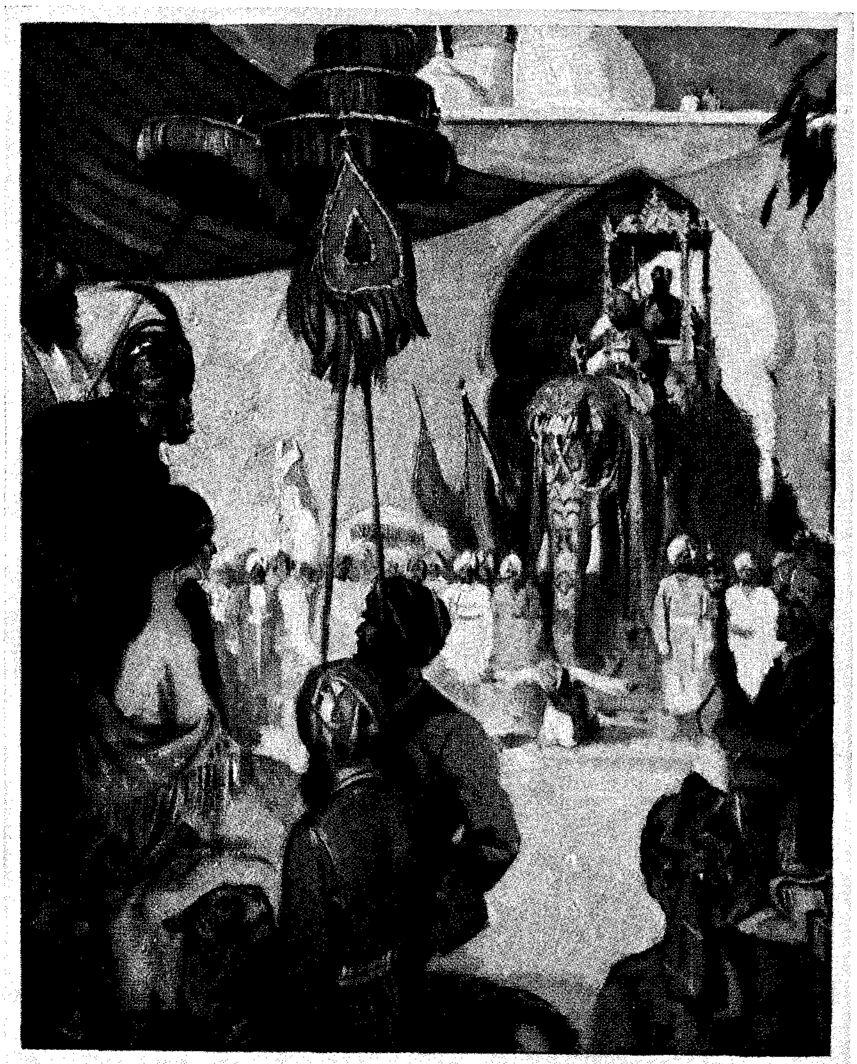
Taking it for granted that these statistics will be studied feverishly, either with hope or with fear, by every reader who falls within the company's classifications, the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* goes deeper into the subject, trying not to appear too serious—thus:

"One learns that at the age of twenty a young man has a 41 per cent. chance of being alive and married within the next ten years, but whether this is to be taken as an encouragement or a warning, the company does not state. The girl of twenty has a somewhat higher percentage of matrimonial risk than the boy, but after that age her stock begins to go down, while for the young man it rises, and he is in increasing danger of the altar until he reaches middle age.

"The one momentous fact that we can discover from a study of the whole situation is that there is no period from the age of fifteen years upward that one is entirely immune from the possibility of marriage. To be sure, the percentage of likelihood declines as years advance, and it appears that a man of fifty-five has only a 10 per cent. prospect of marrying within the next five years. But so long as that percentage of possibility remains in any age, how can one be sure? Why may matrimony not strike in one place just as much as in another?"

Before the age of twenty-five, the survey shows the average young man is hardly marriageable, because he is not yet earning a living for two, plus the anticipated additions. Many, in fact, have not yet decided upon their line of work at that age, and, as the Louisville *Times* points out, most of them are still immature in judgment. "Yet," remarks that paper, "it is between seventeen and twenty-five, as a rule, that girls make the great decision of their lives, as often opposed as aided by their parents. It is an axiom of married life that every one marries a stranger. The wonder—as Robert Louis Stevenson asserted—is not that so many matrimonial barks go on the rocks, but that so many come safely to port."

LUXURIOUS TRANSPORTATION



Statwart and majestic elephants, their howdahs and trappings resplendent with rare fabrics and precious jewels, brought the Princes of India to the Durbar ceremonies

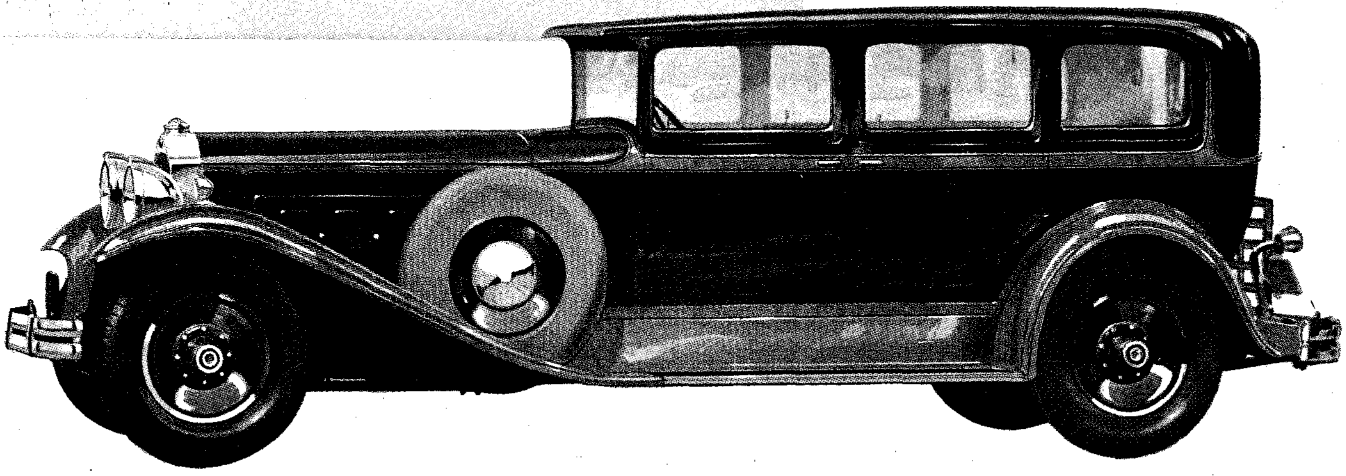
PACKARD luxury is mental no less than physical. It is as definitely a thing of the mind as of the body. The Packard owner gains as much satisfaction from Packard reputation as from the quality and appointments of the car itself.

The feeling of complete security born of easy control, safe steering and effortless braking, is a luxury. So is the assurance of brilliant and trustworthy performance—and the pride in a universally acclaimed, unchanging beauty of design and color.

Nothing the world can offer is fundamentally finer than the Packard Eight. That knowledge, perhaps, is the greatest Packard luxury of all.

For more than thirty years Packard has specialized exclusively in luxurious transportation. And today's Straight Eights, refined and improved, excel every famous Packard of the past.

PACKARD



ASK · · THE · · MAN · · WHO · · OWNS · · ONE

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

MANY old people did not survive the war in England, but there were some, of course, such as *The Quarterly "Extra" of the Poetry Review* (London) presents us, who live on in a changed state:

THE OLD WOMEN OF SEVENTY

By Erda Lang

An old woman of seventy!
Well, seventy was not so old when the world was kinder!
The midwife, the wise woman,
The sweet grandmama in lace cap and shawl
(Dearest and best of counsellors).
They were all seventy.
They had wrinkles and white hair and strong, clever, or delicate white hands.
They helped in travail, cured sickness, or knitted and advised;
The older they grew the wiser they became,
Storing knowledge and perfecting experience;
—Until one night, at eighty or so,
Death laid a gentle hand on their sleep.

And the mothers-to-be regretted the clever midwife,
And the farmer and the rheumatic regretted the wise woman,
And the children and grandchildren mourned long for the vacant chair and the kind dear face.

An old woman of seventy!
There was a war:
And there is hustle and grasp and hold and tug;
And Life to the addled old brain is not worth sitting down with.
What is Life?
Just a thing that day by day she must shoulder till she dies.
Sons were killed in the war, and daughters are far away and are cold-hearted.
Money is hard to get and everything is so dear,
Food and fire must be skimped and the shrivelling limbs grow cold,
(Grandmama's limbs did not shrivel,
In her armchair by the good coal fire dwelt warmth and nourishment.)
This one lives alone and trudges to collect small rents and pay big rates:
Her tenants call her a miserable old woman:
The bottom lip that turns over drops still more at the corners,
Her skirts are long and draggled,
She cries often, and all her weepings are for herself,
—Her poor old self that people cheat and despise:
She hoards, combats expenses, and worries over days of ten years hence,
She falls sometimes from weakness in her room,
For worries and stress and exaggeration of worry sickens the old brain:
She is no use in the world at all for the world has no use for her,
But she holds to her earthly possessions, a small row of houses
That bring her a pittance and kill her in body and mind.

The ambulance takes her to the Observation Ward,
And later the hearse takes her to the cemetery;
Relations who never cared for her claim her houses,
And agree that it is a "happy release."

They pass you often to-day—
These poor, unhappy, half-crazed old women of seventy.

OUR modern high-pressure life in epitome in *The Daily Mirror* (New York):

HI-JACKER

By Wilfred J. Funk

The lawyer men, with legal minds,
And perspicacity
Resolve a little knot or two
And rate a pretty fee.

And business men, with business brains
In travail and in sweat
And conferences, reduce the costs
And magnify the net.

And yet a curly headed blonde
Will simply smile and say:
"I'm not a bit afraid of you!"
And take it all away!

EACH man to his kind, no crossing of borders, is the lesson the Mexican would teach in *The Harp* (Larned, Kansas), and one must admit that he pleads his own case well:

TO A GRINGO

By Leondine M. Pelmounter

You Gringo with frost-bitten blood
You think you make love to my Senorita?
I laugh when you open your mouth!
You cannot say the word "Senorita";
You snatch at it, snarl over it!

I, Don Pablo, who was born with the sun in my veins,
I can say it; each letter has a soul,
Each is a ripple from a fountain
Flowing under the moon,
"Ss-ee-nyo-rr-ee-tt-a"!
Gliding like the wings of doves from the lips—
Like jasmine fragrance on winds—
"Senorita"!

You Gringo with frozen tongue,
You cannot say your own word "love";
You mumble, growl, and grunt—ugh!

I, Don Pablo, I learned in the land of the sun
To speak the language of the heart.
English or Spanish, it sounds the same—
"I love you"—
The caress of the voice, the sigh of the soul,
The beat of the blood in my breast—
"I love you"!
When I, Don Pablo, say "Senorita, I love you,"
She turns to me—
Depths of dark eye, warm bright lips, fluttering heart—

Go back to your North and make money,
You frost-bitten Gringo!
I, Don Pablo, I can make love!

THE mother of Lincoln is celebrated in these moving lines in the Chicago *Daily Tribune*:

NANCY HANKS

By E. O. Laughlin

Meekly as Mary came to Bethlehem,
But with her mother's mission half fulfilled,
She came into the wood. And over them—
Her plodding mate, herself, her son—was spilled,
Through verdant groins and arches far aloft,
Largess of sunshine, honey-sweet and soft.

Humble as Mary's manger was her bed;
Lowly her life and station; but her dreams—
Her mother dreams—soared to the stars o'erhead
And searched unseen horizons for their themes.
Thus, building stately castles for her child,
She lived in squalor and was reconciled.

And so she lived in patient solitude,
And so she passed away, without complaint,
Drudging and dreaming in the silent wood,
A pioneer, a mother and a saint,
Solaced and satisfied for that her son
Might some day scale the heights her vision won.

They buried her, there, in the forest gloom,
Mourned her a space, then stolidly moved on
And left the winds to strew her lonely tomb
With withered leaves and drifting snow, anon,
But, sleeping there, perhaps—perhaps she knew
When all her mother dreams at last came true.

American Poetry Magazine says this was "written at the time that the ghouls were robbing the grave of old King Tut of Egypt":

THE ORDER OF TUT

By G. M. Drummond

Ye who entomb me, place me deep
Where I may rest five thousand years.
I do not ask that you shall weep.
I care not for your tears.

No marble shaft above me raise,
I want no stone above my head—
No epitaph, no words of praise
When I am dead.

If men forget my resting place,—
The very spot wherein I rest,
I shall not count it a disgrace.
In fact I think it best.

I do not choose the easy way.
I labor with a heavy cross—
Nor do I heed what men may say,
Nor stop to figure gain or loss.

I do not seek for praise and so
I care for neither praise nor blame,
And in the end, when I shall go,
I shall not leave a name.

In God,—in God alone I trust.
Let Him decide my present worth,
When dust returns again to dust
And earth returns to earth.

Ye who entomb me, place me deep,
Where I may rest five thousand years.
I do not ask that you shall weep.
I care not for your tears.

ALL burden-bearers seek rest, but who, before *The Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), has thought of the solace of sleep for roads?

ROADS ALSO SLEEP

By Glenn T. Neville

When the moon has set
The night is a deep
Mantle of velvet
For roads that sleep.

Highways that weave
In a mystic skein
Like fingers of peace
Over cragmoor and plain.

Forgotten are workaday
Travail and zest
Of freightage and commerce—
Roads, too, must rest.

No roar of motors
No headlight's beam
Lightens their slumber—
Perhaps they dream.

Dreams of a day
When their hard flint rang
With hoof beats of pintos
And of men who sang.

Strange wild songs
As they thundered down
To a pay day spree
In the lurid town—

Or of Redmen riding
In single file,
With faces immutable,
Mile after mile.

When the last headlight
Has followed its gleam
Into the darkness.
Roads sleep—and dream.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL PRESENTATION

Cadillac Presents

A Magnificent Line of New Models

In this presentation of new Cadillacs, La Salles and Fleetwoods, it is plainly apparent that Cadillac has been able to deal more generously with its great public than ever before in its history.

More than that—it is quite evident that the superiority of these offerings from an investment as well as an artistic standpoint should, through sheer logic of value, double and treble in numbers this loyal Cadillac public.

Anyone who studies these remarkable cars can scarcely fail to be struck by the fact that two interesting and important things have happened.

The first is that *they look and act the part of their great reputation and social leadership more unmistakably than ever.*

The second is that this social and reputation value is expressed in a price value readily recognizable as far and away the most attractive offering in the three finest-car fields.

Cadillac has grown for twenty-eight years not by giving less but by steadily giving more and more; and this last is the most brilliant of all the examples which have occurred, in that time, of the success of this Cadillac principle.

All three lines possess features which render them unique—Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, Safety-Mechanical Four-Wheel Brakes, and non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields.

All of them are beautiful in design—even smarter and swifter looking and acting than they have been before. All of them have surpassed themselves in the rich dignity and appointments of the newly designed Fisher and Fleetwood bodies.

In these respects—quiet and dignified but sumptuous in appearance and equally sumptuous in riding ease—there is nothing with which to compare them.

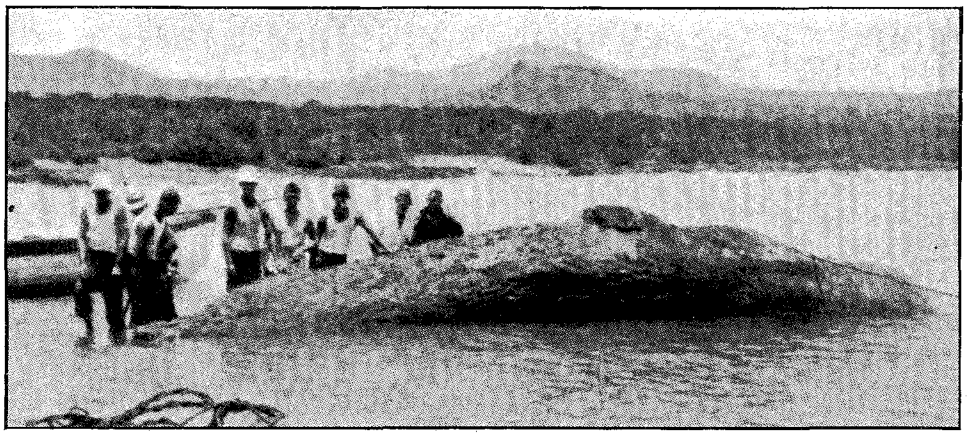
Climaxing all this, these cars are offered at prices which render it unnecessary for Cadillac to say more of the cars than to extend a cordial invitation to the public to enjoy their inspection.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY—DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

REAL HE-MAN FISHING IN THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

THE MADDENED WHALE LUNGED and a column of water towered up from the surface of the Pacific as if a mine had exploded. The harpoon had gone home and, we read, "with white water curling from the bow, the whale-boat was off at a fearful pace," towed by the terrified sperm-whale in its frantic efforts to escape. But this burst of speed was soon over. The whale settled down to about seven miles an hour. That, however, was enough for the amateur whalers from the motor-yacht *Arcadia*, who were spending a vacation collecting birds, fishing, and enjoying life at Cocos Island and the Galapagos in the Pacific. The story of the adventurous cruise, early this year, is told by W. Sprague Brooks, custodian at the Harvard University Museum, in *The Sportsman* (Boston). The situation, Mr. Brooks tells us, resolved itself into playing out and taking in the line as circumstances demanded. That sounds simple enough, considering the general rigors of whaling. But this was far from the case. It was "monotonous and yet thrilling, for there was no knowing what might happen with this vicious species of whale, especially when tearing along in the midst of the school. It was no place for a nervous man." But despite this strong spice of danger, the victim and the other members of the school, numbering about thirty, "manifested nothing but indifference as they plowed along mile after mile." Of the actions of the school and the end of the chase, we read:


Illustrations by courtesy of *The Sportsman* (Boston). Photograph by Mrs. R. F. Hoyt

MARINE MOTIVE POWER THAT WILL TAKE NO MORE WHALERS FOR A RIDE

Here is the sperm-whale that furnished such an exciting interlude for the *Arcadia* party. It is beached for examination. Note the characteristic blunt head of the species.

> At times they separated into three or more pods which periodically united, and one prodigious old-timer with a head the size of the *Gaffir* [the party's fishing launch] played about by himself. For six hours, during which time the boat must have been towed over forty miles, every effort was made to kill the harpooned whale with the elephant gun and bombs from the shoulder gun. The rifle had no effect whatsoever, except on the unfortunate individual who shot it; the gun nearly rocked his head off, for one is not supposed to shoot forty or fifty rounds from such a weapon in a short time. The bombs went clear through without exploding. The final one did the trick, but blew out the harpoon at the same time, so that after another chase the whale, then succumbing, was reharpooned.
>
> Richards relieved Hardwick at the bow, owing to the intensity of the heat—bright, calm, and only forty miles south of the equator. The latter's most vivid recollection of his part in the fracas was the terrific splash and those huge, formidable black flukes practically in his face when the iron soused home.

Huntington R. Hardwick, owner of the *Arcadia*, was host to this Corinthian exploring party, which the author joined in the Canal Zone, and which finally passed through the Panama Canal and down to the Pacific islands that were the main theater of activities. The voyage was one of excitement, furnished largely by fish, and of interest, furnished by the strange denizens of the shores visited. Says Mr. Brooks further:

> First we tried the fishing about the Pearl Islands in the Gulf of Panama, a well-known locality to the followers of tropical game fishing. We had no luck, and after trying out the swimming net we got under way for that isle of mystery—Cocos—a day and a half over a hot, oily sea.
>
> Swarms of porpoises lazed about the sea, and once a school of blackfish. After various abortive trials one of the former was taken with the harpoon rifle—a viciously efficient weapon with a kick like God help us. Hardwick, putting off in the whale-boat to retrieve the porpoise, was almost immediately in the midst of the blackfish, and he soon had an iron into a large bull. This towed the boat a matter of six miles before succumbing to bullets from an elephant gun, another fearful thing to shoot, with a recoil like standing under a pile-driver. This minor capture gave a welcome chance to try out the gear. The rest of us in the *Gaffir* took pictures and dodged whales.

When the voyagers reached the Pacific, they found the fishing "marvelous beyond dreams." Thus we are told more about the sport:

> Capt. Robert Byrnes, our fishing guide from Miami, had an uncanny ability to find fish, look after gear, and assist dubs like me. I am grossly ill-informed in matters pertaining to fish and fishing. We appeared to be catching about all the standard game fish: bonito, wahoo, tuna, sailfish, grouper, yellow-tailed jack, horse-eye jack, cock-eyed jack, and "divers other vermin, the names of which I know not." In fishing circles in the low latitudes it seems customary to call any unknown fish some kind of a "jack," just as in the North duck hunters call any strange fowl a "widgeon."
>
> In contemplative essays fishing is referred to as a "gentle art," but in the waters under discussion it becomes a vigorous, back-breaking struggle that runs you ragged. It is not long before you are quite willing to hand the rod to a companion, that you may dry off and rest, with a cigaret and, possibly, a bottle of Pilsener. All is not Utopian, however, for various annoyances harass the fisher. Swarms of boobies and frigate birds hover over, or dive at the spoon or bait, rendering it necessary to have a man standing by with a .22 rifle to keep them off. Sharks often take the lure and hold up all sport until killed, for one can not cut loose every time a shark takes hold. It is not uncommon for a school of these loathsome fishes to attend the boat to devour any fish played to exhaustion, so that one has only the head of a magnificent fish after a tiring struggle. A .33 high-powered rifle was constantly at hand for these marauders.
>
> Our greatest sport was with the sailfish. My impression is that they had not before been taken at Cocos. Captain Byrnes having a hunch that they were there, I was the first to test his conviction. The method is substantially as follows: Upon the hook is fastened a strip from the white belly of a bonito, which is trailed not far astern, where it is readily seen. This to a sailfish appears to be a small living fish, and his interest is manifested by striking it with his sword, beak, or whatever one calls that attenuated gadget extending forward from his head. When the bait is struck one lets the line go while counting ten, the reel is locked and the fish may or may not be on. The idea is that when the bait goes astern it is considered a dead fish by

⚜ ⚜ From every corner of the country have come enthusiastic endorsements of the Marquette—"Buick has built a *great* performer." "A wonderful road car." "Pick-up that shoots you to top speed in *no* time." "A *marvel* on hills." "Power to give away." "As smartly designed and finished as a custom-built car." ⚜ Throughout the nation, under every conceivable driving condition, the Marquette is demonstrating to everyone who takes the wheel that Buick engineering and craftsmanship set the standards of performance. Prove it for yourself. Test the Marquette's pick-up and its power. Try out its speed and stamina. Measure its amazing economy. Compare its brilliant behavior and its wonderful roadability with those of any car anywhere near its price. There's nothing like it in the field! ⚜ Everywhere, the Marquette has conclusively shown that it is the most extraordinary value in complete quality ever offered in the moderate-price class. Its features are, without exception, fine-car features. The handsomely tailored Bodies by Fisher strike a smart new note in style. Marquette alone in the moderate-price field offers the advantages of the newest type of upholstery—waterproof, impervious to road dust and ten times longer wearing than ordinary mohair. Only Marquette in its class provides the wonderful new non-glare windshield, with the seven-degree angle of safety, which protects the driver's eyes from distracting headlight or sun reflections. The Marquette's remarkable power plant has *larger* piston displacement than that of any other car of comparable price—yet this wonderfully efficient engine actually requires *less* gasoline and oil to deliver its unrivaled performance. ⚜ Compare the Marquette by *any* standard. Make *every* test. Here are sparkling performance, satisfying economy, unfailing endurance—here are easy comfort, distinctive beauty, rare value—here in the Marquette is every excellent quality that makes a motor car complete. See the Marquette. Judge it by the highest standards—then *drive* this swift, distinctive new six.

Six body styles, $965 to $1035, f. o. b. factory, special equipment extra.

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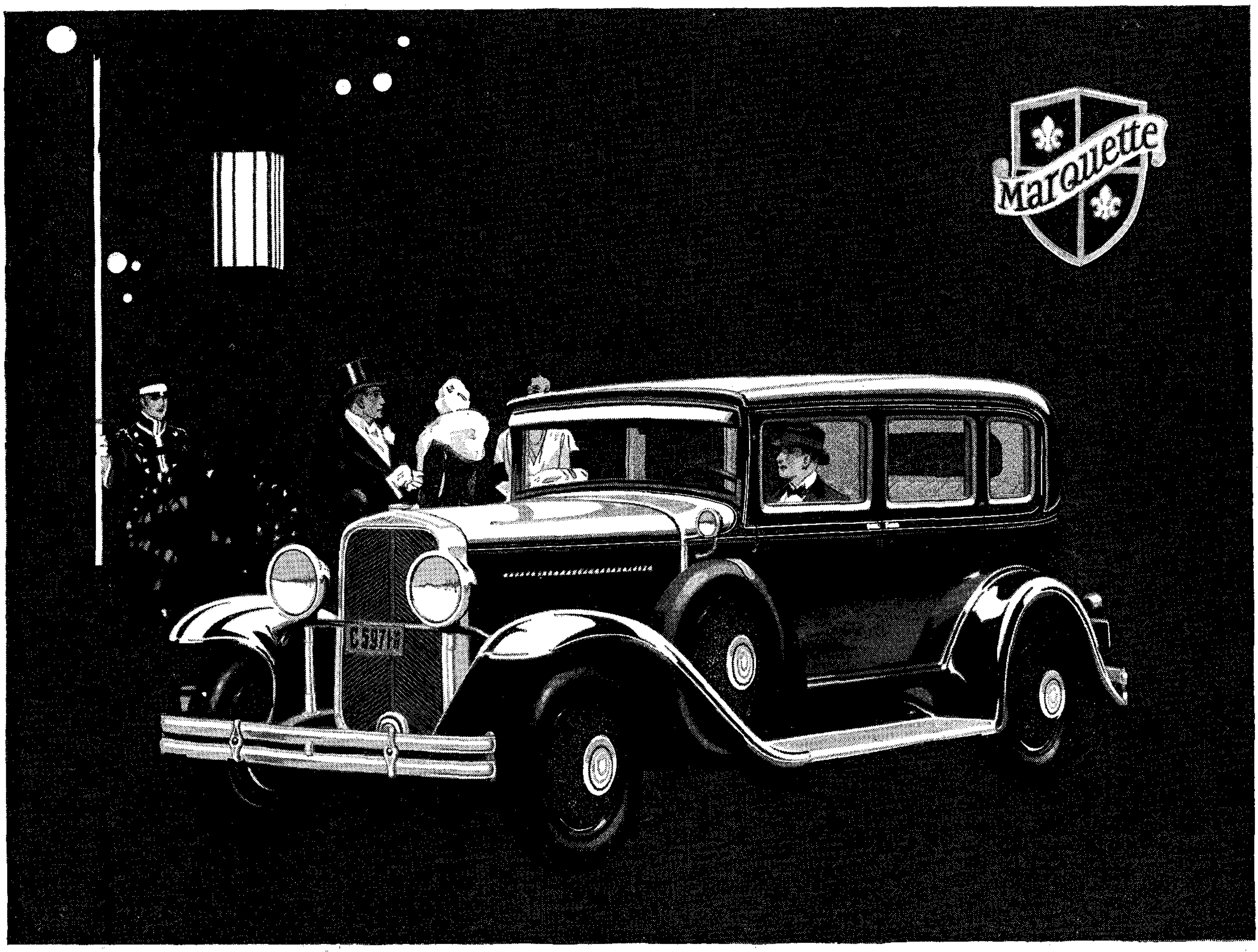


⚜ WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM ⚜

Photograph by Mrs. R. F. Hoyt

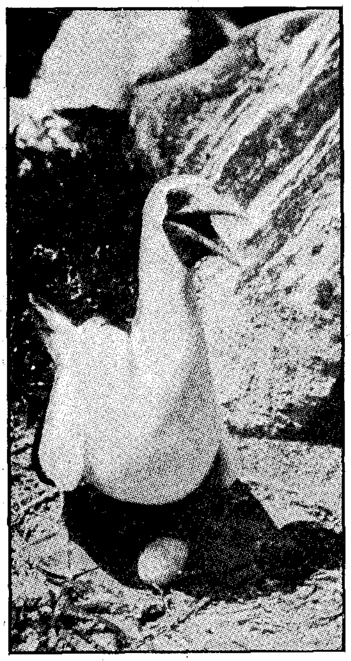
STRANGE SURVIVORS OF THE TRIASSIC ERA WHEN ANYTHING REPTILIAN COULD HAPPEN

These are some of the only marine lizards in the world. They are confined in habitat to Galapagos, but there they are still abundant.

sailfish deduction, and ready to eat. If the fish does not strike, the bait must be rapidly reeled in, and the same performance is gone through until the fish is hooked or has lost interest.

Mr. Brooks had a thrilling tussle with one of these big fish, a tussle that fully tested his prowess as an "Ike Walton." When the bait was struck, he was fearfully excited, he tells us:

> I scarcely remembered whether to count ten and let it run, or count five and throw the rod away. Somehow, I did the right thing, and a terrible yank told me the fish was on. Fathoms and fathoms of line screeched out, and then, so far away that I could hardly believe it was my fish, the huge creature jumped clear of the water, shook its magnificent silver bulk, and crashed with a column of spray into the calm sea. I reeled in hard to recover the slack line, and Captain Byrnes whispered: "Faster; you gotta reel like hell to get in that slack."
>
> "Where," I replied, "do you get that faster stuff? If I reel any faster, my whole arm'll fly off. Comb that out of your beard."
>
> Well, I reeled and reeled until all was again taut, and slowly, by "pumping" the rod, I took in more line, often to lose more than I had gained by a mad rush of the victim. A dozen times or more the fish either jumped or, if I may use the expression, stood on its tail, a shaking opalescent column. Gradually the fish became more weak and so did I; the rushes were less frequent and not so extensive, until it could be plainly seen in the clear water astern. Then came the worry concerning sharks, but none appeared, and by dint of great struggling we hauled into the *Gaffir* one of the most beautiful fish I have ever seen—one hundred and fifty-two pounds in weight, with a length of ten feet, six inches.



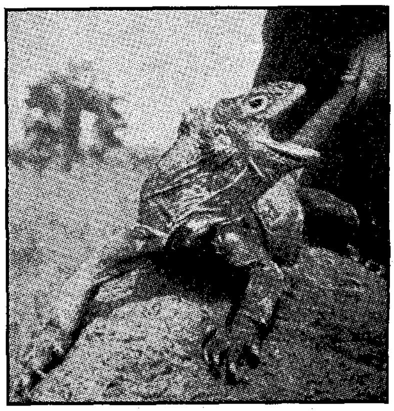
Photograph by Capt. Robert Byrnes

A TAME WILD BIRD

Boobies—seafowl of the warmer climates—were found nesting in large colonies. They were so tame that they grudgingly allowed handling.

Life on the Galapagos Islands they found tame, as they had expected. But the tameness was so complete as to be surprizing, the narrative runs on:

> The tameness of the birds in the Galapagos was beyond my imagination. We had scarcely neared the shore and put over a trolling-spoon than we had a pelican fast, a dreamy old fowl that flopped off a jutting ledge. He was not in the least injured, but much annoyed, and no doubt astounded that what appeared to be a small herring could tow him a hundred feet, to be grabbed by the wings and head by three able men. On being released he floated in dignified stupidity beside the boat. The flightless cormorants, found nowhere else in the world, paid no attention when one sat beside them and fired a shotgun. If you wished one of the little penguins, you had only to grab one by the neck, where, on account of a very able bill, the grabbing is best. Small green herons merely walked a few feet ahead "cussing" in squawking vexation if the pace became too fast. Gulls, boobies, and terns did little but sit and stare until practically walked upon. As I was collecting a few birds for Harvard University, I was also in a way to note the land birds. Small fly-catchers I was able to collect with a stick two feet in length. Once, on a small island that is the habitat of a much-desired mocking-bird, I had the greatest difficulty in getting far enough away to collect them with a .22 pistol loaded with duck shot. They would follow about six feet behind me manifesting the greatest curiosity. If any small birds fell upon the coastal rocks, they were immediately seized by large, brilliant red crabs, and dragged out of reach under stones.



Photograph by Dr. T. K. Richards

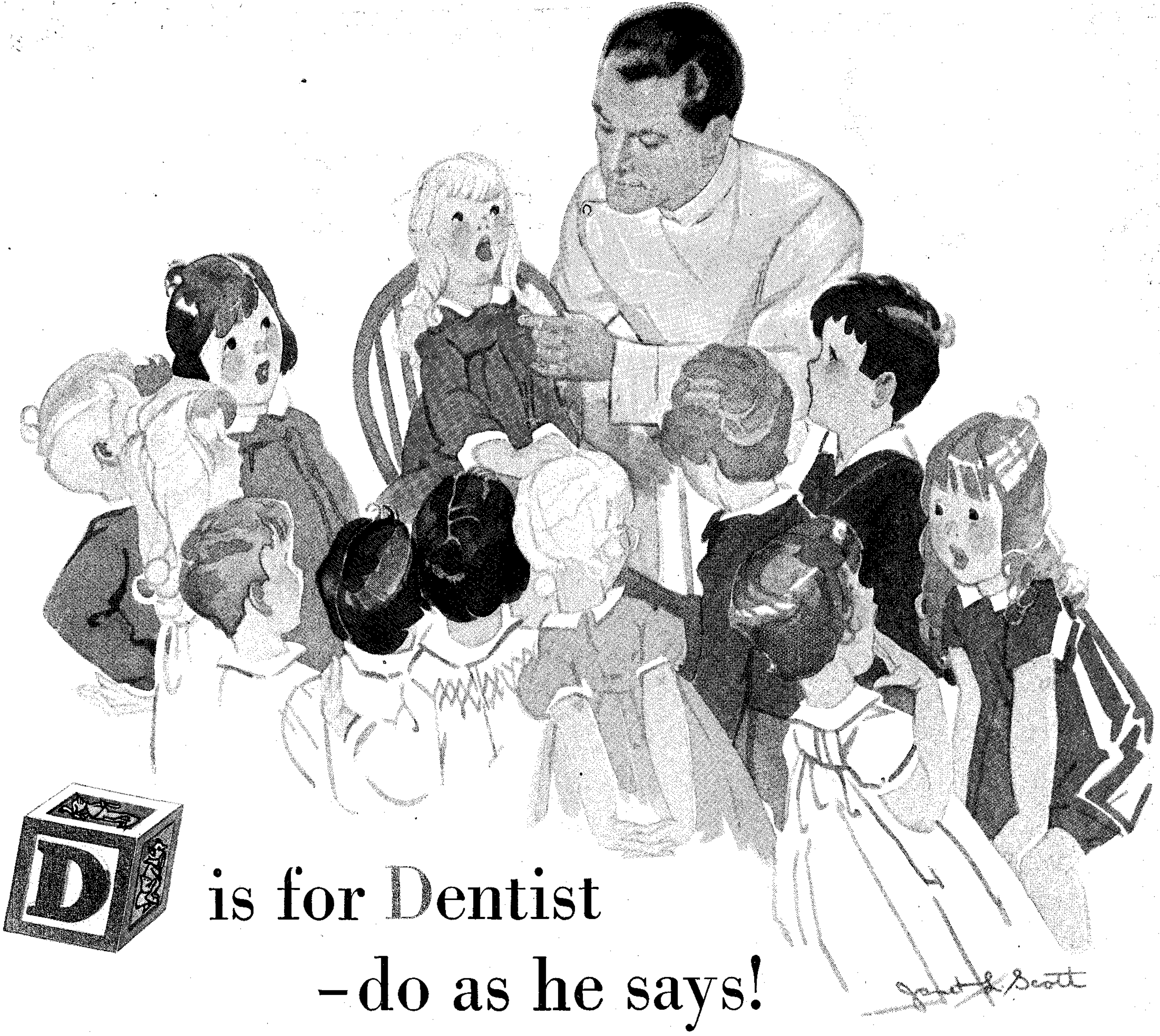
NOTHING TO MEET AT NIGHT

The hardly beautiful iguana is found throughout the American tropics. This one is of a species peculiar to Galapagos.

> To me the most striking feature of the group is the marine lizards, or iguanas, that abound on the east coast of Narborough Island, and less abundantly throughout the main group of islands. They are harmless, but hideously grotesque and, as they clamber over or bask upon the distorted black lava, are vividly suggestive of Triassic yesterdays. While turning over stones looking for shells, I was surrounded by these iguanas, many of them four feet long. They lazed about, blinking and yawning, only taking notice of me when I turned a stone within a few inches of them. There is also a land iguana confined to South Seymour Island, off the north end of Indefatigable.

The collection of a small temporary menagerie also occupied the party. But this activity had certain drawbacks, as we speedily learn:

> The keeping of pets proved an unsatisfactory venture. In mysterious ways they disappeared from time to time, to be replaced by others at subsequent opportunities. The wind-up of our "zoo" came when we had left the Galapagos, and were unable to restock. A flock of penguins was in the swimming net, and our last seal, escaped, on the outside looking in with mild, rather apathetic interest. A foremast hand chanced at the time to be swimming in the net, a man whose head seemed to function only as a medium for keeping the ears apart. He lowered one side of the net that the seal might enter, all but four of the penguins escaped, and the seal remained outside.



D is for Dentist
-do as he says!

They learn in many schools the way to oral health even before physiology is pronounceable.

Lucky children! To have for a primer lesson the value of oral hygiene! For educators recognize the relation of oral health to bodily health, to deportment, to mental alertness.

And so has come the school dentist, the "teacher in a white coat." In more progressive communities his importance is permanently established. Elsewhere there is need to awaken civic responsibility to the value of teaching oral hygiene to school children of all ages.

Actual reductions in school expense are accomplished by dental attention, which promotes attendance, attentiveness, and minimizes backwardness. Simple, painless attention to first teeth will help to obtain good permanent teeth.

There is a simple lesson for grown-ups in school dentistry, too. It is this: Oral health contributes greatly to body health and mental comfort. Your dentist wants an opportunity to serve you. Visit him regularly —as often as he suggests. Don't rely too much on ordinary brushing. Let this man who has trained himself for just this duty keep constant vigil over your mouth.

As a parent, as a tax-payer, as a good citizen, support dental work in the schools. And as a sensible man or woman be ready to follow your dentist's advice. Always, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minnesota · Toronto, Ontario

Children willingly make the use of Lavoris a regular part of their toilet. A solution of Lavoris and water makes a pleasant, safe mouth-wash that gives a delightful clean feeling. Lavoris is scientifically prepared to the original formula in a daylight laboratory. Ask for Lavoris by name at drug counters everywhere. Large or small bottles. Use at every brushing

This page is a part of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in recognition of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

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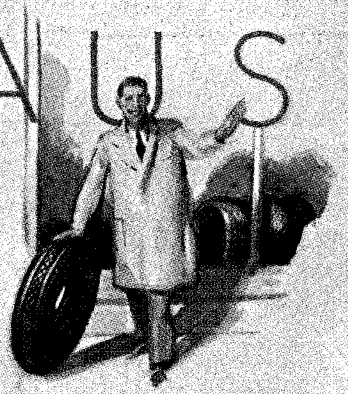
THE STORY OF GOODYEAR

CHAPTER 4

CAUSE



Goodyear has always believed that the appeal of Value knows no boundary, and that Quality speaks a universal tongue.

But Goodyear has believed also that in the efficient distribution of a commodity such as tires, there has appeared no adequate substitute for local initiative, local capital, local service.

On that conviction Goodyear has enlisted for the sale of its products the interest and co-operation of the largest and most successful body of independent tire merchants in the industry.

That these Goodyear Service Station Dealers perform everywhere an essential public and commercial service is seen in the fact that with their assistance Goodyear has become the largest rubber company in the world.

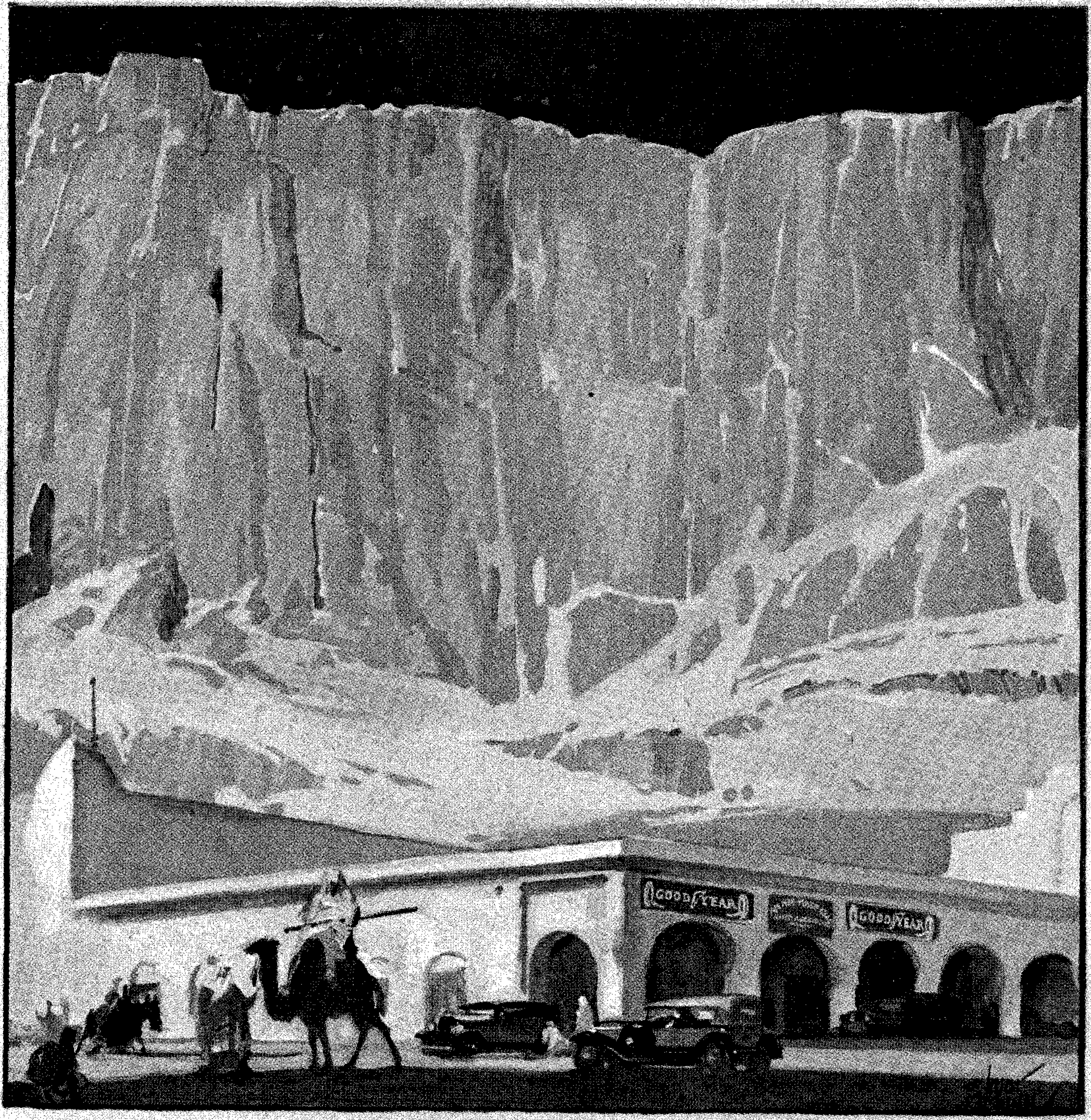
P. W. Litchfield

President

GOOD

THE STORY OF GOODYEAR CHAPTER 4

RESULT



Goodyear Service is characteristically Goodyear Service the world over. Whether you buy a Goodyear Tire in such a store as that of Ahmed Yusuf Kahn, at Aden, Arabia, pictured here, or from your home-town Goodyear Dealer, you get superior quality, dependable value, helpful service. Goodyear Dealers are interested in your satisfaction as the basis of their own success. That is why it is almost invariably true everywhere, "The Best Dealer is a Goodyear Dealer."

YEAR

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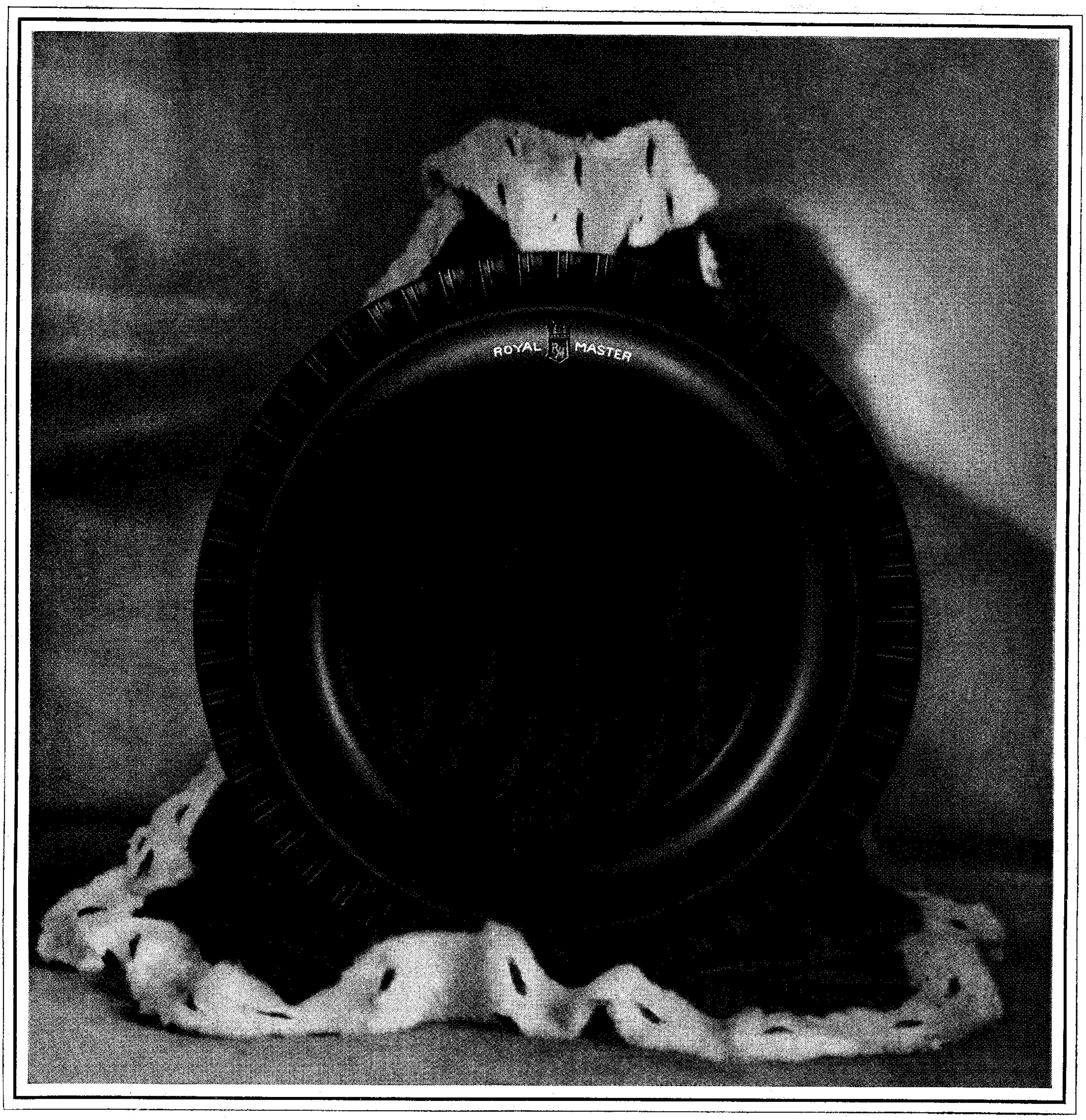
Announcing the New

ROYAL MASTER



An Outstanding Achievement of the World's Largest Producer of Rubber

The United States Rubber Company announces the new Royal Master . . . a finer tire than the average motorist will ever want or need . . . a super tire for those who recognize no compromise with outstanding quality. The deeply notched tread puts more rubber on the road and, at the same time, assures greater steering ease and quieter operation. The side walls are heavily reinforced to resist road shock and excessive rut and curb wear. The Web Cord principle—which heavily insulates each individual cord in pure rubber—gives extreme resiliency and superb riding qualities together with great strength and endurance—a unique achievement in super tire construction. Massive and distinctive—extravagantly built—here is a tire that could be developed only by the organization which leads the world in rubber production and in important contributions to the science of tire making.

United States Rubber Company

THE TRAGEDY OF VALENTINO'S BROTHER'S NOSE

CYRANO DE BERGERAC'S POESY AND WIT would be needed to celebrate worthily the tribulations endured by Albert Guglielmi, in pursuit of nasal betterment. Guglielmi calls himself Valentino, because that was the screen-name under which his brother Rudolph became famous. The tale of his martyrdom on the altar of pulchritude comes out of Hollywood, apropos of the news that his little son, Jean Valentino, has arrived at that metropolis of beauty culture, having traveled from Italy in the company of Tito Schipa, the operatic tenor, who is to sing in the talkies. Small Jean, aged thirteen, is to be groomed, we are told, for a screen career. He is said to resemble his famous uncle, whom Mr. Mencken once credited with having been "catnip to women." In the family group shown on this page little Jean stands beside Rudolph, and our readers may judge for themselves to what extent he promises to recapture some of the magic that once went with the name of Valentino.

P. & A. photograph

THE NOSE THAT ENAMORED MILLIONS OF WOMEN

"Rudy" at the height of his glory.

Meanwhile, relates Florabell Muir in the New York *Daily News*, under a Hollywood date, "there is rejoicing in the home of Albert Guglielmi, who also calls himself Valentino, because he sees in the young son the embryo of the fascinating sex-appeal that was the magic of Rudolph. The proud father has concluded that a film career for himself is impossible, but, with his eyes on his son, he is able to look back on the four years he devoted to whipping his nose into shape, with a less tragic air." And this tale of a modern *Cyrano*, which he relates himself with much humor, as we shall see, serves to enlighten us on the problems that may beset a family blest with a prize beauty, male or female. For emulation enters into the picture, and one or more members of the beauty's family are sure to be seized with a noble ambition to live up to the aura of enchantment that has descended upon the tribe. Moreover, when ambition is fortified by dreams of a dazzling reward of fame and fortune, even torture may lose its terrors. As Miss Muir tells us in her Hollywood budget:

P. & A. photograph

THE LITTLEST VALENTINO AND HIS ELDERS

Jean's nose looks promising enough. Next to him is the late Rudolph, and then come Mrs. Albert Guglielmo and Albert himself.

When Rudolph Valentino died, his family were loath to lose the spell of fame the handsome young screen idol had cast over them. Eagerly they reached out to clutch some of the glory, in the hope of keeping it alive. The most determined in this endeavor was Albert Guglielmi, Rudolph's elder brother.

The torture he underwent to have his nose fashioned into the beauteous one displayed by his brother was recalled with the arrival of his thirteen-year-old son, Jean.

He discust it with me almost merrily. This is how it came about that he tried to fit himself to play the sheik: He was talking with Sylvano Balboni, husband of the late June Mathis, scenarist, who created the rôle in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" that made Valentino famous.

"The public idolizes your brother. It would receive you with open arms in pictures. You look like him, all but your nose"—Balboni paused.

"So what must be done?" demanded Guglielmi. "I have my nose. I have no other. Perhaps you could tell me how to change it."

"There are ways," said Balboni. "Jack Dempsey had a nose the camera did not like. It was remedied."

"But how?" urged Guglielmi.

"Plastic surgery," whispered Balboni. He gave the whisper the importance of sesame for Guglielmi's entrance into the motion-picture financial pastures.

P. & A. photograph

THE NOSE THAT WAS CUT AND STITCHED IN VAIN

"Rudy's" brother, whose beak was not that of a Hollywood sheik.

"Plastic surgery?" echoed Guglielmi. "You mean cut the nose to fit?"

"Exactly," said Balboni.

The modern *Cyrano* did not hesitate, but followed his nose into an establishment for the reparation, mitigation, and renovation of human features. What followed is best conveyed in his own words:

> "We agreed it could be done. I am ready. It begins.
>
> "Painful? Well, not pleasant, but I do not care. The nose, it is not pleasant, either. I am expectant. You can think what it is like. A new nose to look upon. The days of the bandages were long. Then what happens? Horrible! My nose sticks up. It is too short.
>
> "I return to the doctor. Something must be done. I said, 'This nose, it is more unpleasant than before. I ask that you give me a nose that will photograph. I do not demand a pure Grecian nose, just one that the camera will like. It is not as good as before. The superior part is always good. It is only the lower part where the bulges come. Now

(*Continued on page 46*)

SAVING MONEY

For Everybody

SUPPOSE that all the Chrysler Motors units—Dodge, Chrysler, De Soto, Plymouth and Fargo—were broken up into organizations entirely independent of one another—each shifting for itself, each drawing solely on its own individual resources of men, money, materials and machinery—it would be impossible for the public to purchase Chrysler Motors products for anything like the low prices that actually prevail.

As it is, Chrysler Motors, by pooling all financial and physical facilities and its creative personnel into one vast organization—by eliminating waste and duplication—capitalizes volume. It reaps all the advantages of operation on a tremendous scale. It enriches the buyer in every price group with generous dividends in the form of lower prices.

A typical and pointed instance is furnished by the new Dodge Brothers Six. The 4-door Sedan of last year's Dodge line sold for $1095. Today—under Chrysler Motors sponsorship—the present Dodge Six 4-door Sedan not only offers more in beauty, in body construction, in engineering advantages—*but it sells* for a hundred dollars *less* than its predecessor.

And all the rest of the products of Chrysler Motors—Plymouth, De Soto, Chrysler, Fargo, Dodge Senior, Dodge Brothers Trucks, Buses and Motor Coaches—sell for *correspondingly low* figures that make them *correspondingly advanced* in value over anything else in their respective fields.

CHRYSLER MOTORS · STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL · CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX · DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS · · CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

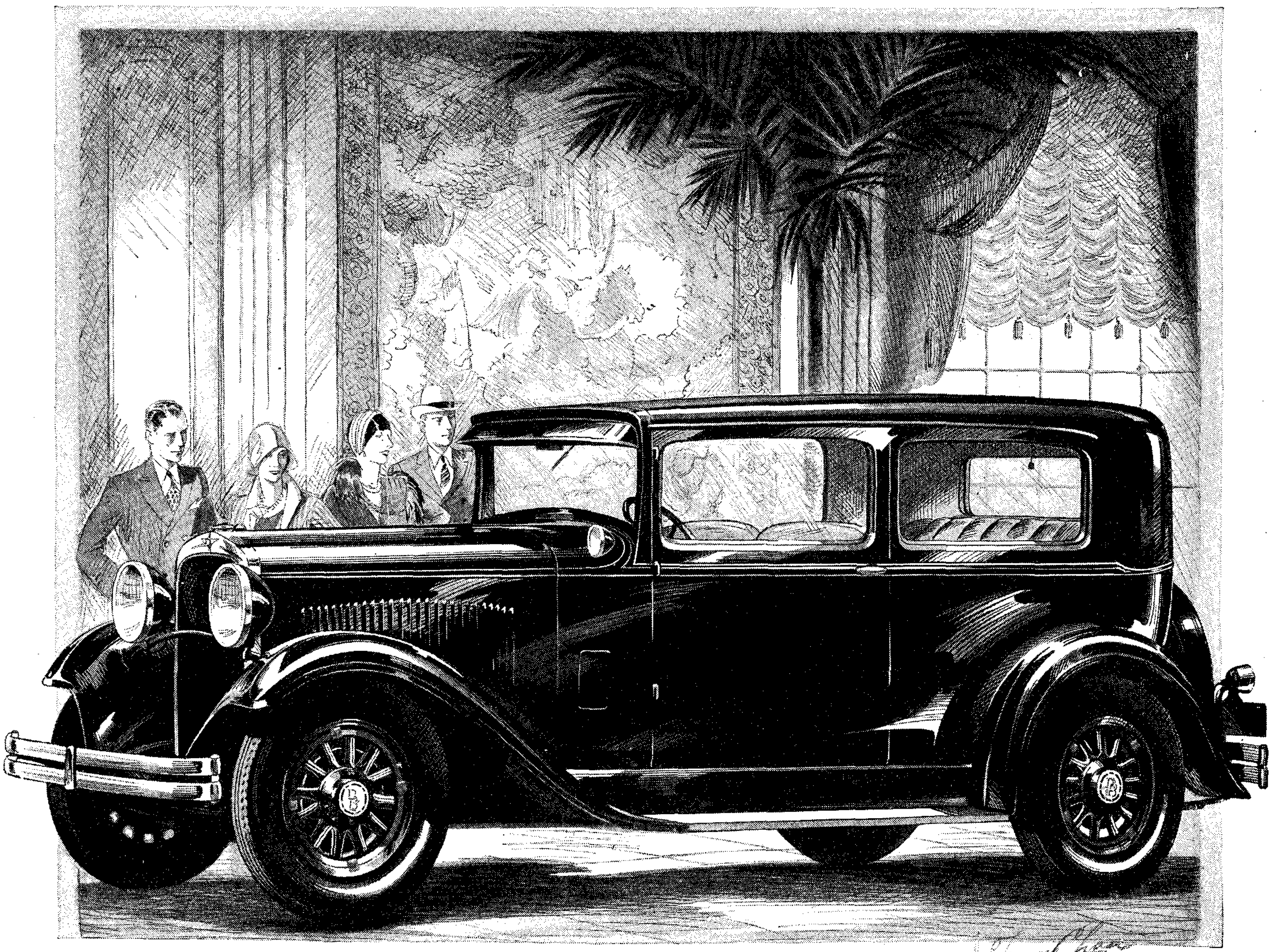
ALL PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

CHRYSLER MOTORS

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

ANNOUNCING

A New Two-Door Sedan at a New Low Price



DODGE SIX dependability, economy, ruggedness, stamina are now offered in an entirely new extra-roomy enclosed model of especial appeal to the American family. It has a new full-size 5-passenger body with extra head-room, leg-room and elbow-room—the same advanced Dodge Six chassis with its many unequalled features of superiority including—8-inch frame, 8-bearing rear axle, positively equalized weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes and 7-bearing crankshaft. It is a typical Dodge Brothers car through and through—and its new low price is made possible only because of the impressive manufacturing economies effected by huge production volume.

Convenient Terms

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(*Continued from page 43*)

it is too short, and my superior lip is ludicrous.' It suggested itself that the nose would not seem too short, if the lip were shortened. A sort of tuck taken up under the nose pulls the lip away from the teeth in a perpetual smile.

"And yet you see my nose is not right," the unfortunate Albert wailed plaintively.

"In my third operation wax is put in to make the nose longer. This is not successful. The wax melts and runs to the sides. Again I have a bulbous nose, and not as good as before, because it is too short. I am in despair.

"The fourth operation is arranged. How to fix a nose long again that is too short? Well, they make it long by cutting more off. That is right. They snip off some of the septum, the partition between my nose.

"Now you will laugh. I have a nose with a hook. I try to get the Grecian nose and I get the hook. It also bulges on the sides.

"Other operations occur. Still I am not right to appear before the camera. My nose is painful."

A last effort is to be made. A seventh operation is determined on.

But in his high hopes for the future of little Jean, who seems to grow daily in Valentino beauty and grace, the Hollywood *Cyrano* almost forgets his own frustrations.

WHEN LINDY WAS A "BARNSTORMER"

THE WIRE BRACES SCREAMED so that they could be heard a mile away as the plane shot downward 1,000 feet and the pilot struggled to bring his ship out of the left spin. On the ground, in front of the hangar at the St. Louis air field, a friend, who now tells the story, watched with his heart in his mouth, unable to do anything. It was a flight to test a new plane that had developed into this perilous situation. Three thousand feet up, we read in *The Popular Science Monthly*, the brave aviator had tried, for test purposes, to go into a right spin so that the torque, or twisting force of the motor, would bring him out of it. Three times he tried, but the machine would not respond. Hence the left spin that now seemed so likely to end in death. While the flyer was still 2,000 feet up, we are told by Randy Enslow, the friend who was watching, former air "barnstormer" and now one of the country's leading pilots, "he crawled out on the fuselage back of his seat, hanging on like a leech, ready to jump with his parachute. But he didn't jump. He pulled himself back into the cockpit again and came down 1,700 feet more, trying to save the ship. He was only 300 feet above the ground when he jumped, but he wasn't hurt a bit."

That, Mr. Enslow tells us, was the closest his friend, Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, ever came to being killed—and to us it seems more than close enough. Mr. Enslow has contributed to *The Popular Science Monthly* an entertaining account of a little-known phase of the New York-Paris flyer's career, when the two of them "barnstormed" over the Middle West. It came about by accident, the writer tells us, continuing:

It was this way. We were both living in St. Louis in 1924. He had sold an old war-time "Jenny" to a boy living up at Oelwein, Iowa. The kid gave him a deposit of twenty-five dollars, or something like that, and flew off home. He was supposed to send some more money each month until the plane was paid for. When nothing came from Oelwein for three months, "Slim" asked me to fly him up to see what was the matter.

I had built a J-1 Standard, the type of ship the Army used to train pilots on before the war. It was built with home-made spars, a second-hand engine and rusty fittings that I painted over. But it flew like a bird. When we climbed aboard, we didn't have much money in our pockets. We never did in those days.

At Oelwein, we found that the boy had gone off as a traveling violinist with a carnival. His mother had sold the "Jenny" for five dollars. She said she was afraid somebody would get hurt by the propeller. The buyer had come down in a perfect one-point landing—right on the nose—the first time he tried to fly the ship, and it was a total wreck. So we started barnstorming to pay for our trip.

Our stock in trade was carrying passengers. But we would do stunts and wing-walking, and put on little one-plane air circuses of our own. We did everything that would bring in dimes. Sometimes we would race automobiles at country fairs. We got seventy-five dollars for each race. Above those little half-mile dirt tracks we would have to bank the plane almost straight up and down and buzz around like a fly in a bottle. As I remember it, we always won. But we used to throttle down the motor until the last lap to give the spectators a run for their money. On that last lap, we would show the boys what the ship could do.

Once we flew into a town with "Slim" on the wing. When we landed, an old lady came up and asked: "Which one of you young men was that out on the fender?" "Slim's" favorite joke in those days used to be the one about the farmer who saw a pilot crack up in his cornfield and wipe off the landing gear and break the propeller. The farmer's wife asked her husband what happened. "Oh, not much," he said; "he just broke the truck and the paddle."

From Iowa, we barnstormed down into Missouri, and then over into Illinois, spending most of a year at it. After I'd been out on the road for a week with "Slim," I always investigated a bed before I jumped into it. If I didn't, I usually sat down on a cocklebur or had June bugs crawling up my back. I got so I kept an eye on him during the day. If I saw him stoop over and pick up anything as we walked across a field, I knew it was another cocklebur or bug, and governed myself accordingly.

On one of their barnstorming trips during this part of Lindy's career, the adventurers left St. Louis with seventy-five cents between them, we learn, reading on:

"Slim" flew the ship down to Greenfield, Missouri. The school children heard us buzzing around overhead just before recess. When we landed, it broke up the school. All the kids came out and a bunch went up for rides. After a while the teachers and the townfolks came along and went up too. We would take turns at the stick. By night, we had a hundred and seventy-five dollars. I'll never forget how "Slim" dumped it all out on the bed in the hotel. The pile looked as big as a straw-stack.

At night, we would stake the ship down, or tie its tail to a stump and leave it backed into the wind like a Missouri mule. One time, when we left it tied down like that in a field in Illinois, a tornado came through the country and headed right that way. But just before the twister reached the spot, it gave a jump and came down several miles beyond. The ship wasn't even scratched.

Here Mr. Enslow tells part of the inside story of how he helped his pal to enjoy his honeymoon in quiet—well, comparative quiet, at least. Thus:

Knowing the way he loves a practical joke, I can imagine how he enjoyed giving the reporters the slip on his honeymoon. He let me in on some of the fun. I was one of the handful who knew he was out in his motor-boat when the papers were reporting him in a dozen places at once. I flew his Falcon plane from Curtiss Field as tho to meet him, to throw reporters off the scent.

As soon as I climbed into the cockpit to warm up the motor, a fast Fairchild-Wasp was wheeled out of a hangar behind me. When I took off, the Fairchild was right on my tail, carrying newspaper men. I headed north over Long Island, gaining a couple of miles an hour on the Fairchild. I kept climbing for altitude, watching a fog bank that was rolling in below. About thirty minutes out from the field, I did a wing-over, dove into the fog and headed back toward New York, flying blind. When I thought I was nearing the big buildings, I zoomed up out of the fog and looked around. Nobody in sight. So I scooted for Schenectady and started the papers off on another wrong lead.

I have seen Lindbergh half a dozen times since he flew to Paris. Each time he has been the same old "Slim." If he has changed at all, it isn't in the direction of forgetting his old friends. That I know.

The incident of the spin was not Lindy's only close call. Mr. Enslow remembers this occurrence, at a small town in Missouri:

"Slim" was doing his stuff out on the wings. We usually circled around a place two or three times to get everybody out, and then came down in a careful landing to impress people with the safety of flying.

This time, we kept on circling. "Slim" looked over to see why we didn't go down. I made motions, pointing to the throttle. He crawled in to see what was the matter. I shouted in his ear:

"The throttle's stuck. Can't shut the motor off."

So "Slim" crept to the front of the wing and poked his hand in back of the engine. He found a can of motor oil we carried

KEEPER OF THE KEYS

Upon the day we entered the new Ayer building . . . a small boy . . . eager, bright-eyed, thrilled with the discovery of a new market . . . established *his* headquarters before the graven symbols on our doors.

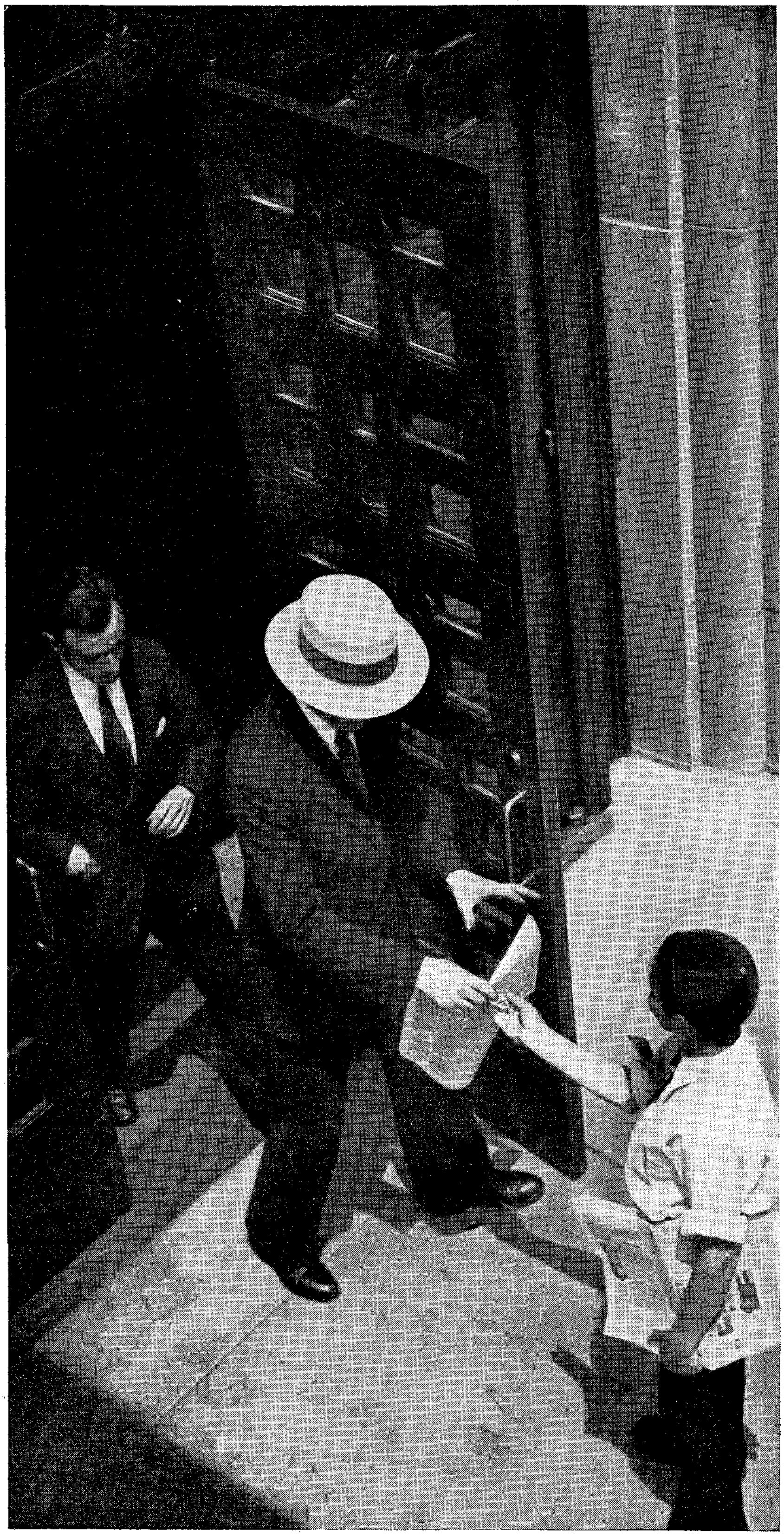
In this small boy we recognize the living, vital emblem of the force that is created within these walls. For he is the immediate salesman of the Press! This courageous little Mercury is truly a messenger of the gods of commerce . . . and truly a keeper of keys to greater commercial opportunities for us all.

Within sound of his voice is the place where Benjamin Franklin first set type for the oldest journal in America. Behind him is a park where the Indians made a market-place to sell the produce of the wilderness in exchange for goods from England that were stacked in bales along the wharves of Front Street. And before him rises this new building of bronze and steel and Indiana limestone . . . a modern meeting-place where commerce formulates its messages to be broadcast through all the racing channels of the Press.

We wish the newsboy well!

For Franklin was a printer's devil; and Edison hawked papers in the street! Yet Franklin helped his country win political and commercial independence. And Edison saw it rise to world dominance in industry and international trade. . . . What dazzling future will our newsboy see?

What does the future hold for American business? We know, at least, that the feared cycles of alternating prosperity and depression are giving way to a belief in an orderly progressive prosperity based on the sound fundamentals of a broad and diversified market capable of taking up the slack of local depressions . . . but, more important than this, we know that the power of the press as a tool of commerce and industry is a sound means of gauging the possibilities of a market in advance! And the importance of advertising increases with the prosperity it helps to create!



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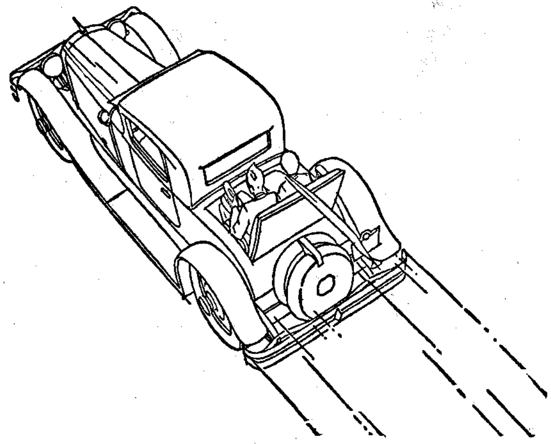
For the man with an "engineering mind" and for all motorists who drive at high speeds



The "technical" side of why the New Mobiloil keeps the first-year feel in your engine is easily comprehensible to all.

One of the first things you'll notice about the New Mobiloil is that it lasts longer. This is important—because it is an established engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speeds is the oil which lubricates best at any speed.

Mobiloil engineers have checked this fact in thousands of miles of test driving on the Atlantic City Speedway, on dirt roads and paved highways, and in our Paulsboro laboratories. Results enable us to say definitely that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. We say "at least" because actually the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

Go to the nearest Mobiloil dealer today. Have him drain and refill your crankcase with the correct grade of Mobiloil according to the New Mobiloil Chart. Then find a stretch of good highway and let *your* experience prove what *our* experience has proved—that the New Mobiloil *lasts longer* . . . which means better lubrication . . . which means at least 30,000 miles of the first-year feel.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New Mobiloil

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

for emergencies had jarred under the throttle-arm and wedged. He tugged and pulled, but he couldn't get it out. He told me to cut the switch, and down we came in a dead-stick landing.

But that was nothing new. We were always making dead-stick landings. The only instruments in the old Standard were a tachometer, an altimeter, and an oil-pressure gage. And *sometimes* they didn't work. Water would get into the gas-tank, or maybe dirt—we couldn't take any too good care of the ship oftentimes—and down we would come with a dead engine.

A WORD FROM WILL ROGERS TO WOULD-BE HUMORISTS

DID all Young America want to embrace humor as a career? It certainly seemed so to the renowned professor of rope, chewing-gum, and banter, who declares that he has "been interviewed in every town in the United States, by serious-looking young College Boys, with horn-rimmed glasses and no hat, on the subject, 'How would you advise a beginner to be funny?'" His visitor on the present occasion, Will Rogers tells us in an article on "How to be Funny," in *The American Magazine*, was "just about as dejected a looking Senior as I had ever seen. He was just about to finish school, and was about to have to meet the world head on, and he wanted to be fortified with a profession. So he picked out humor, and he had from then to June to 'Major' in it." But the dejected Senior, we learn, soon decided that Mr. Rogers was too weak a reed for leaning purposes. The interviewer had his questions all written out. Imagine his disappointment at learning that the interviewee could not answer them "right off the reel." So, to comfort him, Mr. Rogers took his list to answer later. Here are some of the questions with Mr. Rogers's answers to them in his own original spelling:

"Is the field of Humor crowded?"

Only when Congress is in session.

"What talent is necessary? Must one be born with a funnybone in his head?"

Its not a talent, its an affliction. If a funnybone is nessasary, I would say that in the head is the place to have it. Thats the least used of a humorist's equipment.

"Which offers the best field, the Essayist or the Humorist Feature Writer?"

Now, I dont know what an "Essayist" is. But if its one of those fellows that write what we used to call "Essays" at school, one of those recitations that you get up and speak, I am agin em. And as to the Humorous Feature Writer, just change that H to N and you have it.

"What field of Humor offers the best field now, and which is most liable to develop?"

Well, I think the "Nut" or "Cuckoo" field is the best bet now, and from what I see of modern America, I think "Nuttier Still" or "Super Cuckoo" will be more apt to develop.

"In training what should one aim for?"

Aim for Mark Twain, even if you land with Mutt and Jeff.

"Whats the best way to start being a Humorist?"

Recovery from a Mule kick is one way thats used a lot. Being dropped head downward on a pavement in youth, has been responsible for a lot. And discharge from an Asylum for mental cases is almost sure fire.

"How should one practice for it after starting it?"

By reading Editorials in Tabloid Magazines and three pages of the Congressional Record before retiring every night.

"Should one jot down ideas?"

No! there will be so few that you can remember them.

"Is it profitable to read other Humorists?"

Profitable, but terribly discouraging.

"Do you think it does any good to play the Fool and wit at social gatherings?"

Not if they will feed you without it. But if you feel that you need the practice and just cant remain normal any longer, why go ahead.

"Does College training add to your chances?"

Yes, nothing enhances a mans humor more than College. Colleges and Ford cars have been indespensible to humor.

"Should one specialize in any particular subject?"

Everything but English.

"What College would you suggest in preperation for a Humorous career?"

Harvard, if its present football continues.

"Does a budding Humorist have to wait till he has acquired a philosophy?"

No, just a "Carona" typewriter is all.

"How do you get into Syndicate work?"

Lose all other jobs on a newspaper, or knock 50 home runs, or work 12 years with the Follies, and dodge all Literacy tests.

"Do you think cartooning has a future?"

I certainly do. Its never had a boom, just a steady growth. The more we raise that cant read the more will look at Pictures.

"What Magazine would you send your first stories too?"

The nearest one.

"What's the oppurtunity of a good Gag man in the Movies?"

The oppurtunities are great, but the chances of getting in are small.

"Is there such a thing as running stale or getting out of material?"

I have heard of that happening, but in very rare cases. Every article seems better than the preceeding one, and continues so right up to the execution.

"Is it hard to get into Vaudeville, for a summer or a year?"

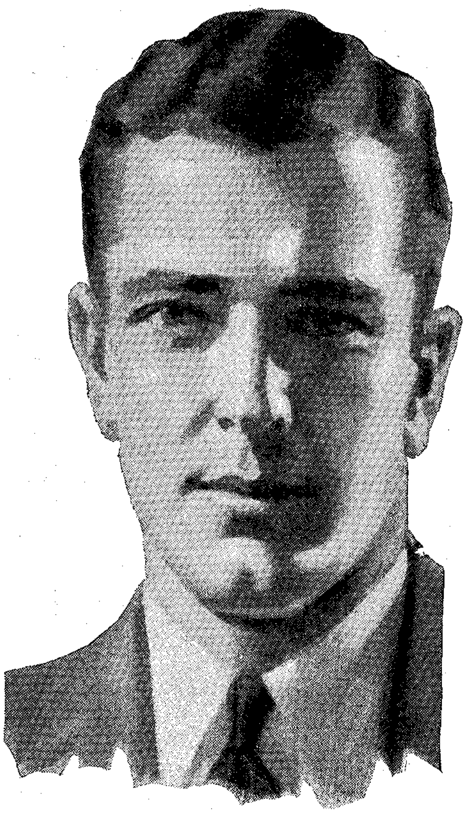
No, with all the different grades and classes of Vaudeville they have nowadays, its almost impossible to have an act so poor that somebody hasent got a Circuit that will fit you.

"This thing you do around the Country where you do a whole evenings entertainment yourself, just what is it?"

Son, I couldent tell you. With the old-timers they called it a Lecture. With Politicians they call it a "Message." But with me its just a Graft.

"Is summer a bad time to start anything?"

If you want to make up your mind to start to be a Humorist, I believe I would wait till spring, if you can afford to lay off that long. Then if you should get disappointed, why you have a summer coming on instead of a winter.



Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams!

Williams Shaving Cream is made for the skin as well as for the beard.

Pure. No touch of doubtful dye.

Moist. Holds ten per cent more moisture, by authentic test, than any other we know of.

Mild. Result of 89 years of specialized study. It's cool as morning and mild as cream.

The drug clerk knows: "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

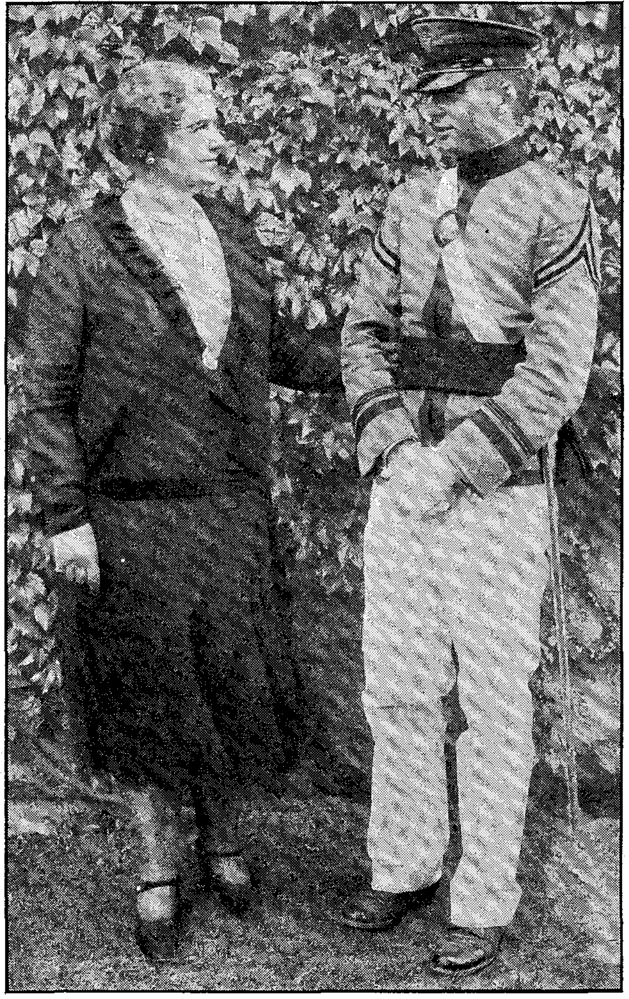
THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA

You *can't* lose *this* cap!

Williams'
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Luxury
Shaving
Cream
LARGE SIZE

A MOTHER WITH TWELVE HUNDRED "SONS"

THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED IN A SHOE and had so many children "she didn't know what to do," has been deposed as a symbol of fully occupied maternity. Neither history nor Mother Goose tells us just how many children lived in that celebrated shoe, but it seems safe to say that there were not 1,200 of them. But that is the number of "sons" who are looked after by this new champion mother, who isn't even old. The "shoe," we learn from the New York *Sun,* is the United States Military Academy at West Point; and the "mother," the same account continues, is Mrs. Harriet Rogers. During the summer Mrs. Rogers is official hostess at the Academy, promoting the happiness and comfort of the many relatives and friends who visit it. But now that summer is over—"by order of Maj.-Gen. William R. Smith, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy"—Mrs. Rogers's winter duties as unofficial mother to 1,200 cadets begin. Outlining her activities, *The Sun* says:



Photograph by courtesy of the United States Military Academy

TALKING IT OVER WITH ONE OF "HER BOYS"

Mrs. Rogers and Cadet Sergeant W. D. Dickenson, of "The Point."

There will be warm afternoons and soft moonlit nights, to be sure. But there will be no more long visits with the folks from home, or strolls with the one-and-only through the leafy paths of Flirtation Walk for the corps of cadets.

Academic work begins, and the strictly disciplined routine that seldom takes into account a fellow's mother or sweetheart.

During the long, cold, gray months there will be homesick hearts. Cadets, especially plebes—some of them away from home for the first time—can and do suffer the keen pangs of homesickness as well as any one else, and the monastic life the young army acolytes lead doesn't help matters much.

It is in such situations that Mrs. Rogers's understanding sympathy and talents will be brought into play. And she is further equipped by long Army experience, of which the account continues, telling us that:

She was married into the service when she was seventeen years old, and has lived in it constantly. Her son was graduated from West Point in 1918, and her daughter married a graduate of the Academy. Her heart is in the Army, and it is a large heart. She likes and seems to understand young men and young women, and her sympathy toward them is apparent. A cadet and his sweetheart could not conceive of better understanding.

Some time after he became superintendent of the Academy, General Smith, whose own sympathetic understanding of the cadet is broad, asked Mrs. Rogers to become the first "official hostess" of the institution. Her duties were vague. The General gave her a little office in a transformed classroom, and she had to create her own rôle.

After graduation in June and until summer is officially over—by order of the Superintendent—the upper classmen of the Academy have every afternoon to themselves. The new men, the plebes, are so busy getting acquainted with this strange new life that they have little time on their hands, but Saturday afternoons and Sundays they may do as they please. The summer, then, is the open season for cadets' parents and sweethearts. They may stay in the modern hotel located on the reservation, or with the families of officers stationed at the post or in the little town of Highland Falls, just outside the limits. Specifically General Smith wanted the "official hostess" to receive the families and fiancées of the cadets, see that they were properly housed, that they knew the rules and regulations governing the comings and goings of the young men they were so interested in.

Mrs. Rogers also acted as chaperon at summer dances. As such she had to deal with the menace of the "no-stockings" fad among girls who attended. Continuing:

The Superintendent did not think it in keeping with dignity that a girl should appear at a "hop" without stockings. It was the style, the General did not doubt, but that was no excuse. Mrs. Rogers showed her ability at the start by handling this situation with delicacy and efficiency. Last summer, her first as hostess, passed seemly enough. This summer did too, altho the fad for sun tan and the style of silk stockings which would make it appear that a girl had none on at all gave her some anxious moments.

Mrs. Rogers had to learn the cadet's language. If she should hear a cadet saying, "I saw a beast come out of the boodler's with his drag, all spooned up, and start on a P. S. with a skag in his face," she would understand the not at all surprizing spectacle to have been that of a plebe leaving the cadet restaurant with the girl he is to take to a hop. She would understand that the girl was adequately togged out for the dance and that the cadet, smoking a cigaret, was taking her for a stroll before starting for the hop. It takes time and patience to learn those things. Learning them helped the official hostess to get no little amusement out of her summer detail.

The most interesting time, however, is now beginning, with Mrs. Rogers in the rôle of cadet mother. During the summer she has found time to get acquainted with the new class, for it is with the plebes that most of her work will be done this fall and winter. She knows half of the corps—some 600 men—by their names. That is an accomplishment in itself. When she says "Good-morning" to a young cadet whom she meets on the walk she adds his name to the salutation, and he feels that somebody, at least, knows him as a man and not as a file.

When one of the new men is so blue and discouraged that he will glumly ponder resigning, Mrs. Rogers is available to him for comfort and counsel, *The Sun* says, concluding:

There is something so soft and motherly and deeply understanding about her that the most bashful plebe need suffer no qualms. To the homesick ones she will speak of the football games just a week or so ahead, or of the Thanksgiving holiday, or the Christmas leaves of absence. She gives them something to look forward to. Those who feel that they never can last through the next examination she can bolster up with adroit talks and recollections, and inspire the cadet to a higher courage. Her tactics are not those of a professional inspirationist, however. She simply is herself—an intelligent mother.

The War Department, in all its wisdom, never has made an appropriation for an "official hostess." She is paid, accordingly, out of the Academy's athletic fund, which is considerable, thanks to the Army team's drawing power on the football field. But she could well be budgeted and charged up to "morale."

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

"Round up every passenger!"

An ocean liner from Bombay discharged six hundred passengers at Marseilles, Liverpool and Glasgow last April. All France, England and Scotland were aroused when the health authorities discovered too late that the passengers had been exposed to the dreaded smallpox, from which one of the crew had already died.

"Warn the newspapers — round up every passenger at once!" were the orders that went out to police and health officers everywhere.

Meanwhile the passengers had scattered all over Great Britain and France — and before the desperate hunt was over, more than 300 cases of the terrible disease were reported and a number of persons had died.

The victims of this tragic circumstance had neglected the simple precaution that has practically wiped smallpox out of every civilized country in the world. Nearly a century and a half before, on May 14, 1796, Dr. Edward Jenner, of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, had given to the world the means of conquering smallpox by vaccination.

Before Jenner's discovery, smallpox killed one out of every fourteen persons. Today, in all countries where vaccination is rigidly enforced, the once terrifying scourge is held under control.

A needless risk — why take it?

Yet, right in your own community, smallpox is ready to rear its ugly head at the first sign of carelessness and neglect. Your doctor will tell you that every member of your family should be protected against this disease.

In the laboratories of Parke, Davis & Company, smallpox vaccine is prepared with the most exacting care. Your physician is convinced of its dependability because he knows that, like every other Parke-Davis product, it must pass the most rigid tests for purity and potency before it is placed at his disposal.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

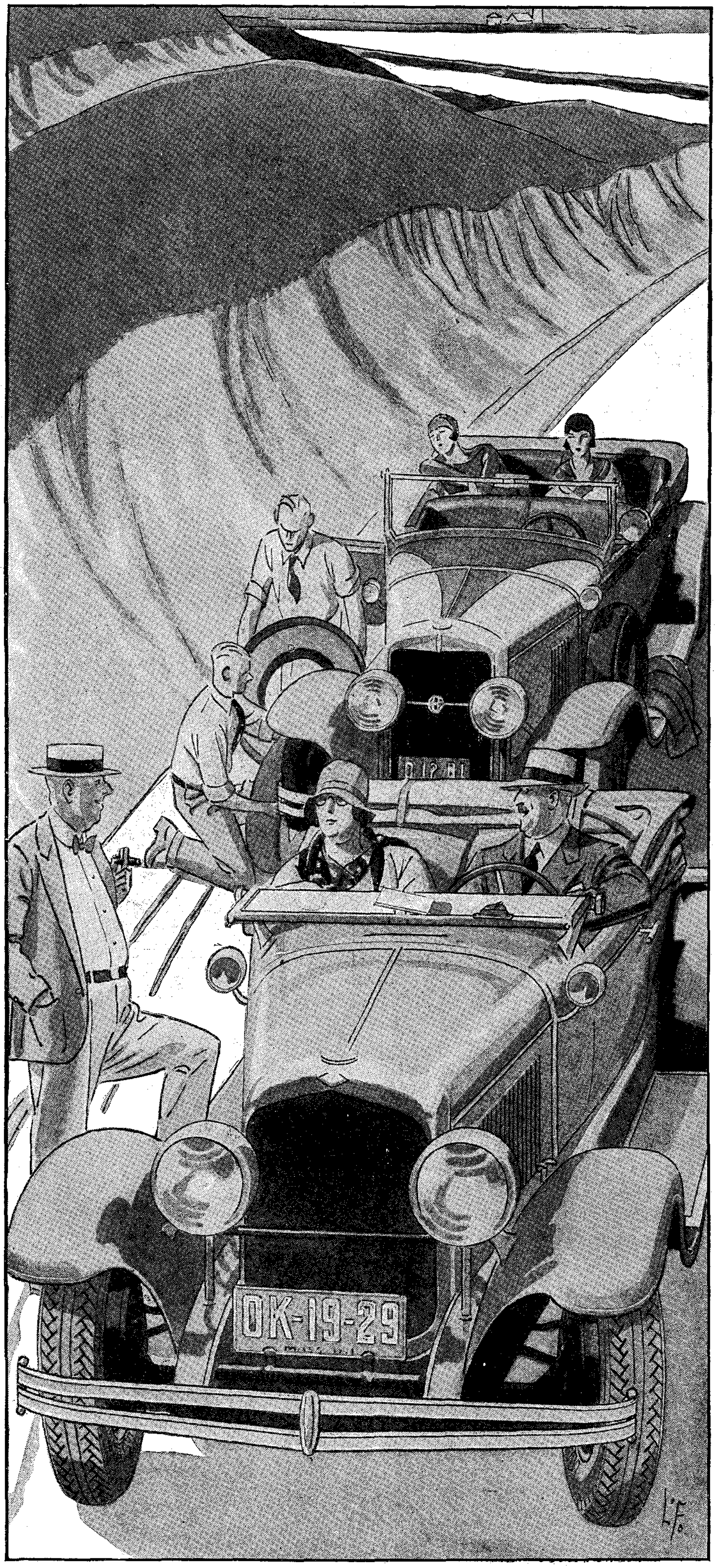
Parke-Davis Products

for your everyday needs

Here are a few Parke-Davis products for daily home use — made with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines.

Standardized Cod-liver Oil
Milk of Magnesia
Mineral Oil (Heavy)
Hydrogen Peroxide
Neko (Germicidal Soap)
Shaving Cream
Orygene Mouth Wash
Euthymol Tooth Paste

Ask your druggist for PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCTS



"I'm lucky to have two husky boys along."

"I'll say you are. When your girls are married and gone as mine are, you'll have to buy Kelly-Springfield tires."

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

WHEN A KING CALLED AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

ANOTHER World War could scarcely have made more trouble for the League of Nations. A King was coming to call, and it must be plain to every one that he had to have a throne to sit on. At least so it seemed to the scurrying, distracted secretaries of the throneless league, described by Albin E. Johnson in a Geneva dispatch to the New York *World.* They examined the League's furniture—red plush chairs, green baize chairs, plain chairs, the ornate seats of the President of the Council and the Chairman of the Assembly—but nothing quite suited the occasion. The museums and antique shops were searched. There were chairs that had supported Knox and Calvin. But, no. There was a wicker-bottom chair in which Napoleon had sat. But its proportions did not agree with those of the imminent monarch, who, Mr. Johnson tells us, has something of a taste for good living. But at last a chair was found, for the League is resourceful. *The World's* correspondent is regrettably vague about where it was found. He tells us only that it was covered with red plush and it was placed in the glass-enclosed council hall, known as the "Gold Fish Bowl." And King Fuad the First, of Egypt, sat in it, altho, we judge, neither he nor his harried hosts had a very good time. Why all this to-do? As a rule the placidity of Geneva is scarcely ruffled by the comings and goings of the great and near-great, Mr. Johnson observes, going on:

A Briand, Stresemann, or Chamberlain is commonplace. Poincaré and MacDonald will hardly draw a crowd, and Einstein, Bergson, or "GBS" pass unnoticed, as do Messrs. Litvinoff and Lunatscharsky, who, according to the Swiss press, should exude hell-fire and brimstone over the country as they pass. Ten years of the League of Nations, and Geneva has become ultra-blasé to celebrities.

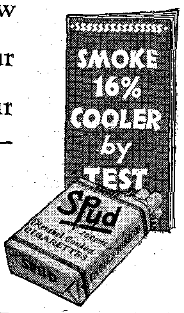
But a third-rate King came to the city not long ago, and the staid and dignified League of Nations hasn't been the same since. Unused to royalty, the experience went to the Secretariat's head. Fuad the First of Egypt, who rules by the grace of the Guardian Angel of Political Exigencies and the benevolence of the Empire Britainnique, was in Switzerland, seeking surcease from the burning suns of Cairo. He decided to visit the Secretariat, and word to that effect was conveyed to the proper authority.

At the Hotel National, which houses the League pending the erection of a Palace of Peace, the news caused consternation. Sir Eric Drummond, the chief, was away—at Le Touquet playing golf and enjoying a needed vacation after the ardors of the Madrid council and administrative labors. To Sir Eric, seasoned veteran of the British Foreign Service and participant in many an official levee at Windsor and Buckingham palaces, the job would have presented no great difficulties. Particularly

Do you SMOKE IN SUSPENSE?

◆◆◆ THEN EXPERIENCE THE COMFORT OF SPUD'S COOLER SMOKE!

When things you hope for hang in the balance . . . do you smoke unusual amounts of cigarettes? Then see that they are Spuds! Experience the unique result of 16% cooler smoke! No matter how long the cigarette session, Spuds leave your mouth in its own moist-cool comfort . . . your tobacco senses keen! It's that scientifically-proven "16% cooler" which heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor . . . the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.



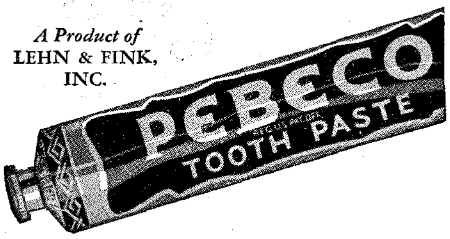
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

Can your teeth stand the test of public view? Or is "acid-mouth" gaining victory in its destructive fight? This insidious foe, resulting from food ferment, drills and drills and drills at the teeth enamel. Cavities follow...your teeth start to go. But just put Pebeco to work ...Pebeco with its cooling tang, its tonic properties. Then "acid-mouth" is definitely checked, and the white, sparkling beauty of your teeth restored. Do just this: Give Pebeco a week's special trial. Then you'll know why Pebeco *keeps* its friends.

A Product of
LEHN & FINK, INC.



PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

as Fuad the First to the British mind is merely a "functionaire of the Foreign Office" (quoting an angry British correspondent, who was barred from the receiving line because of his checkered plus-fours of fancy gray). Carrying on during the interim were M. Avenol, a Frenchman, and Albert Dufour-Feronce, German, both Under Secretaries. By precedent, Avenol outranks his colleague, so naturally he was called upon to preside at the Council of Procedure.

Perhaps not in years had so delicate a problem perturbed the administrative machinery of the League, Mr. Johnson comments. And, in view of this narrative, it is not hard to concur in this opinion. For further details we proceed:

> The tempestuous question of staff regulations, social preference, and even "moral turpitude"—delicately broached some time ago, when an indiscreet stenographer with Bohemian tendencies appeared stockingless for duty on an excruciatingly hot day—all faded into insignificance.
>
> The King of the Egyptians, perhaps, was prepared for any eventualities when he arrived from Berne. At the Swiss capital the official reception had been all but ruined when overzealous gendarmes, in dress-parade regalia, charged across the line of march with batons and drawn sabers in an effort to efface from the picture two romping dachshunds. An indiscreet journalist then had complicated matters by being taken for a dangerous character.
>
> M. Avenol welcomed King Fuad in the Council Hall—a glass-enclosed room, appropriately known as the Aquarium or Gold Fish Bowl. Royalty obviously was ill at ease—so were his hosts. Discreetly some one beckoned His Majesty toward the "throne" in the center of the slightly raised platform. Gingerly he seated himself, and the master of ceremonies, M. Avenol, began.
>
> At the close of the perfunctory speech, which paid lip-service to the ruler of the descendants "of that ancient and glorious civilization" that was Egypt's, Fuad arose. Nervously he fingered a small typewritten page. Falteringly he read it through. . . . "Egypt, too, subscribes to the ideals of the great institution which is to bring about the universal brotherhood of man, eliminate injustices and oppression from the world . . . my country will always, sympathetically and whole-heartedly, cooperate . . . whenever she is invited . . . with its labors."
>
> Then he carefully tucked away the manuscript. It might come in useful a bit later when he visited the International Labor Office.

That delicate business was safely over, but all was not plain sailing yet, for:

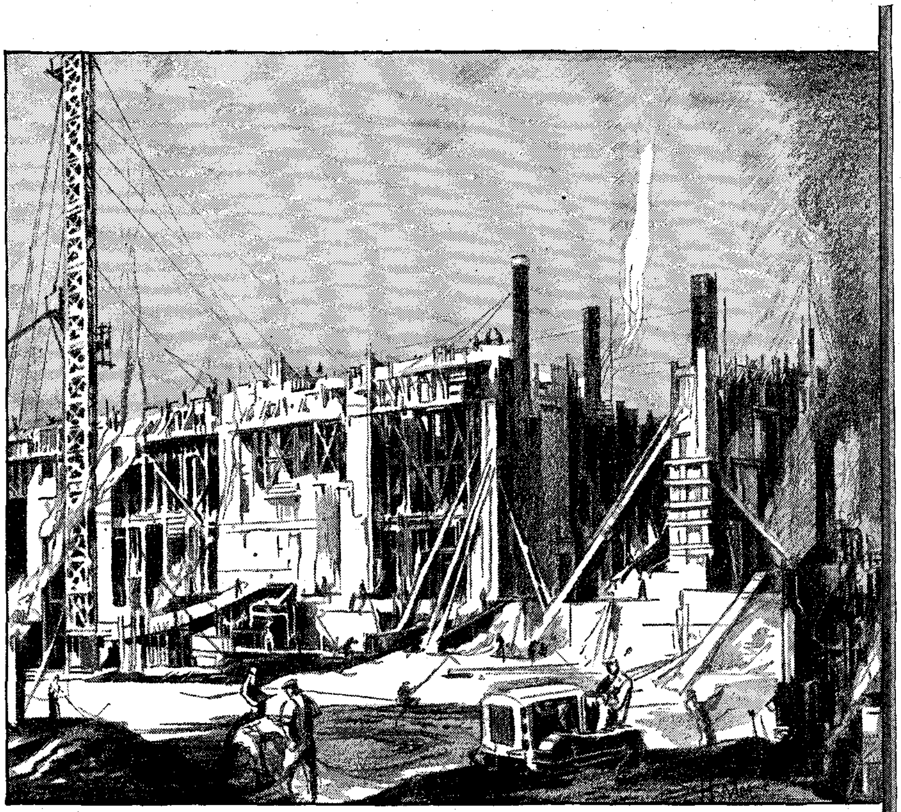
> Informality proved equally as difficult for the Secretariat officials who had taken time off for the event. An embarrassing silence and a more embarrassing inactivity. An underling saved the day by stepping forward to shake hands with the King. Others followed. Obviously one was of Junker extraction, for his heels clicked as he bowed low over His Majesty's extended hand. Fuad's pudgy palm again reached out as a woman member of the Secretariat approached. However, she knew her lines—like Sir Eric, she was a veteran of London levees—and, ignoring it, she curtsied low before the King. The precedent almost proved disastrous for the feminine contingent that followed. Curtseying before royalty is a gesture that can not be learned offhand, even by the most adept. Inside the Gold Fish Bowl the marionettes performed. Outside prevailed anything but the "atmosphere of Geneva." The edict of M. Dufour-Feronce that newspaper men "will be permitted" to participate in the ceremony in itself touched the susceptibilities of a sensitive press. The pronunciamento that the scribes must appear in "dark suits or formal attire" almost broke up the show.
>
> To cap the climax, a League usher was undiplomatic enough to jostle a member of the Information Section and a belligerent British correspondent behind closed doors when His Majesty passed "in order that their summer grays might not inject discordant notes" into the somber color-scheme.
>
> Over at the International Labor Office they are simple people. They invited Fuad to sign their Golden Book and showed him around the place.

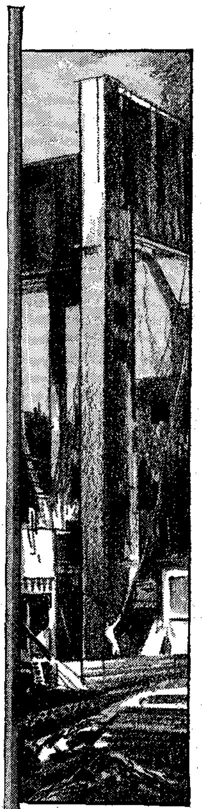
WHAT MAKES THE TIRED STENOGRAPHER TIRED?

THE tired stenographer yawned and wrote "framing" for "farming" and "tow" for "two." So she had to erase, and the letter, when she had completed it, was not as neat as those she had done earlier in the day. It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The boss, a member of the old school, spoke sharply about it, which did not improve the state of the girl's nerves; and as she left his office he was mentally charging up her inefficiency to late hours, wild automobile rides and all-night dances. But he was wrong, and he would have been surprized to know that she was in bed at 10 o'clock the night before. There is another explanation for the late-afternoon tiredness of office workers, we learn from a copyrighted article by Harry Goldberg in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Science, this writer tells us, has been examining the habits of youth, and the reason stenographers have a mid-afternoon droop is "the fact that the sweet young things are not sweet enough!" They need some sugar in their systems. Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton, of Temple University, assisted by Dr. Louise Hamilton of Bryn Mawr College and Dr. Hubert Hamilton, Dr. Clarence H. Smeltzer and Dr. Richard C. Harter of Temple, took twenty girls under observation for two weeks, we learn, fed some a matinée snack of orange-juice, cake and chocolate, while others had nothing in the way of food to sustain them between noon and night. As for the results of this test, we are told by this writer:

> The girls who had a "pick-me-up" kept pounding away under full steam with increasing and steady efficiency until the whistle blew, while the others slumped in output near the end of the day.
>
> "The investigation has shown," says

More *and still more* telephones for tomorrow





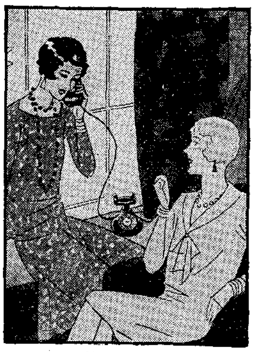
This busy scene is typical of Western Electric growth at Baltimore, Chicago and Kearny, N. J. It is growth made necessary to provide telephone apparatus whenever and wherever needed.

Your voice starts new factories a-building

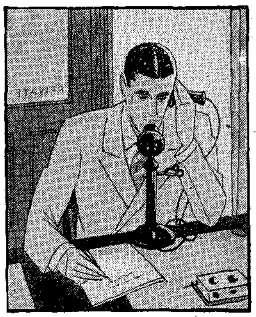
Day by day, the telephone becomes a more significant factor in social and business intercourse. As a means of communication on land and across the ocean, its use grows steadily and it is soon destined to become an accepted adjunct to travel in the air.

More and more equipment will be needed—telephones by the million, copper wire by the millions of miles, parts and accessories ranging from delicate springs to giant reels of cable, from the simple transmitter mouthpiece to the highly complex telephone switchboard.

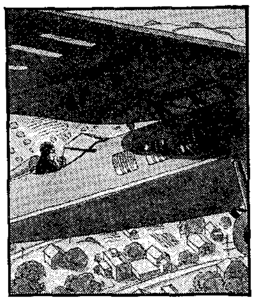
To meet this program of expansion Western Electric's manufacturing facilities are being doubled. Huge additions to plants at Chicago and at Kearny, N. J.—a new factory at Baltimore—all this is evidence that however great the demand for telephones in 1930 or 1940, that demand will be satisfied.



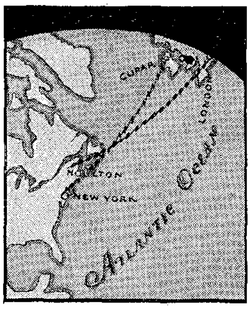
In homes



In offices



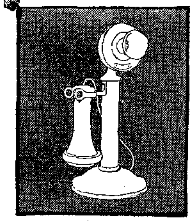
In airplanes



Across the ocean

Western Electric

MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE



Enjoy this real coffee that *lets you sleep!*

In thousands of homes, breakfast isn't breakfast without coffee. Yet when supper-time comes, the flavor and gracious cheer of coffee is missing, and merely because of an unnecessary drug that keeps people awake.

If you are one of those who do for breakfast and don't for supper, you'll be glad to know that there's a wonderful coffee with 97% of the caffeine removed. Coffee that you will delight in for breakfast, lunch and supper.

Kellogg's★ Kaffee Hag Coffee is a blend of several of the world's best coffees. Savory, aromatic, full strength. It is so good many coffee lovers have adopted it for its superior flavor alone.

Try it and see how delightful it is. Order a can from your dealer. Steel cut or in the bean. If you've been putting up with substitutes, what could be more welcome!

Leading hotels and restaurants serve it—also diners. The original caffeine-free coffee. If you will mail the coupon, we will gladly send you a generous trial can.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1926, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). (Good in U. S. A. only.)

Name____________________

Address____________________

★Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

COFFEE
KAFFEE HAG
VACUUM PACKED

The coffee that lets you sleep

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Dr. Bolton, "positive results in favor of small quantities of concentrated foods taken in mid-afternoon. Altho we dealt only with feminine office workers, our findings apply with equal force to the opposite sex. Special emphasis, however, should be laid upon the support they give to the opinions of those who have held that reducing diets are responsible for impairing the efficiency of the modern business girl.

"As the food supplies within the body approach the point of exhaustion, work powers begin to fall. Fatigue sets in, starting up muscular tremblings and lowering the speed and contractile power of the bodily members. Food of a highly concentrated and readily assimilable character unquestionably acts as a quick restorative of energy and working capacity.

If your stenog slips out for an ice-cream soda or a handful of caramels, don't scold the girl for stealing a few of the minutes you pay for in her working day, the writer advises, adding that she'll have more pep and be fresh and fast at the end of the day, when she has most to do. Reading on:

It was pointed out to Dr. Bolton that thousands of people instinctively had anticipated his findings. Pedlers carrying titbits of various kinds routed themselves through factories before noon and after lunch. And their patrons had without knowing it discovered a scientific fact—that a nibble during the day kept the tired feeling away.

"Working power is affected by the general food supply in the body," declared Dr. Bolton. "A fall in either the water or food content of the body will likely show itself in a loss of power. Drinks, being more readily absorbed, may, according to their contents, affect the working capacity almost immediately.

"Foods, except in the form of solution, are not so readily absorbed. Accordingly their influences are not so immediate. But foods differ very much in their solubility and so in their effects. A considerable fall in the food content of the body shows itself in muscular unsteadiness and faintness of feeling. These would affect many kinds of work unfavorably. A fatigue condition brings on a state of muscular unsteadiness, which reduces the rate of work and more especially the quality.

"Generally speaking, the day begins with a warming-up process. Our studies show that working capacity is comparatively low at the beginning of the office day. The human machine, right at the start, is never ready to deliver its greatest output.

"All work requires a certain degree of motor excitement to carry it on, and when this excitement has been awakened the work in a sense goes on of itself.

"From this warming-up period the capacity to work appears to increase until it reaches its maximum about 2:30 in the afternoon. From that time on, except for a spurt at the end, the curve seems to fall with a fair degree of steadiness until the office closes in the evening."

In summarizing his results, Dr. Bolton and his assistants "took into consideration about a half-million calculations," with this result:

He found that the curve of work for the girls who were fed regularly at 2:30 differed from the output of the squad which continued its ordinary habits.

"The full-food group," declared Dr. Bolton, "shows that work power has gone up very considerably during the day; it is low at 9:30, higher at 2:30 and still higher again at 4:30. Where the group which was not sustained with a nibble in mid-afternoon fell off in output, the full-food group showed the most efficient effort.

"In the average office the hours between 2:30 and 5 are the period of greatest rush and strain. The falling curve of work, shown by testing the girls who continued their normal food habits, occurs at the worst possible time.

"The purpose of our investigation was to determine to what extent working power may be sustained at its early afternoon peak by the eating of suitable quantities of foods which are quick sources of energy.

"Foods having a high sugar content were selected, because sugar is not only a highly concentrated energy food but one which is quickly assimilated by the system. Its effects, therefore, are almost immediately apparent.

"While there is every reason to believe that the same factors affect both men and girls employed in the modern office, there is a special reason for concentrating our study upon the girls. A large proportion of feminine workers are victims of the belief that by cutting down on certain necessary foods they can keep or acquire slender figures.

"There is ample evidence to show that extreme reducing diets lower the resistance to physical and nervous fatigue, and thus have an important bearing upon working capacity.

"We want to know what kind of foods, and in what amounts, will best offset this and other conditions that tend to decrease the speed and quality of work.

"While I do not consider the present investigation exhaustive, as no great variety of foods were tested and control over the girls' eating habits was not complete, sufficient data were uncovered to prove that in the average case the intake of a small quantity of easily assimilated food reduces fatigue and improves the ability to work."

In addition to the various mental tests, "delicately adjusted, electrically operated recording devices were used to measure speed and muscular control both in typing and psychological laboratory tests," the account runs on:

The twenty girls used in the tests were all girls released temporarily for the purpose by their employers. The tests were taken near their places of work three times a day: in the morning at 9:30 after the office mail had been sorted, after lunch at 2:30, and then at 4:30.

The girls were all between 19 and 26 years old and were experienced typists, stenographers and clerks, and the investigation was carried out under the usual office conditions. There was present the usual amount of street noise and confusion about the building. These may not be called ideal conditions for carrying out such experiments. But the plan was not to work under specially arranged circumstances, but under the regular conditions which surround office work.

"Accuracy of movement," says Dr. Bolton in describing the value of the tests, "is quickly affected by fatigue and the motory disturbances that come with the onset of hunger."

THROUGH THE YEARS

ALMOST three-quarters of a century ago, Doctor Squibb founded a modest laboratory at the request and with the financial aid of leading physicians. The purpose was to provide medicinal and pharmaceutical products on which members of the medical profession could rely at all times.

Upon this foundation the House of Squibb was built. It has attained its high standing not only by developing new and important processes of manufacture, but by providing products of a new and higher standard of quality—products that were purer, more uniform, more efficacious than were ordinarily available.

Steadfast through the years has been Squibb's application to this task. As new discoveries have been made by scientists in any part of the world, the Squibb Laboratories have been promptly placed into the service of each new advance.

The extensive Squibb Laboratories now in operation at Brooklyn, N. Y., and at New Brunswick, N. J., have grown out of the modest beginning of over seventy years ago.

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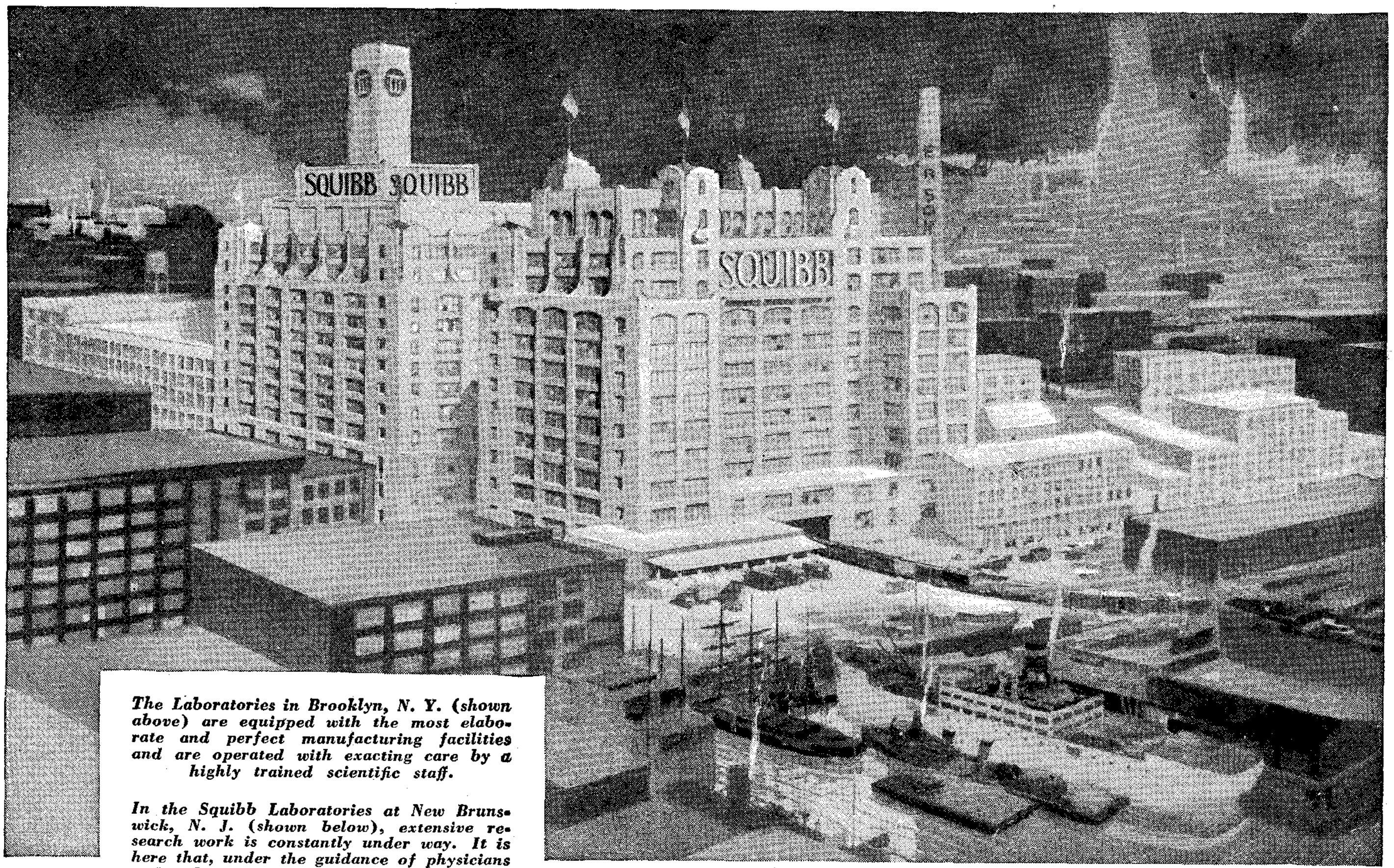

The Laboratories in Brooklyn, N. Y. (shown above) are equipped with the most elaborate and perfect manufacturing facilities and are operated with exacting care by a highly trained scientific staff.

In the Squibb Laboratories at New Brunswick, N. J. (shown below), extensive research work is constantly under way. It is here that, under the guidance of physicians and other scientists long experienced in such delicate work, improvements are being developed that make medicinal products ever more trustworthy and more helpful.

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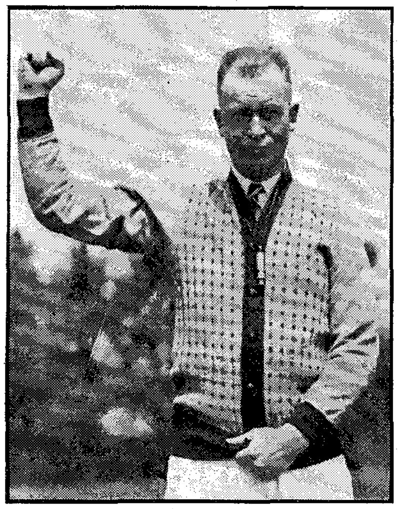
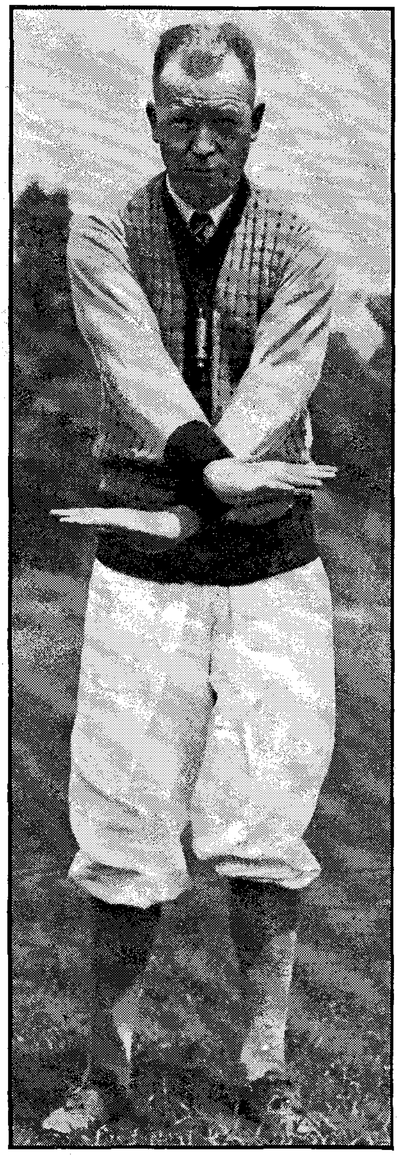
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

SOLVING THE FALL'S BIG GRIDIRON MYSTERY

IF SHERLOCK HOLMES DOES NOT LIKE football, he can have his Saturday afternoons off this fall. He will not be needed to explain the mysteries of the gridiron game to puzzled fans who have paid their money to sit in the cold and wonder what has happened every time a whistle blows or there is a scrimmage or long run. Football officials, realizing that much of the play is so much animated Greek to the spectators, have taken a leaf from the book of the Signal Corps and have devised a wig-wag system that should make every detail as plain as day. No longer need there be doubts as to interference, safety, holding, or touchbacks. Part of the signals are pictured on this and following pages, posed by W. H. Alexander, coach at Georgia Tech. They are explained thus by the New York *Evening Journal:*


CLIPPING, ROUGHING, OR PILING ON

> Arms crossed before the body, palms down, denotes an incomplete pass or missed goal. Both arms extended forward means interference. Both arms raised over head, palms forward, means touch-down. Right arm raised, first two fingers opened, indicates a safety. Right arm extended to the side and extended upward from elbow, with fist closed, means penalty for clipping, roughing, or piling on. Right arm raised in saluting position signals penalty declined. Arms raised over head and crossed at wrist means a touchback. Both arms raised over head with tips of fingers touching, palms down, denotes foul by both sides. Both arms extended shoulder high, right hand grasping left wrist, signals holding. Right arm raised over head, palm forward, means dead ball. One arm extended with index finger pointing to the offender, means offside.


Wide World photographs

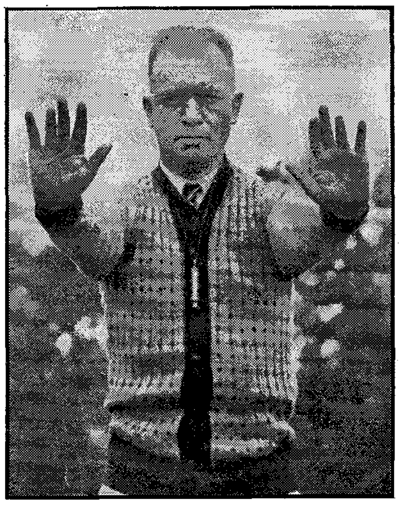
GIVING THE HIGH SIGN

Coach Alexander of Georgia Tech demonstrating the "incomplete-pass or missed-goal" signal.

This is indeed an age of wonders, exclaims the New York *World*, commenting thus on the signal system:

> Radio and talking-pictures, heavier than air flying-machines, and boats that race under the waters long since have ceased to be things of mystery to the innocent bystander. But in the process of these things becoming commonplace, football, America's favorite autumn sport, has remained, even to the most ardent student of the game, mystic, wonderful.
>
> The football fan has gone, in hundreds and hundreds of thousands, to look upon his favored sport. He has seen twenty-two earnest, hard-working athletes broiling on the gridiron, and has wondered what it was all about. He has gone even further than that. He has wondered if the players themselves, or the officials who made much ado about offsides and what-not, or the coaches who talked learnedly of aerial attack and criss-cross and laterals, knew what it was all about.
>
> Now all this is changed. No more will the football fan need a Sherlock Holmes or a Sam Lloyd to elucidate for him what is going on in the game.
>
> Football officials finally have decided that the man (or woman) in the stands has laid his admission money on the line for something more than sitting out in the open on a chilly afternoon. The fan wants to know what it is all about. He has always wanted to know what it is all about, but the officials have only just discovered that if the game is to keep on growing, the plays must not be kept secret to the officials and the coaches.
>
> Hence a system of signals has been devised whereby the officials on the field can let the people in the stand know what is what. A gesture of the arm by the field official will immediately telegraph to the stands that Whoozis College's penalty was for slugging. Another wave will inform the inquisitive public that forward pass was incomplete by being grounded.
>
> The signal system is complete, and takes in every possible detail that might be of interest to the onlooker.

As we write, the players whose actions are to be explained by these signals are getting down to business. On one page of an early September copy of the New York *Times*, we find reports of the doings of the squads of Columbia, Villanova, Pennsylvania, Fordham, Rutgers, Navy, Dartmouth, and New York University. And by the time this is read this amount of activity will seem trifling. To "Tad" Jones, the veteran coach and member of the All-America Football Board, in a copyrighted article in *The World*, it seems that this season will be interesting. Mr. Jones speaks in some detail of the Southern elevens. Mentioning the late successes of Georgia Tech, he continues:


INTERFERENCE

> This excellence is not confined to the Southeastern colleges, by

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How many different kinds of water, containing various alkalis and other chemical impurities, have gone into your radiator? What chemical reactions are biting into the metal, leaving it pitted and weakened, with salt deposits that restrict circulation?

* * *

How to combat these enemies of motor efficiency is a problem as old as the automobile. But only recently have McCord engineers found a practical, safe and effective solution.

Now you can give your radiator its regular cleaning *yourself*, or your garage man will do it for you at modest cost.

* * *

Get a can of the new McCord Cleaner (it costs a dollar at any service station, filling station or accessory store). Follow the simple directions, and when you see what comes out of your radiator you'll be glad you did.

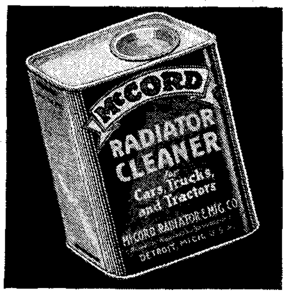
Unless a serious accident or equally serious neglect has forced you to buy a new radiator for your car, you have probably never realized how costly this *frontispiece* of your motor really is.

Your radiator is made entirely of brass, copper and solder, all but the outer shell, which is an expensive work of art in itself.

McCord, pioneers at radiator building, who build more automobile radiators than any independent company in the world, keep this costly raw stock in a vault-like, burglar-proof room. They call it the "Gold Room".

And craftsmanship is as costly as materials. When you think of *McCord* think of hundreds of highly paid artisans, both men and women, whose present skill is the reward of years of eagerly "learning how".

That McCord should build good radiators is not enough, however. The obligations of modern business extend beyond materials and manufacture. That your radiator shall give you the years of undiminished cooling efficiency that have been built into it, is just as important to McCord as it is to you. That is why McCord wants you to know more about radiators, and incidentally presents to motorists a simple scientific means of insuring radiator performance.



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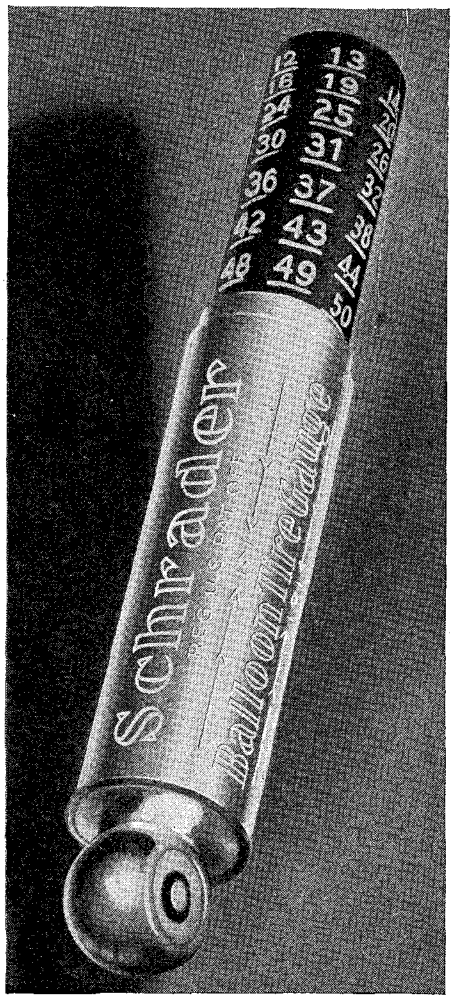

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TESTS by leading tire manufacturers prove that even five pounds too little air reduces tire mileage 25 to 30%. And tire engineers say that you can eliminate 80% of premature tire failures by keeping your tires at the correct air pressure.

These authorities urge the use of an accurate, durable tire gauge, such as the Schrader Gauge. This gauge operates on the "direct action" principle. There is no complicated mechanism to get out of order.

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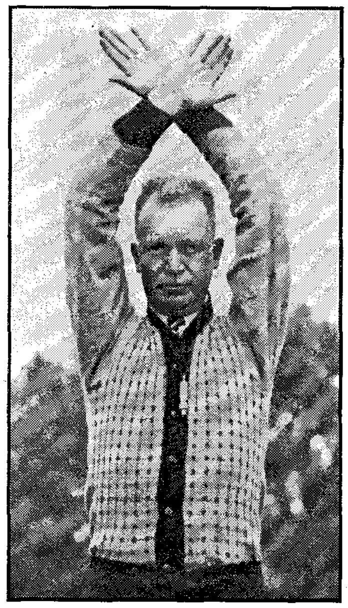
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

any means. Southern Methodist, Texas Aggies, and many others in the Southwest, are capable of putting on an attack that will bend, if not break, the most carefully coached defense. There may be many reasons for the rise of the South to a position of eminence in the game of football, but I am inclined to the belief that the rise is a most natural one. To any one who has followed football, even in the East alone, a star from the South is hardly an object of animated curiosity.



TOUCHBACK

On Yale's 1923 football team, Captain Mallory was from Tennessee. The quarter-back Richeson was from Louisiana, one tackle, Blair, was from Texas, and Diller, one of the guards, was also from the Lone Star State. The only regret that most Eastern coaches have is that too many Southerners stay in the South. With the wide-spread interest in the game, both in the preparatory schools and the colleges, and with better playing facilities in the way of equipment and fields, and better coaching as well, it would be surprizing if the South did not produce elevens capable of holding their own in any company.

From another direction, Champaign, Illinois, seat of the university of that State, via the Associated Press, come further indirect evidences of good prospects. Coach Zuppke is worrying about Illini chances again and, according to this dispatch, "'When Zuppke starts to worry, just watch out for Illinois,' one coach remarked last fall." Says the Associated Press further:

> Coach Robert Zuppke, who dotes on bear stories when talking about his University of Illinois football team, is at it again.
>
> "Zupp" arrived on the campus unexpectedly, and before he was through talking he had convinced his eager listeners that the Illini would have a terrible time winning their third straight Big Ten football championship.
>
> First, he announced that "Frosty" Peters, Illinois quarter-back and drop-kicking ace, would not return to school this fall because of a sinus operation. Then, to spread more gloom, he called attention to the recent faculty rule whereby any player can be declared ineligible from competition in the middle of the season at Illinois.
>
> "It looks like a tough fight," the little Dutchman said. "We will have our hands full winning a game, I guess."
>
> But "Zupp" has been spreading bear stories about the Illini so long and then turning out winning teams that rival coaches won't read about his gloom any longer.

In the midst of this chorus of enthusiasm and optimistic prophecy, however, Edwin B. Dooley, in the New York *Sun*, strikes a different note. "Football," he says in agnostic vein, "is full of myths and exaggerations, just as history is." Expressing doubt whether the famous deeds of Terry of Yale, Bailey of Maine, Dillon of Carlisle, and De Hart of Pitt were as brilliant as they have been painted, the dissenting Mr. Dooley says:

> Unconsciously the gridiron game lends itself to hyperbole. Take the names of some of the present-day teams. They ring with the bloody episodes of the primitive plains and resound with the thunder of the ancient conqueror's marching legions.
>
> Down in the balmy country of Florida, where the warm gulf breezes weave an atmosphere of subtle enchantment, one hears of the "Fighting 'Gators," the aggressive eleven that represents Florida University. In the Middle West the mighty "Wolverines" ravage the football world, or the "Thundering Herd" tramples its foes underfoot. And wherever the game is played it's the same way. Down in Georgia and up in Connecticut we hear of the "Bulldogs"; in the North country the "Indian" is on the war-path, and the "Crimson Avalanche" is rolling things under. At Purdue the "Boilermakers" are hammering things into shape, while the "Golden Tornado" is stirring up a terrible lot of dust. At Bethany we hear of the "Bisons" and in sunny California the "Golden Bears." At Lafayette it's the "Leopards," and at Pittit's the "Panthers." Princeton has its "Tigers" and Penn State its "Lions."
>
> The average account of a football game

FOUL BY BOTH SIDES

THE MAGNETIC POWER OF A SUCCESSFUL RECORD

In the brief time since the new executive group acquired control of Durant Motors, Inc., many prominent automobile dealers have made heavy capital investments in the Durant franchise.

These new Durant dealers are outstanding business leaders in their communities — and the communities represent practically every state in the Union, ranging from the great metropolitan centers to prosperous towns.

This trade trend toward Durant has great public significance, for it is one of the most emphatic endorsements Durant products could receive.

Men of this stamp do not transform their business and reinvest their capital without a powerful incentive.

In this instance, the incentive is not far to seek. It is found in a keen desire to enjoy the competitive advantage of a 4-Forward-Speed Six priced under a thousand dollars — and to become associated with the men who now control Durant.

To the combined credit of these executives stands one of the greatest successes in automotive history. Through the aggressive application of time-honored ideals of integrity and fair dealing, they created one of the most valuable automobile properties in the world.

Now they are applying the same talents and the same ideals to the development of another great property — Durant Motors, Inc.

They are perpetuating a lifetime purpose to build good motor cars, to advertise them in honest language, and to sell them at prices that mean profit to the dealer and *value* to the purchaser.

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FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX-SIXTY	109 in. wheelbase—$685	to $875
THE SIX-SIXTY-THREE	112 in. wheelbase—$845	to $1025
THE SIX-SIXTY-SIX *(4-Forward Speeds)*	112 in. wheelbase—$945	to $1125
THE SIX-SEVENTY *(4-Forward Speeds)*	119 in. wheelbase—$1195	to $1425

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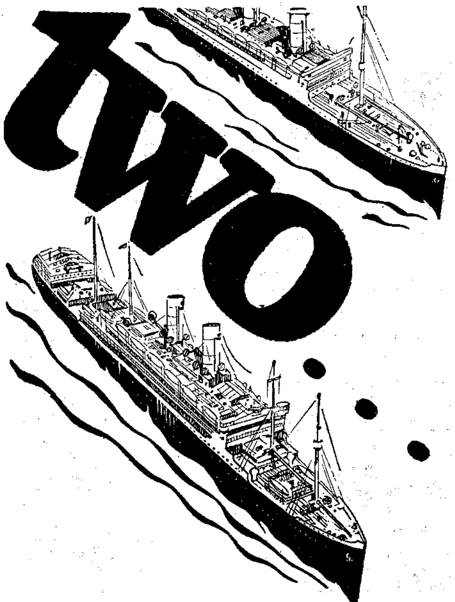
DURANT

A GOOD CAR



Mediterranean cruises

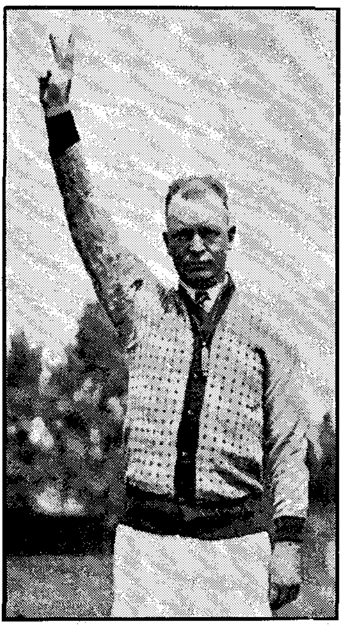
Why *two* Mediterranean cruises by Canadian Pacific next winter? Because of a growing demand for Canadian Pacific's cruise management.

Thus, 2 identical voyages. Which best suits your plans? S. S. Empress of Scotland sails from New York next Feb. 3... S. S. Empress of France, Feb. 13. The one, spacious giantess and Mediterranean favorite for years ...the other, a more intimate yet equally luxurious cruise queen! Both cover the same complete Mediterranean picture...73 days, 17 contrasting countries...the tourist trails and many off-the-beaten-path places, too...Majorca, with its romance of Chopin and Georges Sand...Mt. Etna in Sicily... carnival Venice... Dubrovnik in gay, young-old Jugo-Slavia... Greece, from peasant Corfu to classic Athens...18 days in the Biblical lands, Damascus to the Nile! Either cruise for as low as $900. Information and booklets... if you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Also, any Canadian Pacific office: New York, 344 Madison Ave...Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd...Montreal, 201 St. James St., W...and 30 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

outdoes in melodramatic metaphors the narrative of the Gallic Wars of Cæsar, or the detailed accounts of the battles of the World War. Backs crash the line with abandoned fury, and bring the foe down with a thundering tackle that rocks the very rafters of the stadium. If the truth were written, the tackler probably stuck his arm out sheepishly and managed to trip the runner so that he fell on his face. Linemen are reported as "charging like bulls infuriated by the tantalizing gestures of the matador," or "battling like a pair of enraged Hercules," or "struggling to the death like a pair of Frankenstein's monsters." In fact, there is no end or limit to the liberal use of adjectives employed by ardent scribes during the football season. Old-timers are bedecked in the purple of the immortals, and no tribute to their prowess is too good for them.


SAFETY

Even before the season is in full swing, the writers are warming up to the task. When Furman's squad prepared to take the field for its initial practise session recently, the following statement heralded the advent of the candidates. "The thundering herd! 6,995 pounds of beef and brawn will trample the sod of Charles M. Manly Field beneath the specially constructed cleats of forty ambitious gridmen, when the Hurricane varsity candidates check their bag and baggage at Dr. McGlothlin's hotel across the hill and report to Mentor Dad Amis and his muscle-mauling staff for the first football practise of the year—that tendon-bruising period that precedes the opening of the season." The mere contemplation of the pastime of football is positively breath-taking.

Critics take a lot for granted when they discuss football. They reflect the attitude of the spectators, polished up so that it will not seem second-hand. How often is a strong backfield runner credited with a mighty straight-arm, when in truth he never learned how to employ that valuable defensive weapon. One great back out of ten, and that is a liberal proportion, may know how to use a straight-arm. And yet, year after year, every back who carries a ball with any success at all is invariably credited with a dangerous straight-arm. It's part of football parlance to refer to it, just as it is to speak of hip-shifting, another glorious and elusive myth.

You hear of so-and-so, a veritable hip-shifting fool, who can weave his way through any broken field. All of which means nothing. Any man who can shift his hips on a football field, especially while on the run, should be in a circus. Football players are told repeatedly that when tackling a man in the open field they should fasten their eyes on a spot between his hip-bones. That portion of his body moves least of all, despite his maneuvers. When he swerves gracefully he creates the illusion in the minds of the spectators that he is shifting his hips, but it is his entire body that he is moving, and his hips least of all.

The football season was under way early south of the Rio Grande, and on September 8 President Emilio Portes Gil saw his first intercollegiate game, as a Mexico City dispatch to the New York *Times* tells us:

> He looked on beamingly while the Yale-coached University of Mexico eleven ran up and down the field against the club, Deportivo, last year's champion in Mexico.
>
> After the game President Portes Gil congratulated Reginald Root, tackle on the Yale 1924-25 elevens, who is now coach at the University of Mexico. The University of Mexico won the game, 19 to 6.
>
> "This sport has marvelous lessons for Mexican youth," said the President. "It calls for discipline and control over tempers, cooperation and valor. I have enjoyed the contest hugely. It was a great struggle. I hope to see other games of this virile sport."
>
> The President asked Coach Root to arrange a game with an American college for the inauguration of the great National Athletic Field on the outskirts of the capital, November 20. Root promised to do this. The President said he would stand for the expenses. Then he cited Root to come to the National Palace on Tuesday to discuss the development of football in Mexico.

PENALTY DECLINED

> Doña Carmen Garcia de Portes accompanied her husband to the game. She

Everything that makes coffee delightful . . . .

Nothing to make it forbidden . . . .

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The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night! It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know from actual experience that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

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Coffee—steaming and fragrant. Stir its ebony depths or watch the cream turn it to a golden brown. Then lift the cup to your lips and take a sip—rich and spicy in flavor—tempting in aroma—utterly satisfying!

If you've had to give up coffee, imagine being able again to drink coffee like that. If you cannot drink coffee at night, then imagine being able to drink it whenever you want—night *or* morning—without regret!

That's no futile wish—no wistful day dream. It's a marvelous reality. For the way has been found to remove from coffee the one thing in it that ever caused regret—caffein. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

Nothing added—only caffein removed

Sanka Coffee is all coffee—nothing but coffee—a superior blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees. Nothing is added—and only caffein, so often the thief of sleep, is removed. In Sanka Coffee remains the spicy flavor, the enticing fragrance—everything that makes coffee "the beloved beverage." Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality or in flavor. And Sanka Coffee is equally delicious hot or iced.

Thousands of eminent physicians both here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve perfectly its freshness and its fragrance. Not only that, but he sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not satisfied on every score, return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

You've nothing to lose. Much to gain—all the delights of coffee, without caffein's ill-effects. Get a pound today! If, by any chance, your dealer does not yet carry Sanka Coffee, send 75c and your dealer's name and address to the Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pound will be sent you postpaid.

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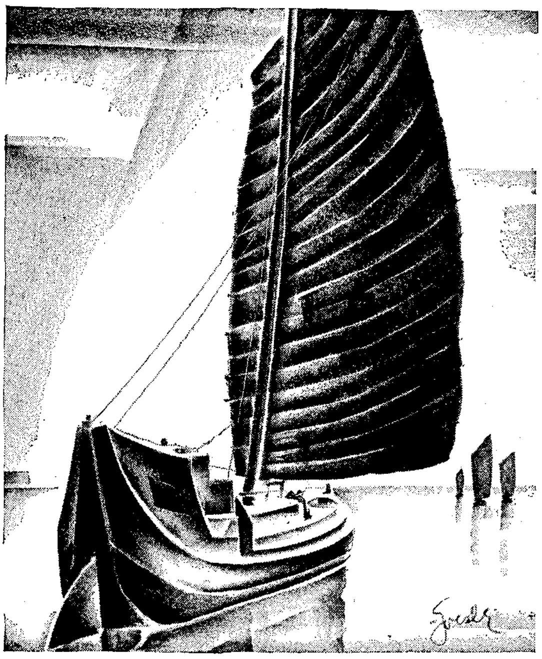

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46 days
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11-day **Cruises to Havana, Nassau and Bermuda.** *Something new. Cruises short enough for the busiest person, yet comprehensive, including three smart winter rendez-vous. Sailings enable you to stop over and resume your trip at your pleasure. The great* ***Red Star*** *liner LAPLAND sails Dec. 28; Jan. 11; Jan. 25; Feb. 8; Feb. 22; Mar. 8.*

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

exprest her feelings with the ecstatic phrase, "Qué emoción!" (how thrilling).

The university eleven showed the effects of four weeks of training. The squad played at times with machinelike precision, overwhelming the Deportivo tackles.

The university scored in three periods. The Deportivo touch-down followed a successful forward pass and was made against the university substitutes. Miranda, university half-back, played brilliantly.

TOUCH-DOWN OR GOAL

Mexican football in general leads W. O. McGeehan, in his New York *Herald Tribune* sports column, to these speculations and prophecies:

> The University of Mexico has invited Louisiana College to send its football team to Mexico City to play the Mexican team. It seems that intercollegiate football has moved south of the Rio Grande.
>
> The manager of Louisiana is trying to find an open date, and announces that if it can be arranged he will take his team to Mexico City from Brownsville by airplanes. This is an idea that Mr. Knute Rockne, of Notre Dame, might consider. The Notre Dame team does considerable travel in the course of the season and it might be an economical step to keep a number of planes on hand for the football team.
>
> Just what type of football the University of Mexico will put up, nobody knows. From what I know of the Mexicans they should play a strong and fast game. Much will depend on this international game of football. If the Mexican team turns out to be what it might be, the zone of proselyting will be extended south of the Rio Grande, and old grads from various colleges in this country will be crossing into Mexico prospecting for football material.
>
> It is my notion that there is plenty of it. The Mexicans could take to the game with considerable earnestness. It may not be so long before the University of Mexico will be on the schedule of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton.

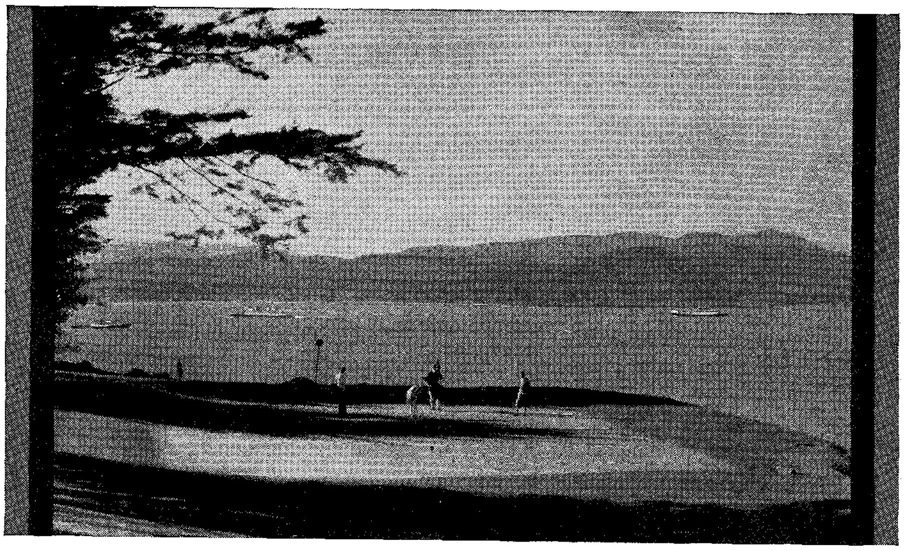
BABE RUTH'S ANNUAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

THE ten best ball players that Babe Ruth can pick from the major leagues go into an unofficial diamond hall of fame. Ruth started picking these teams as a result of a clubhouse argument, and his annual selection, now made for the eighth time, has become a national institution. The team is selected for the New York *World*, in which the decision appears. The All-America aggregation, outlined in a copyrighted article in that journal, includes these players:

Third Base	TRAYNOR	Pirates	National
Left Field	SIMMONS	Athletics	American
First Base	FOXX	Athletics	American
Right Field	HERMAN	Dodgers	National
Second Base	HORNSBY	Cubs	National
Center Field	WILSON	Cubs	National
Catcher	COCHRANE	Athletics	American
Shortstop	JACKSON	Giants	National
Pitcher	GROVE	Athletics	American
Pitcher	BUSH	Cubs	National

The job is not an easy one, Ruth remarks, as he tells us how he does it:

> There are so many good men for every position, so many men who are almost on a par, that the final selection is always difficult. To select a team that will please every one is, of course, impossible. Not this year, or any year, are there ten players who stand out so prominently in their various positions that they can be picked without argument.
>
> No doubt there will be differences of opinion this year as there have been in other seasons. In answer to those who disagree with my selections I can only say that I have made my selections without bias, and according to my best judgment and the judgment of the sports writers who served on the committee with me.
>
> That there has been no prejudice is best shown, I think, by the fact that I have named six men from the National League and only four from my own league, the American. That there has been no personal feeling can best be shown by the fact that I haven't named a single man from my own club, the New York Yankees, the men who play alongside me day after day through the season.
>
> This year, as in other years, I have had the benefit of the opinions of a committee of baseball writers representing each city in the two major leagues. These men have done a tough job mighty well. Through their eyes I have been able to see more closely certain National League stars.
>
> For the first time in the eight years I have made the All-America selections, my own team corresponds in every particular with the team named by the consensus of the writers. In every other year I have disagreed with the writers' opinion in from one to four positions. This year we have been in accord.
>
> Each writer made his own selections and stated his reasons. Not all agreed on the same men in their selection, which is natural enough.
>
> Of those named, Herman, Wilson, Foxx, Grove, and Bush have never been named before. Hornsby, Simmons, and Cochrane all were members of last year's team.
>
> I do not name this team as the best possible. Probably our readers could give me an argument on each position, and with good reason. But I do believe this team, as it stands, represents a mighty high plane in baseball.



A *land where thousands* CHOOSE *to live*.. see why this winter

Each year California's citizenry is being increased by thousands who first come to visit and then return to live. This state, more than any other, is one in which people live because they love it. The even, equable climate with the atmosphere of Springtime at every season makes it a land of out-of-doors.

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IS BOBBY JONES LOSING INTEREST IN GOLF?

ONE OF THE GREATEST billiard players that ever chalked a cue was playing in a match with one who was so much his inferior that, as the New York *World* remarks in an editorial recalling this encounter—apropos of Bobby Jones's recent defeat—"comparison would merely be ludicrous." Yet in this particular match the great player, Jake Schaefer, "could not seem to get started" against his opponent, Felix Grange of France. Schaefer, *The World* says, "would make a shot so brilliant that the gallery would hum, follow it with a beautiful gather, and then miss a set-up that a novice could make. As a result Grange forged steadily ahead, and it was not until he was well into his second hundred that Schaefer woke up and pulled the match out of the fire. Why his clumsiness in the early innings? 'Well,' mused one spectator, 'Jake Schaefer is thirty-four years old. He has played in so many matches that he can't begin to count them all. And against that punk out there he can't quite get up enough interest to click them off. People think that what age does to you is weaken your muscles and dull your eye. That's the bunk. Jake's muscles and eye are as good as they ever were. What it does to you is much worse. It erodes your soul, so that things don't matter as much as they did. Billiards is like football, boxing, and chess. Only youngsters can care enough about it to play it well.' "

International Newsreel photograph

THE BOY WHO SURPRIZED HIMSELF BY BEATING BOBBY JONES

Johnny Goodman, of Omaha, who eliminated the champion but failed to capture the championship.

Between this episode and the unexpected elimination of Bobby Jones in the recent national amateur golf tournament at Pebble Beach, California, *The World* draws a parallel. The supposedly invincible Bobby, holder of the title when the tournament began, was defeated in his first round of match play, eighteen holes, by Johnny Goodman of Omaha. Goodman himself fell in the next round. The tournament in general was one of upsets. Jones lost. Then, we read in the New York *Sun*, "came the topple of George von Elm, rated as second-best amateur in American golf, and that of Gene Homans, Roland Mackenzie, and Donald Moe." And finally Harrison Johnson of St. Paul came out on top, defeating Dr. Willing of Portland, Oregon. But let us return to *The World's* explanation of Bobby's fall. Says this journal:

> Altho he is only twenty-seven, he "has played in so many matches that he can't begin to count them all." He has been through two big tournaments this season. He was up against a player whom he should have taken with ease, a player to whom he probably gave only passing thought as he looked forward to the really difficult play. But passing thought is not enough to defeat even a mediocre player. And before he realized what was happening, Mr. Bobby Jones, the greatest golfer the world has ever seen, was out, with no way to get back. It all goes to show that skill, presumably the most mechanical thing that a human being can learn, has an emotional undertone too. Unless you care you are not likely to show much of it.

This view would seem to agree more or less with *The World's* news account of the match, where we read, "Jones, it must be said with due deference to the steady, heady golf played by Goodman, was quite a bit off the top of his game." But William D. Richardson, in the New York *Times*, presents a somewhat different view, as he tells us of the match and the things that Bobby had at stake in it:

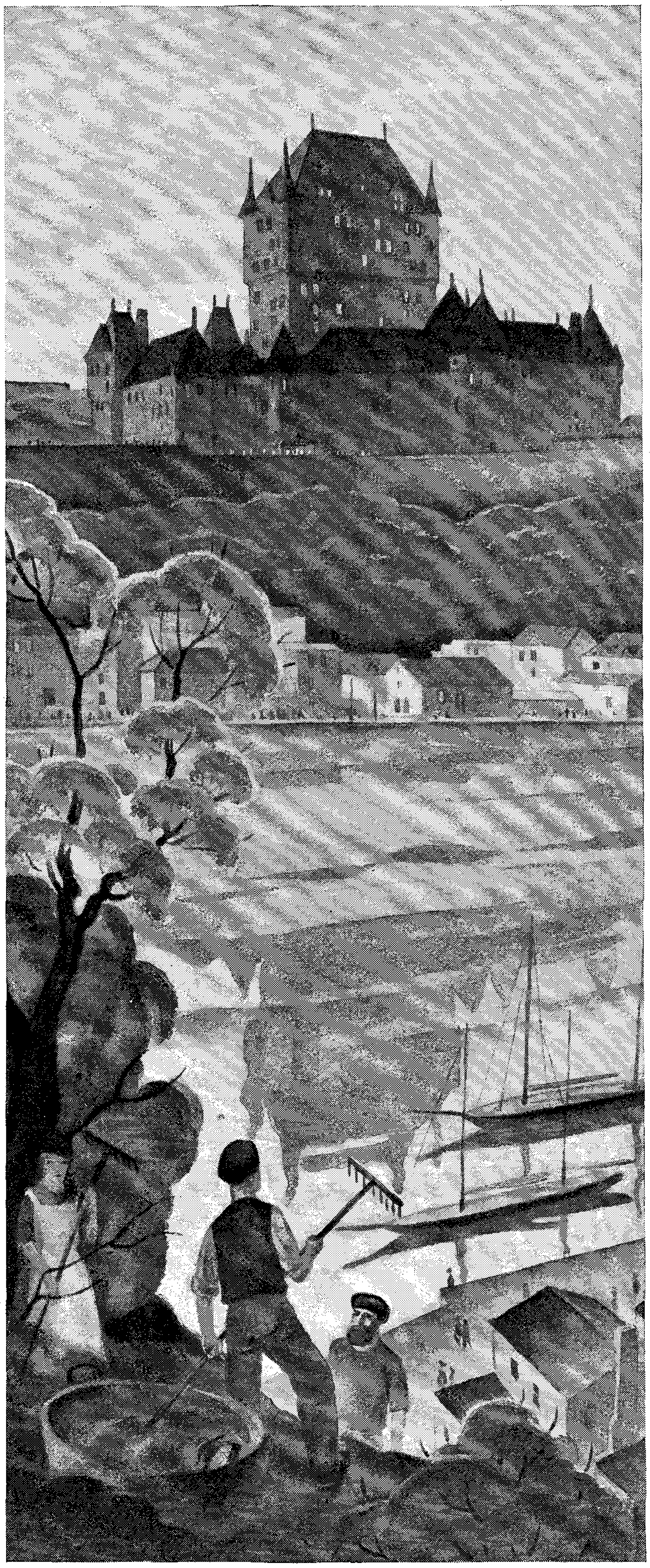
P. & A. photograph

THE NEW NATIONAL AMATEUR CHAMPION

Harrison Johnson, the "pride of St. Paul," who succeeded to Bobby Jones's crown after a tournament full of upsets.

> Jones met a fate he narrowly escaped in the last two championships. For the vast majority of the gallery who came for the express purpose of seeing Bobby win his third consecutive title and surpass the record he and Jerry Travers now hold jointly through having won four championships the defeat of the Georgian was nothing short of a calamity.
>
> Bobby had still another mark within reach of his mashie niblick—the record of winning both the open and amateur in the same year—a feat only accomplished by Chick Evans thus far.
>
> Except for the first two holes and the thirteenth and fourteenth, Jones played great golf, but those holes were his undoing.
>
> Bobby's ball had a poor lie on the first. He fluffed the shot and was thirty feet short of the green, while on the second he took a 6 by driving into a bunker, playing out short of the cross bunkers and eventually becoming stymied. Goodman, in the same trap on his drive, just managed to carry the cross trap on his third, and won the hole by chipping up close.
>
> Goodman won the third with a birdie 3, holing a twelve-foot uphill putt for it, and so was 3 up after the first three holes. Bobby stemmed the tide running so strongly against him, by winning the fourth with a birdie 3, and he also won the sixth with a birdie 4.
>
> His first putting lapse came when he three-putted the short seventh from twenty feet, running four feet past when he went

Chateau Frontenac



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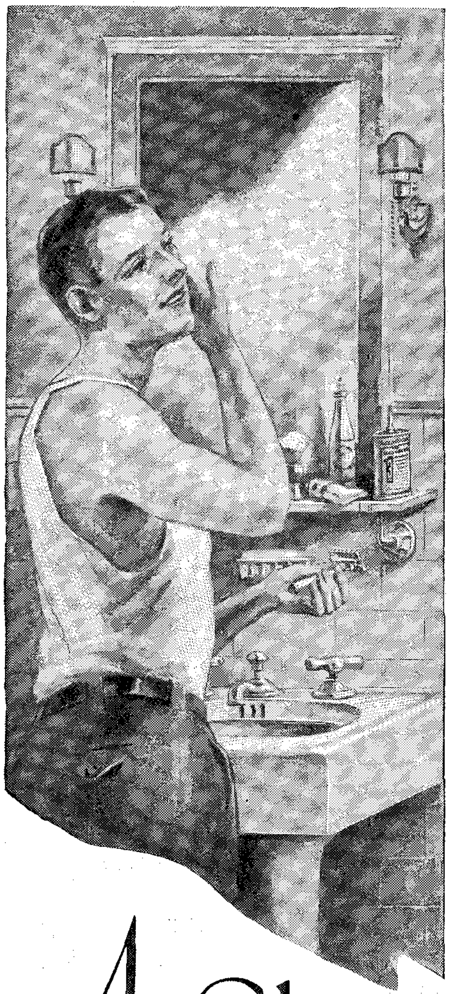

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The explanation is as simple as the trick itself.

Razors are really fine saws, the teeth so small that only a microscope reveals them. But moisture and lather lodge between these tiny teeth and cause corrosion between shaves. 3-in-One prevents the corrosion!

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

after a birdie, but he won the next one when Goodman's second went into the sand and he failed to get out on his first attempt.

After that Bobby began to play real golf, but Goodman never wavered, halving the ninth and tenth with fours and the eleventh with a birdie 3.

The downfall of Bobby was greeted with terrific mourning in most segments of the golf circle, and several controversial points were brought once more to the fore. One of these was the advisability of outlawing the eighteen-hole match, in favor of the thirty-six-hole, in such tournaments, on the theory that the shorter course does not furnish a sufficient test. But it seems to Heywood Broun, in his New York *Telegram* column, "It Seems to Me," that Jones's defeat was a good thing. In explanation of this heretical view he says:

> Even in golf an aristocracy should not be established. It is a good thing for the game to have Jones lose now and again. It is a good thing for Jones. The youngster who put out the champion had to perform prodigies to achieve his triumph. There is no fairness in suggesting that the result was a fluke, even tho it is likely that Bobby could trim him nine times out of ten. What of that? Eighteen holes may furnish a less exacting test than the double round, but it is a standard golfing distance, and the verdict deserves respect.
>
> There is luck in golf, as in most other sports. As far as I know, chess is the only field of human competition in which chance has been reduced to a minimum, and for that very reason it is also one of the dullest of pastimes. Luck can have much to do with success in politics, industry, or even art. I do not see why it should be barred from the golf course. A few believe that the processes of science owe nothing to chance, but Newton needed to get a break with the apple, and Franklin's thunder-storm seems to have come along at a convenient moment.
>
> Moreover, a friend of mine who is engaged upon medical research tells me that many of the greatest discoveries in his field were made by men who were upon the trail of something else. And Columbus, so the teacher said, was looking for a northwest passage.
>
> Men engaged in pursuits far more important than the attempt to win the amateur golf championship have been obliged to submit to the dictates of fate. Jones does well to take his debacle calmly. He cut a shot too fine and fell into a pit. Napoleon did the same thing at Waterloo. Bobby should anoint himself with the satisfaction which comes to those who failed while greatly daring. It was a reckless stroke and not a timid one which sent him to the side-lines.

Turning more directly to the match and its participants, however, let us have a look at the twenty-year-old who deposed the "King of the Links." In the New York *Evening World* we find this brief sketch:

> Johnny Goodman has had one of the most colorful careers in golf, even if he didn't obtain much prominence until he

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eliminated the Atlantan from the national amateur.

Johnny, one of eight children left orphans by the early death of their father, became a caddie in Omaha, when he was ten years old. Like many another star of the game he learned how to play by watching his employers' mistakes on fairway and green.

When he was fifteen he won a tournament in Omaha. At sixteen he was State Champion of Nebraska. Next year he won the city championship of Omaha. He attended night school to get a high-school diploma.

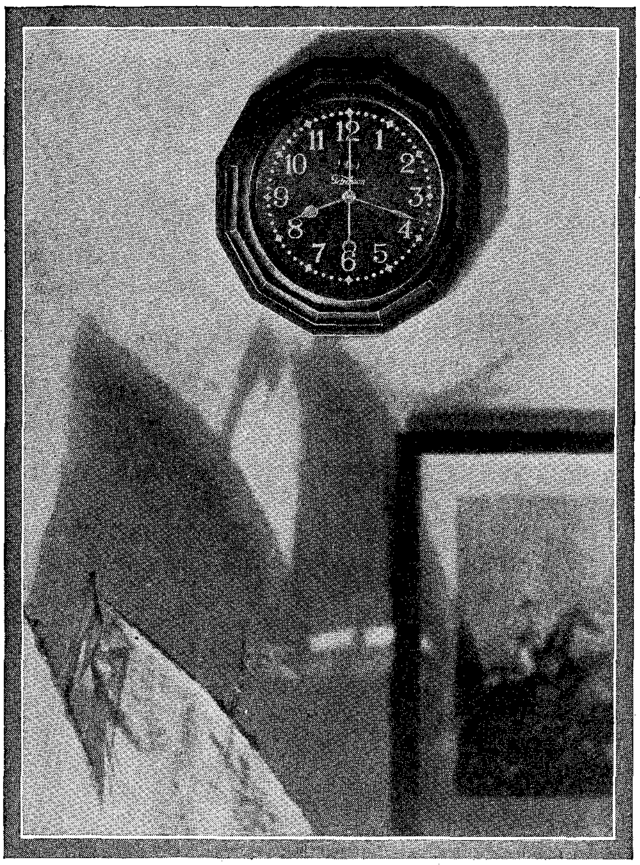
In 1926 he was so anxious to compete for the trans-Mississippi title that he took a job as cattle-tender on a freight train to reach St. Louis, scene of the tournament. He reached the semifinals. The next year several Omaha golfers, who had been much imprest by his record, invited him to join their motor party to the trans-Mississippi in Colorado. He won the tourney.

Last June young Johnny jumped into national prominence for the first time when he turned in the lowest score of any of the 1,400 golfers, amateur and professional, who tried to qualify for the national open at Winged Foot.

Country clubs in Omaha wanted to pay his expenses, but he refused the offers, not wishing to endanger his amateur status. Again he hired out on a cattle train. He finished thirty-fourth at Winged Foot.

The sensations of a golfer who has beaten Bobby Jones are more easily imagined than described. Johnny Goodman himself could not describe them, and admitted it in a copyrighted article for North American Newspaper Alliance, in which he said:

> The crowd was fine, but the only thing I remember is Bobby Jones coming up with his hand outstretched.
>
> I can't tell you what it feels like. If you have ever wanted something real badly—and then found out you could have it just by trying hard, you will know how I felt when I beat Bobby Jones.
>
> I will never make the mistake of thinking I can ever beat him again. He didn't play very well, and I am sure he could beat me every time he tried, but I will say that if I ever again have the honor of meeting him, I will try just as hard.
>
> It is a wonderful honor, just to have played with him.
>
> But you can tell the world, Bobby Jones is the best golfer—and the finest gentleman in the world, and if it hadn't been that I wanted to win if I could, I would be awfully sorry that he didn't beat me, for I feel sure he could have won the National Amateur Championship.
>
> I had the advantage of Bobby Jones when we started to play. Every one thought sure that Bobby would win, so I started out to do the best I could. Bobby couldn't seem to get going, and the first thing I knew I had won the first three holes.
>
> Three holes up at the start of an eighteen-hole match is quite a handicap, and I wondered if I could keep trying hard enough to win.
>
> Bobby Jones is a wonderful gentleman, and I know he didn't blame me for winning those first three holes. Like every fan in that big gallery, I thought it would be only a question of time when Jones would cut loose and swamp me.



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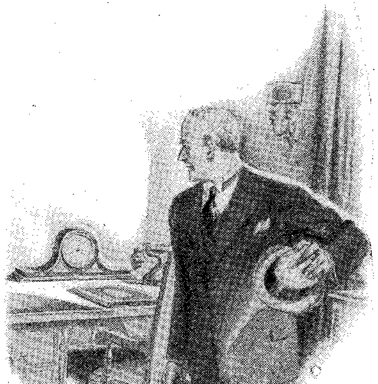

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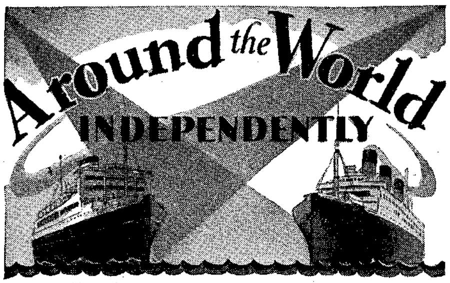

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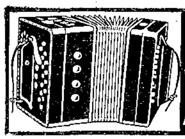

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

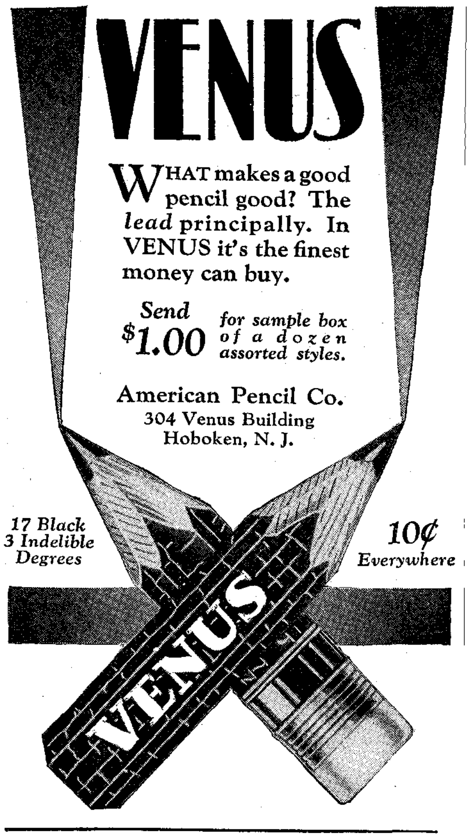
INFECTED BEACHES AND BATHING POOLS: A REMEDY

DESPITE warnings of health authorities, the public continues to bathe in polluted waters, with the result that skin infections, such as boils, abscesses, and dermatitis have become very prevalent. Dr. Charles F. Pabst, chief dermatologist at Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, who is responsible for this statement, contained in a letter to THE DIGEST, suggests United States control of the beaches, and offers a method of preventing skin infection. His proposals are thus described in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

> Dr. Pabst said yesterday that the pollution of the local bathing beaches was assuming such proportions that if it continues the Federal government should control and prohibit bathing in the infected areas, to prevent a general epidemic. Dr. Pabst proposed that bathing in the infected waters be prohibited until ordinances are passed to bring about purification.
>
> "Very often waters of one State are polluted by those of another State," Dr. Pabst said. "The matter is so serious that it has become the subject of a national study by the United States Public Health Service. If the condition continues it may be necessary for the Federal health authorities to exercise supervision of the beaches and the water near them.
>
> "The government health authorities could close polluted beaches to bathers, as a necessary health measure. Such action would result in State health ordinances that would eliminate oil and factory waste, sewerage, and other pollution, that is largely responsible for the unhealthy condition of these beaches.
>
> "To prevent skin infections, which are due to germs in the polluted water, sponge the entire surface of the skin with a 2 per cent solution of boric acid. Dry the skin well and apply a pure talcum powder. This should be done after each swim."

Meanwhile the U. S. Public Health Service also calls attention to certain dangers to health to which the bather or swimmer may expose himself. We quote the following from a Health Service bulletin:

> In choosing a bathing-place many people assume that protection is provided through the supervision of some proper official or sanitary authority. In many instances such supervision is either lacking entirely, or so inadequate that little real protection is afforded. The bather should familiarize himself with the general sanitary requirements for bathing-places of various types, and should satisfy himself that these requirements have been fulfilled before he decides on the selection of any particular body of water.
>
> Bathing-places may be divided into three general classes: (1) Natural outdoor ponds, rivers, tidal waters, etc.; (2) outdoor pools, partly natural and partly artificial; and (3) pools, either outdoor or indoor, which are entirely artificial.
>
> The chief danger to health to which bathers may be exposed is pollution of the



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water from the bodies of other persons. Such pollution may come from domestic sewage deposited in harbors or streams, or in swimming-pools, either natural or artificial, it may result from direct contamination of the water by the bathers themselves. The existence of pollution in the water of bathing-places, while usually unavoidable to a certain extent and not of itself invariably dangerous, is of serious concern, because of potential danger—the ever-present possibility that discharges from the human body may contain the germs of infectious diseases.

Two important precautions always should be observed in the choice of a bathing-place—to ascertain, first, that the water, before use, is safe, and, second, that proper steps are taken, especially in ponds and pools, to insure that direct contamination by bathers is offset by dilution through the constant addition of large amounts of fresh water or by appropriate replacement and disinfection.

Before use, the water should be of approximately the same bacteriological purity as drinking water, whether the bathing-place be a stream, pond, or a pool. Under certain circumstances, as in a stream or pond, the water may have more turbidity or cloudiness than is allowable for drinking-water without being at all dangerous.

Open waters in large streams, lakes, and bays are usually safe if there is no discharge of sewage near-by or above the bathing-beach. There is an erroneous popular idea that the water in a stream will purify itself under all conditions in traveling over a certain distance. It is true that natural purification does take place in streams, but the distance which pollution will travel in a creek or river depends upon many things, such as the amount of contamination compared to the volume of water in the stream and the rate of flow. Pollution will often travel farther in a rapidly flowing broken stream than in a slow-flowing placid one. The best plan, when there is doubt as to the safeness of a water supply, is to seek the advice of the health authorities, and depend upon bacteriological examination and a sanitary survey rather than upon haphazard opinion.

Especially dangerous is the practise of bathing off docks, wharves, and sea-walls in the harbors of large cities. The waters about such places are usually grossly polluted from sewers or boats. Such waters are likely at any time to contain the germs of typhoid fever and dysentery.

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Your teeth, my love, are like the stars
That shine so bright above you;
Their pearly whiteness holds a charm
Which makes the whole world love you.
Whene'er your eyes look into mine,
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But when you smile at me, my love,
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But do you think it proper, love,
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—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Davey—"It is."

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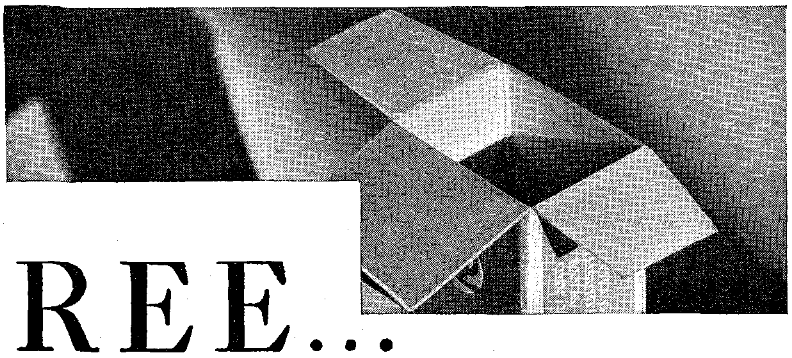
Davey—"Ho ho! I don't try!"—*Weekly Scotsman.*



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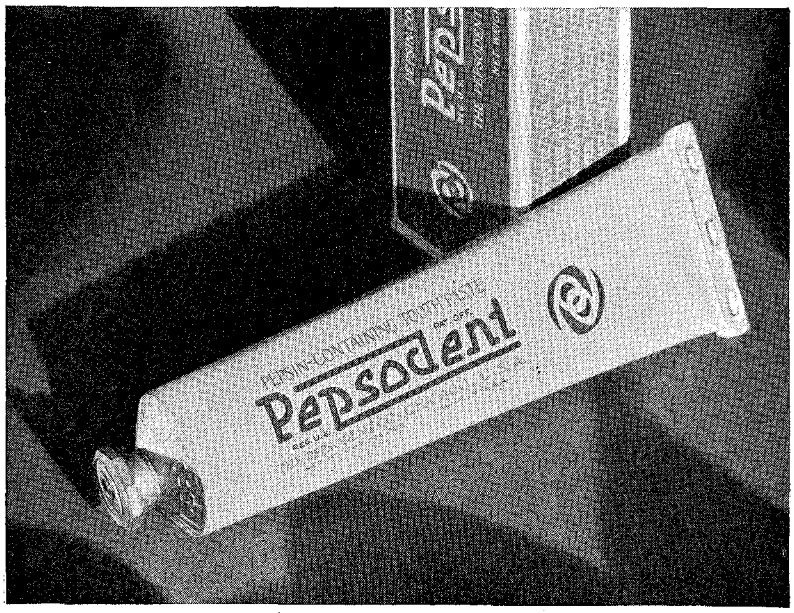

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

UNCLE SAM'S WAR ON "FINANCIAL SPEAK-EASIES"

THE RECENTLY STARTED RAID of Federal authorities on stock swindlers, "racketeers," operators of "financial speak-easies," and all kinds of shady brokerage houses and bucket-shop keepers is arousing wide-spread newspaper attention as being the first instance in which the Government has made a determined and sweeping attack on nationally operated stock swindles. The best chance for its success, according to press writers, lies in the fact that Uncle Sam has a powerful weapon not available to States and municipalities in the Federal Statute against fraudulent use of the mails. The present effort to curb stock swindling has five objectives, according to Assistant United States Attorney George J. Mintzor, in charge of the drive in New York; as reported by Alexander Martin in the New York *Herald Tribune*, these are:

> First, to put fraudulent operators in jail (somewhat comparable to an attempt to round up the army of crows that steal the farmer's corn); second, to awaken the public to the general situation and open the eyes of the gullible to fraudulent methods (more hopeful); and, third, bring about a demand for State supervision of stock brokers, something like the present supervision of banks, with a law, perhaps, making it compulsory for stock brokers to take out licenses and providing State supervision.
>
> The drive is directed against four varieties of swindlers: those who sell stocks in worthless companies, knowing they are worthless; those who sell stocks, take the money, then pack up and disappear without ever delivering the goods, operating under a succession of fictitious names; those who run bucket-shops, and those who operate through fraudulent tipster sheets.

The fake tipster sheet is characterized by Mr. Martin as the most up-to-date swindling racket:

> These wolves in sheep's clothing have been reaping a neat harvest for eight years or so, but in the last two years they have increased in number, until now about 500 of them are printed and circulated throughout the country, tho mostly in New York. The fake tipster sheet, which has traded on the success of legitimate financial information services, is a daily or weekly letter, small newspaper, or magazine, which purports to give "hot tips" on stocks due for a rise; it is usually circulated without cost—that is, without visible cost—to those on sucker lists.

The sucker-list, of course, as this writer explains, is a list of names—which can be bought easily—of persons who have either bitten on fake offers or who have shown an inclination to do so. The sucker-list is drawn originally from the even larger list of prospects made up from listed shareholders of stocks and names in the classified telephone directories, and the like.

Within the last few months the new type of stock swindling, replacing the old-fashioned bucket-shop, has reached its peak. This, writes Lemuel F. Parton for the Consolidated Press, is partly because "the last two or three years have seen the first tightly geared hook-up of the tape with the farthest reaches of the country, in the revised and vastly improved communication system." The dodges of the new "financial porch climber" are varied and intricate, but, continues Mr. Parton:

> Most dependable is the old trick of dredging up some crippled security, "hopping it up" with fake wash sales, and then scooping in large stacks of white chips from numerous amateur gamblers in many towns and cities. This is now a large-scale operation. While it is a venerable swindle, modern enterprise has added new turns and embellishments. Here is one of them:
>
> A small merchant, in Omaha for instance, gets a letter marked "personal and confidential," with an engraved letter-head, and bearing every appearance of having come from such a respectable institution as the Federal Reserve Bank. It informs Mr. So and So that, in confirmation of a previous long-distance telephone call, the pool operation in Gumdrop preferred has been completed and that the stock will move with a 20-point rise on September 1, and advance to 100 by September 15. The recipient of the letter is puzzled, having had no dealings with this firm. Then he gets a telegram. It informs him that the letter was intended for another J. W. So and So in Cincinnati, and had been inadvertently sent to Omaha. Will he kindly return the letter and regard the contents therein as confidential?
>
> The crooks are good psychologists. Before making this studied mistake, they had scouted Mr. So and So, as ripe for plucking. They had figured that he would dive right out of a third-story window and rush down the street to buy Gumdrop preferred—and he does. A few thousand of these circular letters, sent to the wrong addresses, pumps up an actual buying interest in the stock, while the crooks unload.
>
> A newsdealer informed this correspondent that the demand for race-track sheets was falling, as the demand for stock-market tipping sheets rose. It is again reported from the race-tracks—as it was reported last season—that the bull market is taking the play away from the bookies. Unquestionably a large and adventurous section of the populace is playing the market as it had been accustomed to play the track—with whispers, inside tips and low-down—"right out of the feed-box." There are now about 75 market tipping-sheets sold on the New York news-stands.
>
> As usual, this market racketeering has shaded off, in its higher levels, into wildcat banking. The series of banking scandals of the last few months has been an incidental phenomenon of every big bulge of easy money in the history of the country. These bank failures would have been predictable two or three years ago, in the light of what has happened in the past. But for the first time, these inside jobs of bank burglary have been isolated, and their perpetrators are being herded into the same corral with the more ingenuous crooks who worked up from three-card monte. There is no evidence that the fly-by-night banking has been sufficient in kind or volume to affect the national banking system or to undermine confidence in it.

The campaign of Federal authorities to enforce the fraud-by-mail statute against the racketeers has already started several on the road to Atlanta, and what is more, writes W. F. Wamsley in the New York *Times*, "the application of the law and the publicity involved have caused a legion of financial racketeers to fold their tents and silently steal away." In spite of the fact that much is being accomplished, this writer admits that "as in the case of the speak-easy that purveys liquor illegally, the country will probably be never entirely rid of the financial speak-easy":

> "The game waxes and wanes as the legitimate markets wax and wane. It is prosperous and expands when people the country over have money with which to buy securities, and when active and rising markets tempt the speculator on to quick riches. It contracts when markets are dull and listless, when public interest in securities is at low ebb, or when public attention is drawn sharply to the methods of skulduggery, as is being done at present."

A generation ago one could walk into a bucket-shop on Broad Street and "bet with the tape" on any stocks going up or down without any thought of actual purchase. Then, to continue quoting from the writer in *The Times:*

> This became a little too raw, and out of the tape game developed the bucket-shop, in which the broker made the same bet—that the customer was wrong—but camouflaged it by a purchase of the stock (for the purpose of obtaining a buyer's name) even tho it was immediately sold, the house bucketing the order. The term bucket-shop originated from the bucket or basket kept by the brokerage offices into which were thrown the incoming orders that were never executed or, if executed on the buying side, immediately sold out.
>
> The bull market of 1919–20 put an end to most of them. They could not pay off the customers whose orders had been bucketed, because, for once, the customers had won their bets that the market would go higher. The bucket-shops failed rapidly, and with loud reports resembling the touching off of a bunch of firecrackers.
>
> Then came the bull markets of 1927, 1928 and 1929, and with them the financial speak-easy, whose merchandize is drest up

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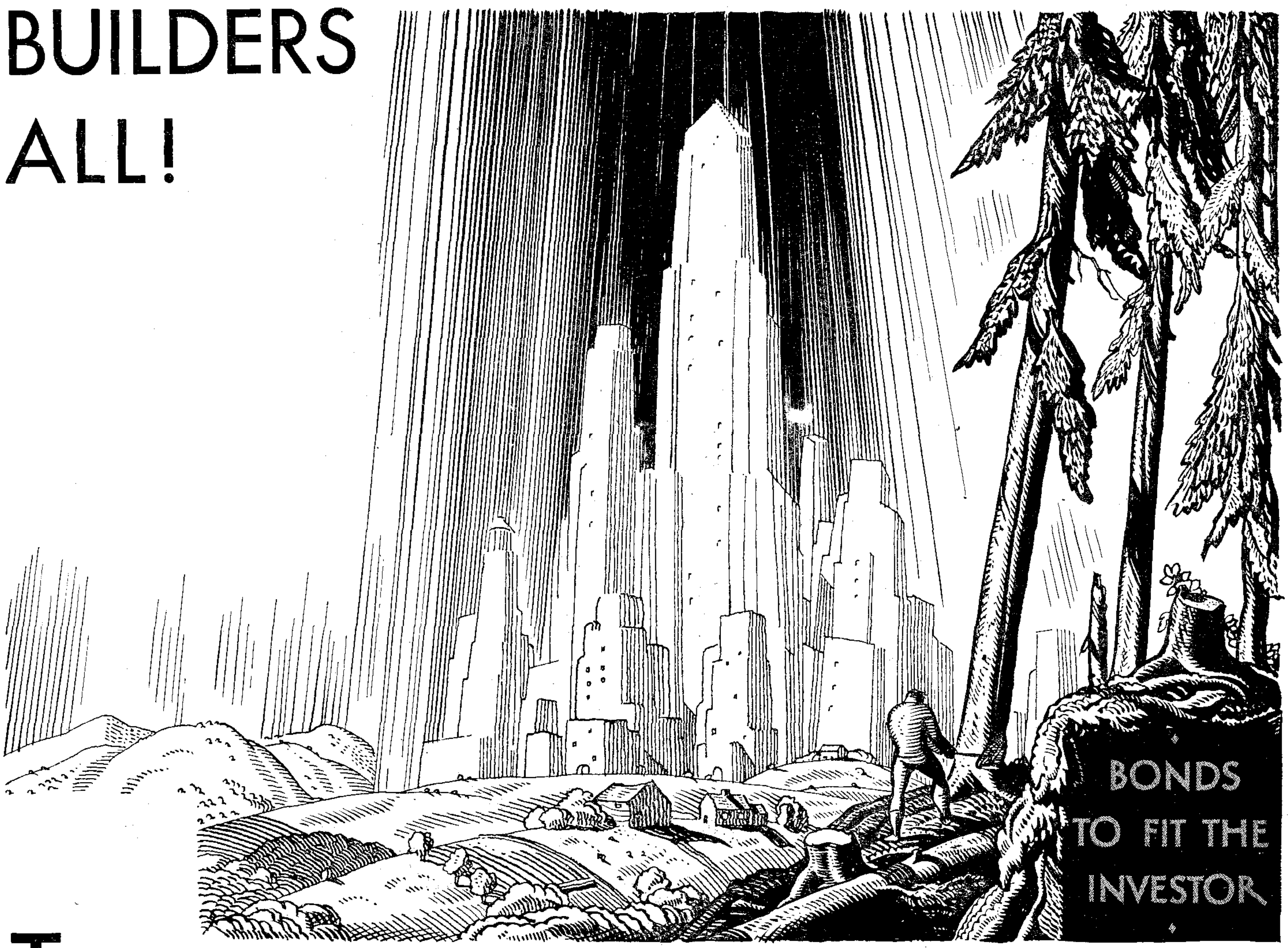
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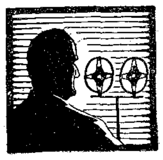

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

in such a pleasing fashion, and its sale urged so skilfully and adroitly, that the unsuspecting customer usually has the pretty—but generally worthless—certificates and the racketeer the money before the buyer realizes what it is all about.

There are three physical requisites for a financial speak-easy. First, a stock to sell; second, a "sucker list" of customers to sell it to; third, means of communication with those customers, mainly by telephone, telegraph, and mail. All of them are comparatively easy to procure.

Mining shares, formerly the popular sucker bait, have gone out of fashion. Now it is the oil shares, the public-utility issues, aviation stocks, the motors, and others of the sort, which are in popular favor. So the racketeer hunts out a small company engaged in one of these lines—one that has encountered hard sledding because of competition, because of lack of capital or from other causes—and buys or options as much of the stock as he can acquire. Usually it is for a few cents a share, but sometimes the price runs up to $10 or more a share.

Seldom is there any open market for this stock. It is not listed on any exchange, nor is it dealt in over the counter. The racketeer can arbitrarily fix its selling price at any figure he thinks the traffic will bear.

With his stock in hand and his tipsheet circulating, the proprietor of the financial speak-easy is ready to establish his "boiler room." This is merely a room containing a table at which sit the glib-tongued salesmen, known as "dynamiters," who have previously been versed and rehearsed in their "canvass."

Most of the high-pressure work is done over the telephone.

Small-town merchants, clergymen, school-teachers, farmers, and lawyers appear to have been the favorite quarry of the racketeers, as disclosed by the investigation made by officials now engaged in smoking them out. The losses were generally from $1,000 to $5,000 to the individual, but at times they ran into greater sums.

The technique of the dynamiter is thoroughly standardized, we read on. A small-town merchant is called on the phone and told how a certain New York brokerage house can help him make money. Some sales are made on the first call; if not, recourse is had to a cleverly planned follow-up system. The victim may send cash or he may send a few shares of a standard stock that he owns, for margin. Of course, his shares are sold at once and he is "put in" the new stock. He is kept guessing for some time, being persuaded to buy additional stock on a slight depreciation or to switch into something else:

> In most cases it is not until the customer's determination to sell and secure his cash is final that he realizes he has been in the hands of a "gyp," and has been literally shorn of his fleece. It is seldom that there is a market for any of the stocks boosted by financial speak-easies. A few of the racketeers, alarmed at the investigations under way and seeking a softening of the charges made or to be made against them, have rebought stock sold at the prices paid, but these cases are few and far between. Some have fled with their ill-gotten gains, others have changed individual and firm names and addresses.
>
> The financial speak-easy is probably more dangerous than was the old-fashioned bucket-shop. It uses more subtle and far more plausible methods, nicely calculated to attract the dollars of the inexperienced investor. The wariness of the dynamiter does not usually arouse the suspicions of the victims, because of the secrecy usually surrounding stock-market transactions.
>
> The guns of the 1929 dynamiters are trained on the small game, the men and women with a few thousand dollars, which in the aggregate run into the millions. The guess of the United States Attorney that $5,000,000 has been sopped up from the financially inexperienced by the speak-easies of Wall Street in the last few months is probably as good as any other. Officials of the Better Business Bureau, who have for long maintained a securities department for ferreting out crimes, say that the aggregate losses to the people of the country through the sale to them of worthless, or nearly worthless, securities by high-pressure methods will run into a total of billions rather than millions.

The financial speak-easy may be combated in two ways, by the sort of campaign now on, and by a campaign of education, concludes the writer for *The Times*. "Until everybody learns to investigate before investing, the swindler will take his toll of national prosperity, tho he neither toils nor spins," observes the Dayton *Journal*. And the Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings of New York in its *Franklin News* calls attention to these rules recently published by the Attorney-General of New York State:

> 1. Find out the responsibility of the person or firm asking you to purchase securities.
>
> 2. Take your time when strangers try to sell you securities. Demand references and investigate.
>
> 3. Do not hesitate to ask your bank, lawyer, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, or Better Business Bureau what they think of the proposition.
>
> 4. Inquire of some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business, for an opinion of the standing and prospects of the company.
>
> 5. Do not believe that the sensational success of one company in a stated line or field is a guaranty that any other company will succeed in the same business.
>
> 6. Remember that bonds become just as worthless as stocks when the security is impaired.
>
> 7. The value of a guaranty depends upon the integrity and financial strength of the guarantor.
>
> 8. When printed agreements are offered for you to sign, remember that separate promises by salesmen are not binding upon the company.
>
> 9. Always insist upon having a witness present when acting upon any oral representations regarding securities.
>
> 10. If you become victimized by swindlers, or are suspicious of the actions of any company or individual in transactions in securities, do not delay in notifying the office of the State Attorney-General, and above all else do not swap your safe investments or savings for worthless securities.

"REAL WAGES" HARD TO COMPARE

SO much is made of high-wage and low-wage standards affecting the cost of production for home and international markets that somebody needs to invent a yardstick for accurate comparative measurement of real wages in different countries. Americans who establish plants in foreign countries want information. The tariff-makers at Washington have projected "equalizing of differences in conditions of competition" as a new test of protective tariff rates, and organized labor is decidedly interested. "It is a surprize to discover how little is known about the level of real wages within different countries," says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, and statistics covering real as distinguished from nominal wages in any given country would be helpful toward judging the comparative well-being of comparable classes in other parts of the world. Research has begun in this obscure field, as *The Journal of Commerce* tells us:

> Data are difficult to obtain, and even more difficult to use for the purpose of making comparisons. However, a beginning has been made by the International Labor Office by securing an average of agreed time rates for eighteen occupations in the leading cities of about twenty countries. The comparisons based on these figures obviously indicate only the variations in the sums which workers might earn in the several countries by working constantly for the same number of hours per week.
>
> Even after these figures have been translated into a common currency, the real wages of the workers remain unknown quantities. The International Labor Office has tried to meet this problem by estimating the cost of the commodities that the workers are accustomed to consume in quantity. This method of selection, however, suggests another difficulty. Habits of consumption, likes and dislikes, are themselves a result of living standards in good part. Countries in which workers are well paid are apt to be countries in which workers prefer a varied diet because they can buy it, while in poorer communities more monotonous tastes are often the result of restricted pocketbooks. When it comes to estimating the costs of such items as rent, moreover, a large item in the working-class budget, the difficulties of obtaining satisfactory comparative data are said to be almost insuperable, while other costs such as heat, light, clothing, etc., present special problems due to climatic differences.

Admitting imperfections in material secured for comparison, this Labor Office investigation is welcomed, and we are informed that "the result of the estimates of comparative real wages based primarily on quantities of food consumption are published regularly in *The International Labor Review*." We read:

> At the beginning of this year it appeared that the average real wage for Philadelphia was 197 per cent. that of London; Berlin was about 73 per cent. as high as London; Paris, only 57 per cent.; and Rome, 42 per cent. These figures indicate a disproportion that tends to cast a good deal of doubt upon the reliability of the results, but considering the handicaps, too much can not be expected.

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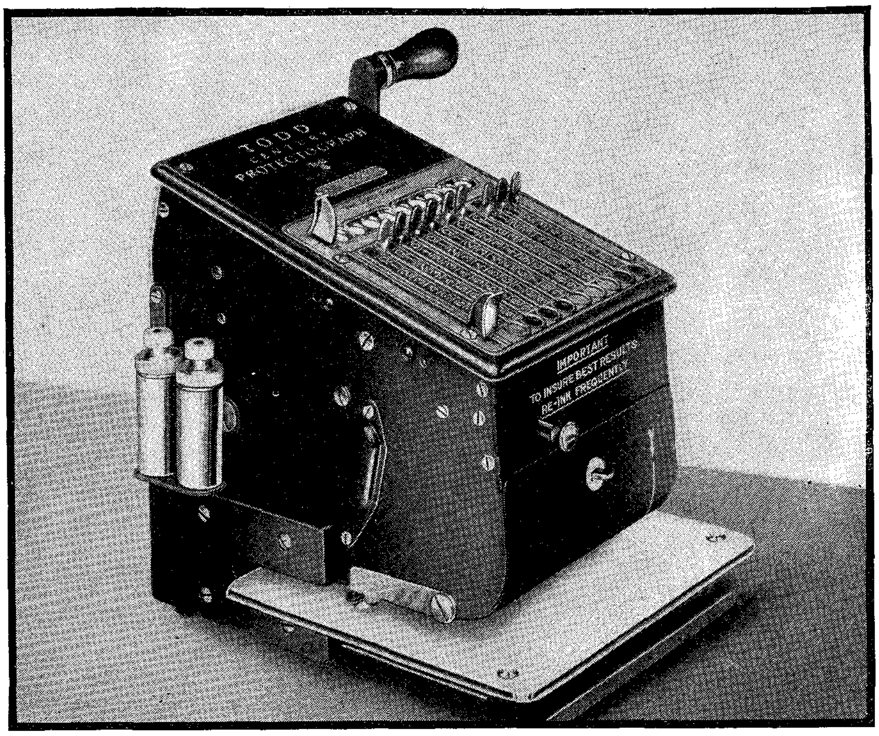

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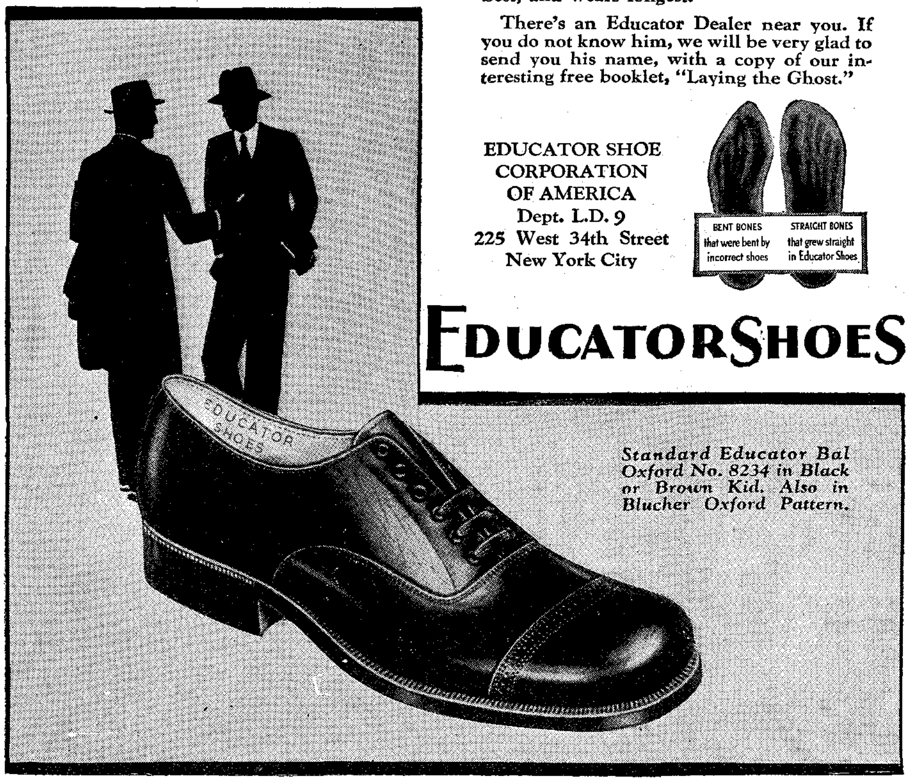

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

September 4.—The *Graf Zeppelin* arrives at Friedrichshafen, Germany, after having made the trip around the world from Friedrichshafen in 20 days and 4 hours, one day and 3½ hours less than she took in flying from Lakehurst to Lakehurst around the globe.

The diplomatic conference at Geneva unanimously adopts the so-called Root-Hurst amendment aimed to meet the United States Senate's objections to the statutes of the World Court. The amendment provides that the Court shall not entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute in which the United States has or claims an interest without the consent of the United States.

September 5.—Premier Aristide Briand of France calls a parley of representatives of all European nations to examine the possibilities of forming a European confederation without loss of national sovereignty on the part of the participating governments.

British troops and Bedouins clash in Palestine, and both sides are reported to have suffered heavy losses. The Jewish population of Safed is gradually returning to the city, where relief work is being organized.

September 6.—Arthur Henderson, British Foreign Secretary, offers to the Assembly of the League of Nations a resolution to revise the Covenant so as to bring it into line "with the wider outlawry of war to which we have all agreed" under the Kellogg pact. A committee is appointed to consider the proposal.

Ten Bedouins are killed by British troops in the Esdraelon Valley, Palestine; elsewhere the situation is reported quiet.

September 7.—H. R. D. Waghorn, British flyer, retains the Schneider cup for Great Britain by flying an average of 328.63 miles an hour for the 217.48-mile course at Isle of Wight, England. R. L. R. Atcherley, another British aviator, gains another record for his country by flying two laps at an average speed of 332.49 miles an hour.

The situation in Palestine is reported sufficiently quiet to permit withdrawal of some outlying detachments of troops.

September 9.—Russian and Chinese troops are reported fighting along the entire Manchurian-Siberian frontier, and heavy casualties are said to have been inflicted on both sides.

Representatives of twenty-seven European delegations to the Assembly of the League of Nations, attending a luncheon given them by Premier Briand of France, unanimously invite him to send to all the European governments a memorandum setting forth his plans for a European federation.

September 10.—Squadron leader A. H. Orlebar attains a speed averaging 355.8 miles an hour for four laps over the three-kilometer course at Calshot, England, and on one lap reaches a speed of 368.8 miles an hour, a new record.

The continuance of sporadic fighting between Russian and Chinese troops on the Manchurian border is reported.

DOMESTIC

September 4.—Senator Reed Smoot, Chairman of the Finance Committee, reports the tariff bill to the Senate.

John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, banker and diplomat of long service, is nominated by President Hoover to be Ambassador to Italy, succeeding Henry P. Fletcher, resigned. Barritt John Diekema, of Michigan, is nominated envoy to the Netherlands, and George T. Summerlin, of Louisiana, is nominated Minister to Venezuela.

September 5.—Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson announces that the Administration approves the Root formula for the adherence of the United States to the World Court.

September 6.—President Hoover asks Attorney-General Mitchell to investigate the statement of William B. Shearer that three shipbuilding corporations employed him as a propagandist for increased armament, as against the Government's efforts for naval disarmament, saying that "we are compelled to consider what measures can be proposed to free the country of such influences."

A delegation of American citizens of Arabic origin asks Secretary of State Stimson to use his good offices to procure abandonment of the Jewish homeland project in Palestine and the establishment of a representative Arabic government, saying that the problem in Palestine is a conflict between Arab nationalism and Zionism.

September 7.—George Rice, a pilot of the Western Air Express, sights the wreckage of the *City of San Francisco*, Transcontinental Air Transport liner, on the south slope of Mount Taylor, western New Mexico.

Commissioner of Prohibition James M. Doran reports that "generally, conditions are improving slowly, and they are better now than at any time since the Volstead Law became effective."

September 8.—A searching party, traveling on foot, comes on the wreckage of the *City of San Francisco*, and finds its five passengers and crew of three dead.

Senator William E. Borah demands that prominent naval officers named by William B. Shearer as having induced him to work for a big navy be called before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee for questioning.

September 9.—Claudius H. Huston, of Tennessee, is elected chairman of the Republican National Committee.

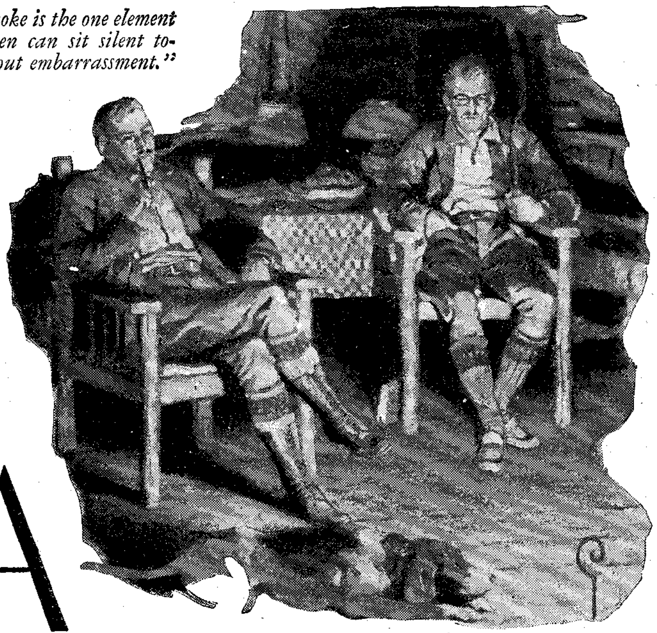
President Hoover defends Admiral Hilary Jones against the charge that he had been connected with the paid "big Navy" propagandist, William B. Shearer, and Secretary of the Navy Adams asserts that the four admirals named by Mr. Shearer as having induced him to spread propaganda for a big Navy had no improper connection with Mr. Shearer.

September 10.—The Senate Naval Affairs Committee adopts Senator Borah's resolution that it investigate the nature of the services rendered to American shipbuilding corporations at the disarmament negotiations at Geneva in 1927 and last spring. E. G. Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, writes to President Hoover that Mr. Shearer was employed by the company only as an observer, and that his propaganda activities were not inspired or supported by the shipbuilding industry.

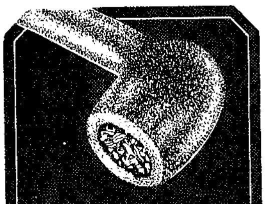
Ben Wells, Communist and organizer for the National Textile Workers Union, reports that he and two men of the Loray cotton-mill in Gastonia, North Carolina, were flogged by a band of citizens.

The Senate adopts, 51 to 27, the Simmons resolution calling for information from income-tax returns of profits and losses of taxpayers seeking tariff favors.

"Tobacco smoke is the one element in which men can sit silent together without embarrassment."
—Carlyle.



A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe



1 CUT FOR PIPES ONLY
2 MADE BY WELLMAN'S METHOD · · AN 1870 TOBACCO SECRET
3 BIG FLAKES THAT BURN SLOW AND COOL
4 SWEET TO THE END NO SOGGY HEEL

Like an old friend!

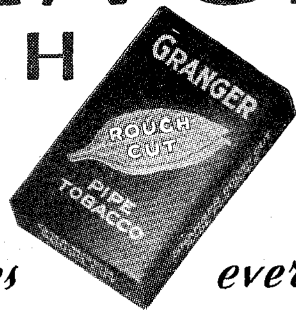
With some tobaccos, as with some people, you can always feel completely at ease. Such a tobacco is Granger Rough Cut, which like an old friend wears *exceedingly well.*

Made by the 1870 "Wellman Method," it yields a rare degree of richness and mellow tobacco fragrance—and it is "Rough Cut" to burn slowly. As smooth and cool and sweet as anything you ever tasted.

A practical pocket-package, too—soft heavy foil that rolls up smaller after each pipe load; ten cents. Also sold in pound and half-pound canisters.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT



...in more pipes every day!

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Result of an Eyeful.—The more we see of girls the more we believe in clothes. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Muzzled.—"Just think! A man came into the music room and said, 'Not a sound or I fire.'"

"Were you just going to sing?"—*Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).*

Faithful Chameleon.—The business men were talking over their employees.

"Well, old Johnson has grown gray-haired in my service."

"Pooh. I've got a girl with me who has grown yellow-, brown- and red-haired in my service."—*Boston Transcript.*

Dynamite.—"It is high time you were insured against accident, sir."

"Why?"

"You are sitting on the boxing champion's hat."—*Lustige Blaetter.*

Forging the Chains.—Daughter—"But he has so many bad habits!"

Her Ma—"I know it, but think of the good time you'll have making him give them up!" —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

One Without a Second.—"Bob told me I was the eighth wonder of the world."

"What did you say?"

"I told him not to let me catch him with any of the other seven."—*The Pathfinder.*

Putting His Foot Down.—Curiosity—"Did you give your wife that little lecture on economy you talked about?"

Domesticity—"Yes."

Curiosity—"Any results?"

Domesticity—"I've got to give up smoking."—*Tit-Bits.*

Three Times and Out.—Dear Doc: I don't go to church. The first time I went they threw water on me; the second time they tied me to a woman for life!

Woman Hater.

Yes, and the third time they will throw dirt on you!—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

No Double Jeopardy.—Nine indictments against Edward ——, killed in an automobile accident several days ago, were not prest by Prosecutor Benjamin Stevens.—*Millville (N. J.) paper.*

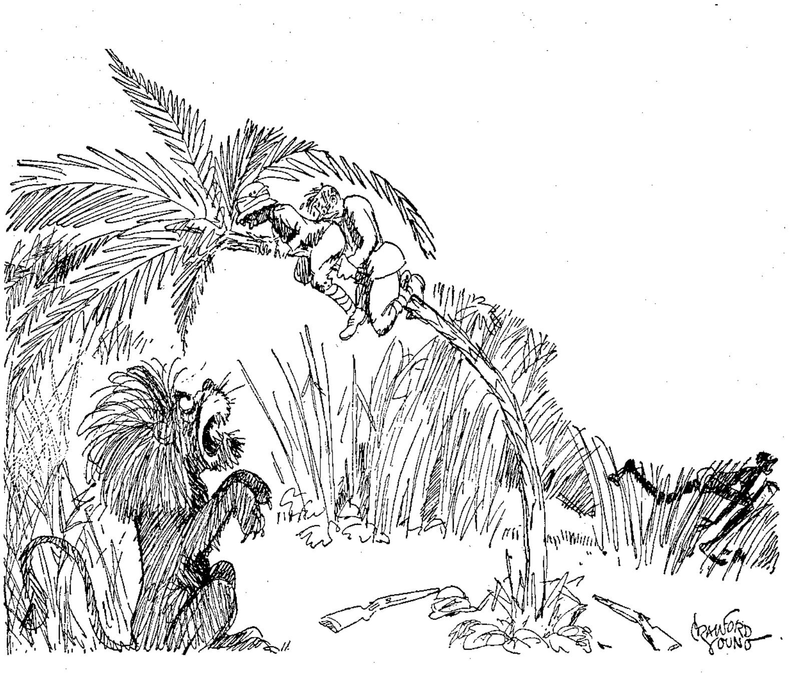
Equestrian Acrobatics.—The Khan's army was composed entirely of cavalry. According to the ancient chronicler, men and horses were so hardy that, should circumstances render it necessary, they could travel for ten days without pausing. The men would never leave the saddle. During this time they subsisted upon milk drawn from the mares they rode.—*Ad in the Quartermaster Review.*

Difficult Choice.—One advertisement for a husband brought a Massachusetts woman 19 reptiles. She still is unmarried. — *Abilene (Texas) Paper.*

Magic of a Dime.—
Nothing Worth Less
Than 10c
Served in the Parlor
Except Children.

—*Sign in an ice-cream parlor at Port Jefferson, L. I.*

Ideal Climate. — The city recreation department will sponsor a dance on the boardwalk at the beach with Panamas the only permissible attire for both sexes.—*Daytona Beach dispatch in the San Diego Union.*



"John! Isn't that darling! He's begging for us."

—*Judge.*

Leading Him Back to Earth.—He—"When I dance with you I feel as tho I were treading on clouds!"

She—"Don't kid yourself; those are my feet!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ear to the Ground.—"Do you ever change your mind?"

"Never," declared Senator Sorghum. "But the public shifts its sentiments. And I don't feel morally compelled to go on forever shouting the same old stuff!"—*Washington Star.*

Price of a Broken Precedent.—"Women always say they are younger than they are."

"Not always. I promised my fiancée a necklace with a pearl for every year of her life, and she said she was five years older than she was."—*Buen Humor (Madrid).*

Dummy Was in Luck.—The film director was making a Western thriller, and working very hard to get some action into it.

Finally he turned from the brink of a cliff, mopped his brow, and glanced at a dummy made of straw and old clothes lying on the ground beside him.

"Good heavens!" he shouted. "Who was it we threw over the cliff?"—*Pearson's Weekly.*

Hoot Mon!—The latest one is about the Scotchman who paid five dollars for a twenty-minute sightseeing trip in a plane. While he was up there he tried to persuade the pilot to try for the endurance record. —*Judge.*

In Feather-Bed Lane.—Fred—"Your car is six months old and yet hasn't a scratch on it. How do you manage to preserve its finish, old man?"

Ted—"Quite simple. I make it a rule always to park between new cars."—*Automotive News.*

Clean Bill of Health.—"Has your husband any hobbies?" asked the neighbor who was calling.

"No," said Mrs. Tuggle, "he has rheumatiz a good deal, and hives now and then, but he ain't never had no hobbies."—*N. Y. C. Magazine.*

Perfect Alibi.—He was visiting the newlyweds at their home. Everything was fine, but—

"Why did you take an apartment with such a tiny kitchenette, Tom, old boy?"

"Well, you're the first man I've told, so keep it quiet. It's so small I can't get in there to help my wife when she's doing the dishes."—*Pathfinder.*

You Likee Nicee Chow?—
FUNG YUAN TAI COF'E
The front of Chinese Telegraph Office,
Chin Wang Tao.

Dinner, drink, smoke, confectionery and all kinds of foods are good and cheaply. The rooms are cleanly and broadly. The servents are kindly if you can come we are welcome and you will satisfy.—*Business card of a new restaurant forwarded by a* Digest *reader in Chinwangtao, China.*

Hats Off to a Good Loser!—Strayed or Stolen—Some time between bed time and sunrise—one rooster chicken, one pullet, and three hens.

I think they must have been stolen as they haven't ever done that way before. In to whosever hands they fall care for them for they will pay you as they are good stock of the Buff Orpington breed.

The pullet was laying every day and one of the hens layed an extra large egg and the rooster was all I had of that gender and there isn't anything left to crow for getting up on time.

So I will miss them. Have a few more hens left but they got the best ones. Whoever got them was a good judge of chickens.

MRS. NANCY SANDERS,
East Main Street.

—*Collinsville (Texas) paper.*